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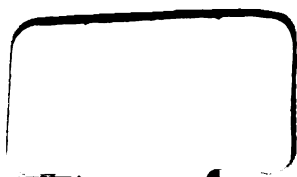
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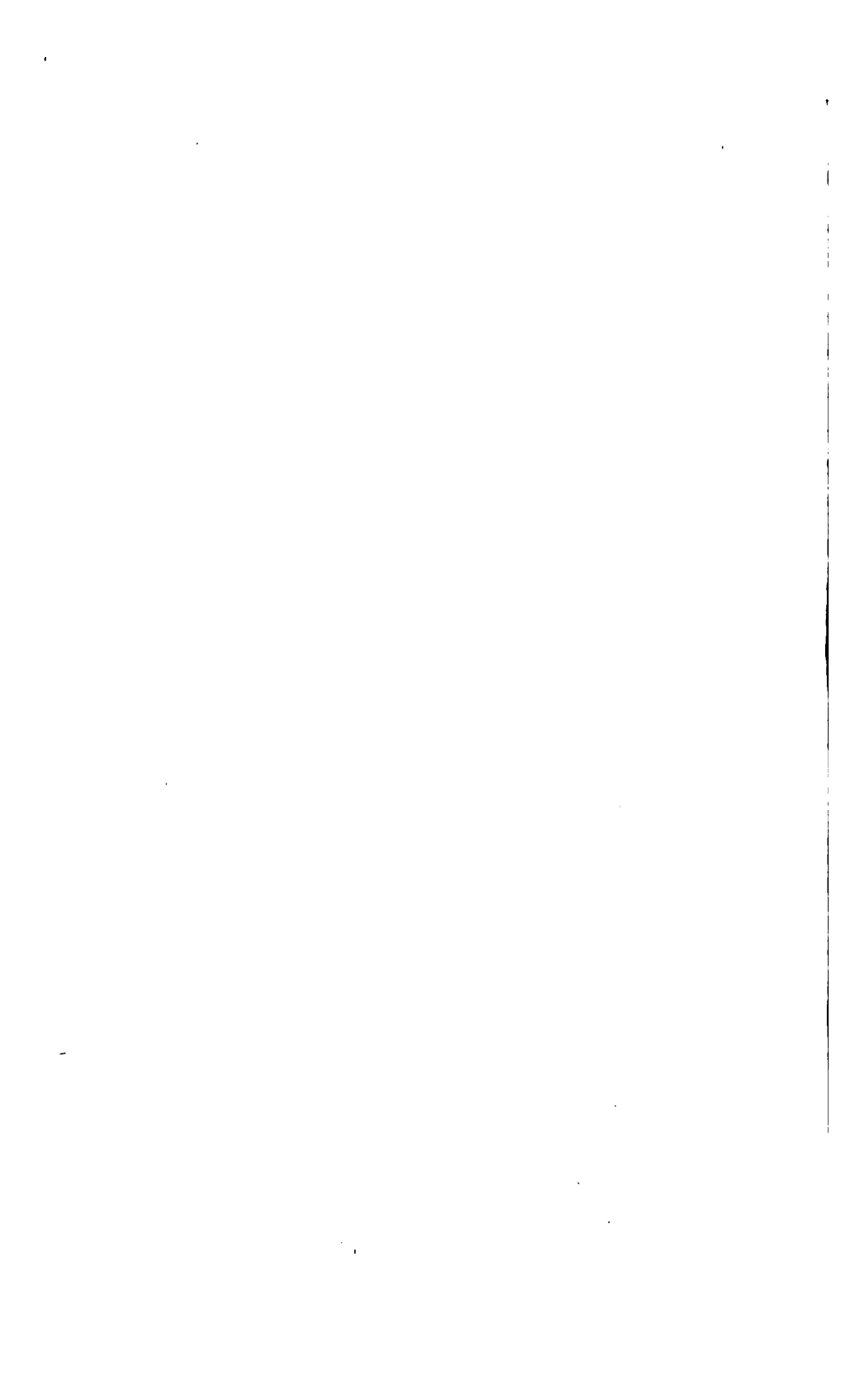


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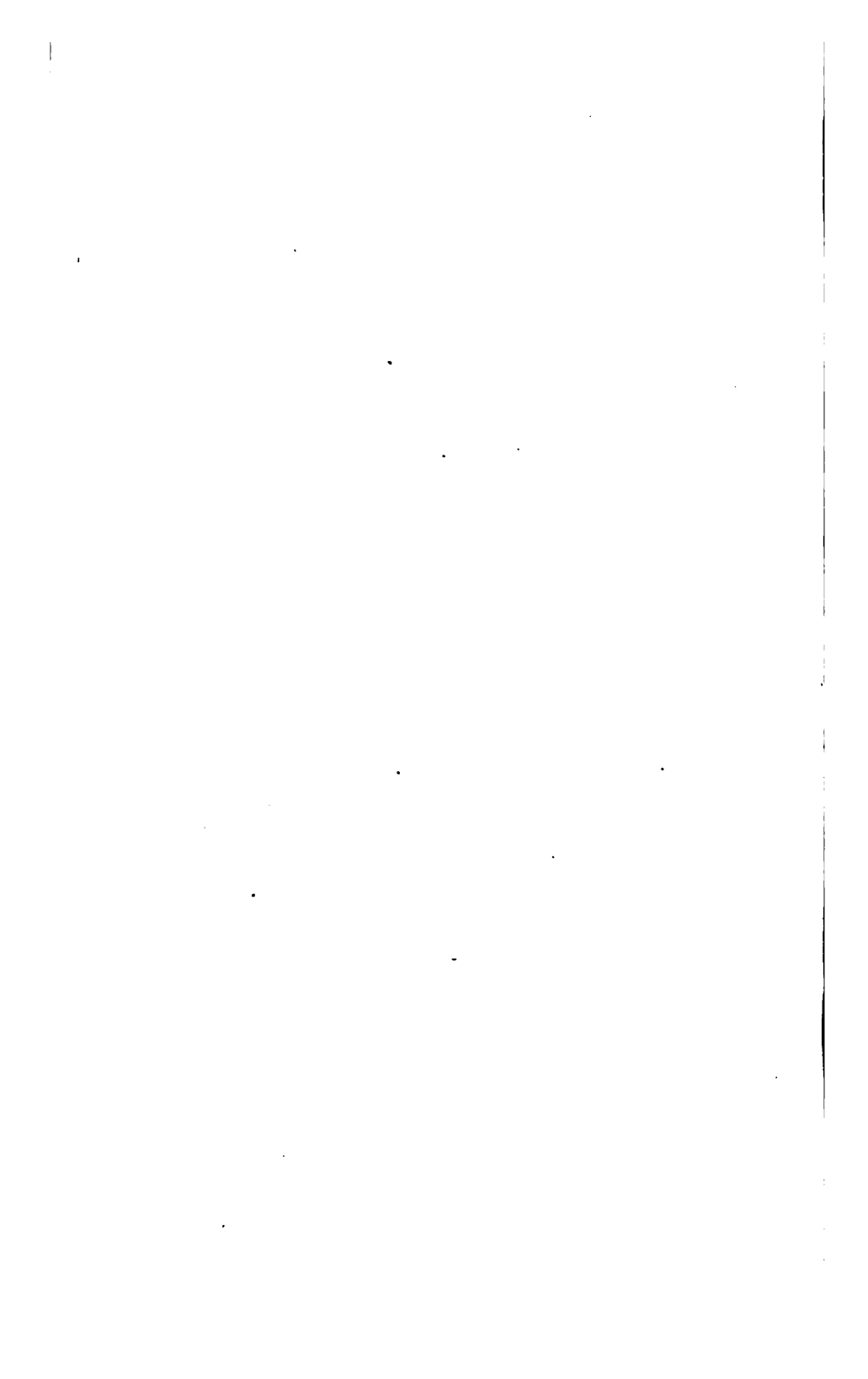


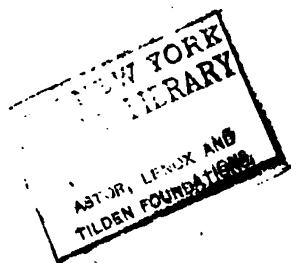
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*See Page 102.*

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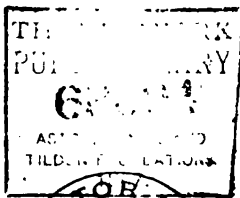
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*Archdeacon of Cardigan, and Rector of Penboyr, in the County  
of Carmarthen, &c. &c. :*

WHO

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	PAGE
An historical Essay on the Manners and Customs of the ancient Tribes, particularly their Marriage Ceremonies..	59
An historical Essay on the Taste, Talents, and literary Acquisitions of the Druids, and the ancient Celtic Bards ..	87

### HISTORICAL ANECDOTES,

Relative to the Energy, Beauty, and Melody of the Welsh Language; and its affinity to the Oriental Languages, and those of the South of Europe .....	114
--	-----

### BIOGRAPHY.

Memorials of Hu Gadarn.....	162
Asser, or Asserius.....	167
D'Erigena .....	168
Giraldus Cambrensis.....	170
John Owen, the Epigramatist .....	172
Edward Llwyd, the Archaicologist .....	174
Sketch of the Life of the Rev. David Turnor, A. M., Vicar of Pembryn, Cardiganshire, Rector of Manordwy, Pembrokeshire; and one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Cardigan .....	177
John Turnor, Esq. ....	180
Howel Harris .....	182
Sir William Jones.....	187
To the memory of Owen Jones, late of Thames-street, Furrier .....	188
Reverend John Williams, LL.D.....	190

### ANTIQUITIES.

A short History of Bardsey, collected by Evan Richard, of Bryn Croes, Lleyn, Carnarvonshire, alias Evan Lleyn, in the
---

# CONTENTS.

iii

PAGE

Welsh language, and translated, with a few additional corrections. ....	192
A Poem, celebrating the twenty thousand Saints, interred at Bardsey Island, written in Welsh, by Hywel ap Davydd ap Ievan ap Rhys, in the year 1460, and translated for this work .....	200
A translation of another poem, on the same subject, of celebrating the twenty thousand Saints that were buried at Bardsey Island, written in Welsh, by Thomas Celli, in the year 1480 .....	204
The British Triades, or the Triades of the Isle of Britain; translated by Lewis Morris from Mr. Vaughan of Hengwrt's copy in his own hand, in the year 1745, and now transcribed from the late Rev. Evan Evan's copy, by the Rev. Peter Williams, Rector of Llanrug and Llan Beris, Carnarvonshire .....	207
A short account of Holyhead Church, in the county of Anglesea, drawn up by the celebrated Lewis Morris, Esq. in a letter to Brown Willis, Esq. ....	212
The Names of most of the British Saints, and their festival days .....	219
Number of Parishes in each County in North Wales.....	222
Lakes of Carnarvonshire .....	227
The romantic Tales of the Mabinogion .....	231
Cymmrodorion and Gwyneddigion societies of London ....	247
A calendar of all the Mayors, Bailiffs, and High Sheriffs of the Corporation of Carmarthen, from the year of our Lord 1400 .....	249
Sheriffs of the county of Carmarthen .....	253
A Catalogue of curious and valuable MSS., in Hengwrt Library, A. D. 1658. ....	278
The Wisdom of the Cymri; the Wisdom of Cadog the Wise, Abbot of Llanancarvan, ap Gwynlliw ap Glywis ap Teged ap Cadell Deyrnllwg, who was known also by the style	

of St. Cadog. Translated from the Welsh in the Archaeology of Wales, Vol. II. royal 8vo. ....	314
---	-----

## NAVAL AFFAIRS.

Shipping of Wales, 1814, 1815 .....	340
-------------------------------------	-----

## LETTERS.

Original Correspondence on the subject of a Vase or silver Cup, presented by his Pupils to the Rev. John Williams, Master of Ystradmeiric School, in the county of Cardigan	341
---	-----

## TOPOGRAPHY.

Milford Haven in Pembrokeshire, with a chart annexed ..	345
---	-----

## ORIGINAL LETTERS.

To the most vertuous and noble Prince Elizabeth, by the grace of God of England, France and Ireland, Queen Defender of the Faith, &c. ....	368
A copy of a Letter relating to St. Asaph sent to the Author, transcribed as supposed from the papers of Mr. Davies, of Llannerch.....	371
Mr. Edward Williams to the Publisher .....	372
The same to the same .....	374
Theophilus Jones, Esq. to the same .....	379
Mr. Edward Williams to the same .....	381
Rev. Edward Davies to the same .....	385

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Cambria Depicta, being a Tour through North Wales; illustrated with 72 picturesque Views of that romantic country, royal 4to. Williams, 1816. ....	390
--	-----

## CONTENTS.

v  
PAGE

Poems by Richard Llwyd, author of <i>Beannmeris Bay</i> , Gayton Wake, &c. Chester, 1804, 12mo. ....	392
Animadversions on the Critique of a writer in the Edinburgh Review, upon Mr. Turner's Vindication of ancient British Poems, 8vo. Printed for E. Williams, Strand, London, 1803 .....	393

## POETRY.

An Ode to Walloc, the son of Leenoc .....	417
Convelyn's Incantation, composed by Aneurin, a Northumbrian Bard, in the sixth century .....	423
The Battle of Gwenystrad, by Taliesin .....	430
An Elegy on the Death of Owen, the son of Urien, by the same .....	433
Poems translated from the Welsh of Dafydd ab Gwilym ..	436
The Bard's Admonition .....	437
An Address to the Summer .....	440
The Rebuke .....	444
The Bard's Devotion.....	446
The Cuckoo's Tale .....	451
The Dream .....	455
The Invocation .....	459
The Retrospect.....	463
The Bard's Last Song.....	467
An Elegy written in Britton Ferry Church-yard, by William Mason .....	469
Richard Llwyd, the bard of Snowdon, to his countrymen..	477
Lines for the anniversary of St. David's at Chester, in 1815.	482
Sonnet written on the Tomb of Edward the First, in West- minster Abbey .....	486
Einion Lonydd, or Einion the Soother .....	489
Galarnad Cymdeithas y Gwyneddigion am eu Thad, &c. ..	492
Lines addressed to Edward Moston Lloyd, Esq. ....	497

	PAGE
Lines on Bodfel Hall, the birth-place of Mrs. H. L. Piozzi	500
Lines addressed to the Tree on the field of battle in Spain, in which the brave Colonel Cadogan fell .....	505
An Ode, in five parts, to Llewelyn ap Gryffydd.....	506

## OBITUARY.

Lord Penrhyn, died Jan. 21, 1808 .....	513
Thomas Johnes, Esq. M. P. ....	516
Character of F. Cornwallis, Esq. M. P. ....	519
The Dowager Lady Stanley .....	520
James Lloyd, Esq. of Mabus, in the county of Cardigan ..	521
John Lloyd, Esq. ....	523
General Vaughan Lloyd .....	525
R. Turbeville, Esq. ....	527
Mr. William Williams .....	527
John Phillips, Esq. ....	528
John Jones, Esq. ....	528
David Williams .....	529
Addenda.....	537

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A  
S K E T C H  
OF THE  
HISTORY OF THE BRITONS,

(Continued from Vol. II. p. 24.)

EPOCH II.

FROM CÆSAR'S FIRST INVASION OF BRITAIN, TO THE FINAL  
EVACUATION OF IT BY THE ROMANS, COMPRISING A PERIOD OF  
ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED YEARS.

---

C H A P. I.

*A transient View of the State of this Island, as to Religion, Morals, and general Knowledge, when the Romans first projected its Subjugation; occasionally interspersed with retrospective Observations.*

A SKETCH of the history of the Britons, prior to the Roman invasion, having already appeared in the introductory parts of the preceding volumes, we shall here attempt to carry the narrative forward, and give

a further sketch of the history of the same people at, and subsequent to, that memorable era, till the Roman legions were totally withdrawn, and Britain ceased to be any longer a part

of the Roman empire. It is a very interesting period of the British history, and it will be our business and endeavour to exhibit some of its most prominent features and occurrences.

The state of knowledge and civilization among our ancestors, when Cæsar first formed the design of subduing them, is a point on which antiquaries and historians have entertained very



different opinions. While some have considered them as a nation of barbarians and savages, scarcely superior to the Esquimaux, the Caffres, or the New-Hollanders, others have maintained that they were really an enlightened people, who had arrived at an advanced state of intellectual improvement, and of social and political maturity, under the direction of a numerous and respectable order of instructors, whose precepts and maxims indicated an eminent degree of mental culture, and would have suffered no detraction or degradation by a fair comparison with those of the most renowned of the Grecian or Roman sages. And this latter opinion seems far from being so ill-founded or untenable as some are apt to suppose.

The instructors here alluded to were the *Druids*, a most dignified and distinguished order of men among the ancient Gauls and Britons, to which the province of public instruction chiefly appertained. Of these renowned preceptive functionaries many celebrated writers among the ancients have taken upon them to give a particular account; as may be seen by consulting our national historians, or the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and the *Cyclopædia of Cham-*

bers and Rees, under the words *Bards* and *Druids*. Among those ancient writers were Cæsar, Cicero, Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, Pomponius Mela, Suetonius, Tacitus, Pliny, Plutarch, Diogenes Laertius, Ammianus Marcellinus, and other eminent characters.

*Strabo* distinguished the ancient British and Gallic philosophers into three classes, bards, vates (or ovates), and Druids; which is very correct, and shews that he had taken good care to obtain authentic information. He also says, that their interest with the people was so very great, that they could stop armies on the very point of engaging, and accommodate their differences so as to effect a hearty reconciliation.

*Diodorus Siculus* expresses himself to the same purpose, and says, that the people paid a great regard to their exhortations, not only in the affairs of peace, but even of war; and that they were respected both by friends and foes, and would sometimes step in between two hostile armies, while standing with swords drawn and spears extended, ready to engage; and by their eloquence, as by an irresistible enchantment, would prevent the effusion  
of

of blood, and prevail upon them to sheath their swords and be reconciled.—How very desirable and happy would it be, if the same pacific disposition and benevolent spirit which led them so to act, were sometimes conspicuous and predominant in the conduct and character of our modern Christian priests and philosophers! To a sincere Christian it must be a most humiliating and lamentable consideration, that heathen priests (bloody Druids, as they have been called) should appear more pacific and humane, more inimical to war and bloodshed, than men who profess themselves to be the disciples, and even the priests and ministers of him who is justly denominated *The Prince of Peace*, and who came into the world, not to destroy men's lives, but to save them.

*Suetonius*, in his life of *Claudius*, charges the Druids with offering human sacrifices, as *Cæsar* also does in his *Commentaries*; but *Diodorus Siculus* affirms, that it was but rarely, or only on extraordinary occasions that they made such offerings. However that was, it seems very certain that, even in that trait of character, they fell vastly short of most of our modern Christian nations, who sometimes sacrifice myriads of

human victims in a day, without the least pity, shame, or sorrow. *Augustus* and *Tiberius*, it seems, abolished the said druidical practice in Gaul, and *Claudius* in Britain; shocked, as we may presume, at every idea of it, as connected with Druidism; but unable, or unwilling, to apply the case to themselves, who were at the same time in the habit of sacrificing human victims in immense numbers. Thus it often happens, that men will indignantly condemn, in the conduct of others, what they constantly allow in their own without the least scruple, alarm, or disquietude.

The Druids, according to *Ammianus Marcellinus*, resembled the Pythagoreans; and several authors have asserted, that *Pythagoras* himself had been among the Gallic Druids, and was initiated in their philosophy. In which case it may be concluded that he had derived a great part of his knowledge and wisdom from them.

According to *Diodorus Siculus*, *Strabo*, *Mela*, and others, the Druids used to enter into many disquisitions and disputations in their schools, concerning the form and magnitude of the universe in general, and of the earth in particular; and even

concerning the most sublime and secret mysteries of nature. They were also said to be versed in astronomy, astrology, arithmetic, geometry, and geography, as well as mechanics. Of their extraordinary proficiency in the latter we have very convincing proofs in the stupendous remains of Stonehenge, and others of their works, some single stones in which are said to be above forty tons weight. Botany, medicine, and natural philosophy, are likewise said to have been by them diligently and successfully studied.

Both Cicero and Cæsar seem to give them credit for deep, extensive, and valuable knowledge. The former says, that he was personally acquainted with one of the Gallic Druids, Divitiacus the Aeduan, a man of quality in his country, who professed to have a thorough knowledge of the laws of nature, or that science which the Greeks call Physics, or Physiology\*.—Strabo has preserved one of their physiological tenets concerning the universe, viz. That it was never to be destroyed; but was to undergo a succession of great changes and revolutions, which were to be

produced sometimes by the agency or predominance of *water*, and sometimes by that of *fire*.

Some have thought so highly of their astronomical proficiency, as to conclude that they really had invented instruments which answered the same purpose with our telescopes, from its being said by Diodorus Siculus, that in the Hyperborean island (supposed to be Britain) the moon was seen as if he was at but a small distance from the earth, and having hills and mountains, like ours, on its surface.—Some also have been of opinion, that they were acquainted with the cycle of nineteen years, called the cycle of the moon, from its being observed by the same writer, that the Hyperboreans supposed Apollo descended into their island at the end of every nineteen years, when the sun and moon, having performed their respective revolutions, return to the same point, and begin to perform again the same revolutions.—Pliny has asserted, that the Druids had also a cycle or period of thirty years, which they called an age; and which probably was the same with the great year of the Pythagoreans,

\* He is also repeatedly and respectfully mentioned by Cæsar, who probably derived from him all, or most of his knowledge concerning druidism.

or revolution of Saturn. But these things are not quite free from uncertainty.

Of all the ancient writers, it is Cæsar, perhaps, that gives the most particular account of the Druids; for which reason, and because he may be supposed to have had better opportunities to know them than most of the rest, a brief summary of what he has said may be here given. The reader, who wishes to know more of what the others have related, is referred to their respective works, or to the extracts from them in the two celebrated publications above-mentioned, which appear to be very fairly and judiciously selected.

The Gauls were understood to have received druidism from the Britons. Their Druids, as well as those of Britain, possessed vast influence and power among the people. To them, as Cæsar asserts, belonged the care of divine things, of private and public sacrifices, with the interpretation of religion. The instruction of youth also belonged to their province; and in such high veneration were they held by their countrymen, that they readily submitted all their dif-

ferences to their judgment and arbitration. They were, it seems, the judges in all cases, and from their decisions there lay no appeal. Those who refused to abide by their verdict, were liable to excommunication and outlawry, which reduced them to a dreadful dilemma; for all such persons were reckoned among the wicked, and shunned by the whole community, who avoided their company as contagious. Neither could they bring an action, or commence a suit in any case, or discharge any office in the commonwealth.

The Gallic Druids, as Cæsar relates, held a grand session or convention, once a year, at a consecrated place near the centre of the country, where vast numbers of cases and controversies were decided. He also gives it as the prevailing opinion, or current tradition, that druidism originated, or was first instituted in Britain, from whence it was introduced into Gaul: and he says, that, even in his time, those of the latter who wished to become perfect in druidic knowledge, used to visit the former for that purpose; such perfection being, it seems, deemed attainable only in the British schools\*.

\* Of the existence of such a tradition and opinion in Cæsar's time, there can be no reasonable doubt; and that the same was well founded seems very probable;

He further informs us, that the Gallic Druids seldom attended the army, being exempted from that duty, as well as from the payment of taxes, beside enjoying many important immunities. Such, he says, was their reputation and renown, and the deference paid them by the public, that many chose to be of their order, while others were sent to their college or seminary by their parents or relatives. And at the seminary, their first lesson or task was to learn a great number of verses by heart, which some would be twenty years in acquiring; for they never, says he, commit them to writing: not that they are ignorant of letters, for they make use of Greek characters on all other occasions. But I suppose, he adds, they observe this custom to lock up their learning from the vulgar, and exercise the memory of their pupils.

Their chief tenet, he further observes, is, that the soul never dies, but transmigrates after the

disease of one body into another; which doctrine is of great use to inspire them with courage, and a contempt of death. He says that they had many other traditions, which they taught their disciples, concerning the stars and their motions, the extent of the world, the nature of things, and the power of the immortal gods.

A little further on, still speaking of the Gauls, he describes the whole nation as much given to superstition:—as if the same had not been equally the case, or at all the case, with his own dear countrymen, the Romans. But we do not mean to deny what he here lays to the charge of the Gauls. They were so very superstitious, he says, that those who were dangerously ill, or daily exposed to perils and death, either offered human sacrifices, or devoted themselves to the altar. He further informs us, that these sacrifices were committed to the care of the Druids, who placed the victims

whence it may pretty fairly be inferred, that Britain at some remote period, and for no short season, enjoyed a degree of light and knowledge beyond what its neighbours could boast of. This also seems not a little corroborated by certain Sanscrit MSS. (discovered by Major Wilford, and published in a late volume of the Asiatic Researches), which describes the British isles, at periods of very remote antiquity, under the names of the *White Islands*, *Isles of the Mighty*, and *Sacred Isles of the West*, &c. where the gods had their abode, and where, of course, knowledge and wisdom abounded more than any where else in the world, and whence even Brahminical institutions derived their origin.—See Asiatic Researches, vol. xi.; also Mo. Mag. for Feb. 1813.

in a sort of hollow frame or wicker case, where, after the same had been set on fire, they were soon suffocated or burnt to death.

They believed, he says, that *thieves, highwaymen*, and such like offenders, were the most acceptable offerings to the Deity; but in case these happened to become scarce, the innocent were forced to supply their places\*. Such is the substance of Cæsar's account of the Druids: They held the immortality of the soul, and its transmigration; they also held the necessity of human expiatory sacrifices, which appear to have generally consisted of malefactors, who were deemed to have forfeited their lives by the atrociousness of their crimes.

Should the reader be shocked at the idea of these ancient British and Gallic human sacrifices, let him remember, that even modern Gaul and modern Britain have also had, and still have their human victims; the number of which, or the circumstances attending their immolation, do not appear at all to fall short of what occurred among their pa-

gan and druidical ancestors. Nay, some of these modern sacrifices are more shocking than those of the ancients, as the conductors of them pretend to act in the name of God, by the authority of Christ, and under the direction of the Gospel! Myriads upon myriads of human beings have been thus immolated in the religious persecutions and religious wars of modern Christendom. Not to mention our frequent executions of numerous malefactors, which perhaps more exactly correspond with the druidical human sacrifices, and like them always assume a sort of religious form or cast.

As to the metempsychosis, or transmigration, the Druids were not singular in their belief of that tenet. It was held by many ancient philosophers of distant nations, and by Origen, and other writers and fathers among the early Christians. Nor has it in modern times, and in our own country, been without its advocates. Of late years a very elegant writer, philosopher, and Christian apologist, avowed his belief, and published a very ingenious defence of it, which excited very general admiration†.

\* See Cæsar's Commentaries of his Wars in Gaul, book vi. chap. viii. ix. x.

† See Disquisitions on Several Subjects; No. 3. London, 1782; ascribed to the late Seame Jenyns, Esq. Author of the *View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion*.

But, however objectionable this tenet may appear in the eyes of most people, it does not seem chargeable with a licentious, or immoral tendency; as its advocates always connected holiness with happiness and glory, and wickedness, on the other hand, with misery and degradation.

From the preceding observations some idea may be formed of the state of religion, morals, and general knowledge, among our ancestors, when the Romans first came among them. However rude they might be deemed by Cæsar and his countrymen

(for they deemed all other nations barbarians), yet in point of knowledge we presume they were superior to most, and perhaps to all the neighbouring nations. And it seems pretty clear that whatsoever advantage they derived from the Romans, during their long connexion or intercourse with them, they made a much more respectable appearance at the time of their arrival than they did afterwards at the time of their final departure. So that it may be justly said that the Romans left Britain in a much less happy and respectable state than they found it.

## CHAP. II.

*Observations on certain Discrepances of Opinion among some of our modern Archæologists, upon the Character of Druidism and Tenets of the Druids, and upon that Question, Whether Writing was known to the Britons prior to the Arrival of the Romans.*

OF all our modern writers on the subject of druidism none have distinguished themselves so much as Messrs. Edward Williams, William Owen, and Edward Davies. They are all very intimately and extensively acquainted with British antiquities and bardic lore, and have thrown considerable light on many of the points they have investigated; but there are some important points on which the

latter differs very widely in opinion from the others. This may not be very hard to account for. Messrs. Williams and Owen, being of the bardic order, would naturally think favourably of druidism; Mr. Davies, on the other hand, being himself of a very different order, would view druidism in a different light, and discover defects in it which the others had overlooked, while he himself, perhaps, would overlook

look defects equally glaring belonging to his own order or hierarchy.

Had the minds of these able writers been sufficiently unbiased, or divested of prejudice, their disquisitions would, no doubt, have proved more uniform, harmonious, and decisive. But being hampered by strong and opposite prepossessions, it is no great wonder that their portraitures of druidism should appear so very dissimilar. One party had seemingly a pretty strong predilection for druidism, and the other an equally strong aversion to it. The former placed too much reliance on the institutes of the chair of Glamorgan, whose legitimacy is doubted, and the latter was, perhaps, equally influenced and misled by the Bryantian System of Mythology, which, like other systems, has evidently its weak parts, and may, in this investigation, have been often inapplicable. The former may also be said to have been carried too far by a strong attachment to liberty and the rights of man, and the latter by a dread of innovation, and a wish to perpetuate the present established order of things. Under such circumstances their accounts or disqui-

sitions would necessarily prove defective, and like too many historical productions, afford the authors but a slender claim to the merit or praise of impartiality.

Considering the different habits, situations, and connexions, of the two *bards* from those of the rector, it may not be at all wonderful that their views of druidism should differ, and that their two portraitures of it should be in some parts and in several respects very unlike each other. We feel much more surprised at some other circumstances in their writings. Such, for instance, as fancying that Quakerism has emanated from druidism, and that the Quakers in Wales are accustomed to assemble in the open air, within an enclosure, called *mynwent*; and that George Fox, in arranging his system, availed himself of the experience and labours of William Erbury and Walter Cradock: all which seem no better than idle conceits\*. The same may be said of the good rector's making the vale of *Cuch*, under the new name of the vale of *Cwch*, to allude to the *ark*; and making *Emlyn* to mean a *clear lake*, an emblem of the *flood*, though there is nothing like a

\* Preface to *Llywarch Hên*, p. 54.



lake in the whole district or near it: also his making *NeVERN* to signify a *pledge of heaven*, whereas *NeVERN* is only a modern, or the *English* name of the parish; the *Welsh* name being *Nhyfer*, a contraction seemingly of *Nanhyfer*. To which may be added, his making *Dinbych* (or *Tenby*) the *sacred isle*, which is no isle, or any thing like it. That *sacred isle*, in all probability, was *Cal-dey*, which is close by *Tenby*, and the *Ynys Pyr* of the ancients, a name sufficiently mythological, and the place seems full as fit for druidical purposes as *Bardsey*, which he allows to have been so appropriated. Finally, his making the *white trefoil* a sacred emblem of the mysterious *Three in One*, as if the *Druids* had been all sound orthodox *Trinitarians*, which seems rather unlikely\*.

Most of these inaccuracies, and others that might be added, may perhaps be imputed to the misleadings of favourite systems, which the ingenious authors would do well to review and revise. After all, their labours, in general, are certainly very valuable, and have greatly contributed to increase the knowledge of British antiquities.

Another point upon which our antiquaries disagree, is *Whether writing was known to our ancestors prior to the arrival of the Romans*. *Carte* and *Whitaker* take the negative side of the question; while *Owen* and *Davies* are no less strenuous on the affirmative side of it. The former lay no small stress on our earliest inscriptions both upon stones and also upon our most ancient coins, being all in *Roman* characters; which yet may admit of some doubt, at least as to those on the grave of *Cadvan*†.

*Mr. Owen*, on the other side, argues, partly, from the ancient law of *Gavelkind*, or equal distribution of property among co-relatives, which had an universal operation, as he seems to suppose, among the ancient *Britons*, and upon which many usages were founded which required a direct proof of kindred pedigree for several generations, to attain which resort must be had to writing. Another instance of law usage, he says, requiring no less clear proof, and equally indicating the existence of written records, was that ancient system of fine and compensation for crimes, by which the family of

\* Mythology of the Druids, 395, 114, 408.

† Celtic Researches, 275.

a guilty individual was affected to the ninth degree of consanguinity, with respect to the contribution to be levied; as also was the family of the person suffering the injury, in partaking each of his respective share of the compensation made by the other party; and which was done on both sides in ratios, according to the degree of relationship \*. All which would seem impracticable without the aid of written documents.

Mr. Davies, on the same side, takes a very wide range. What he urges, though in general very ingenious and curious, is yet much too comprehensive to admit of attempting here any thing like a summary of it. His note on Taliesin's *Ysgrifon Brydain*, in the poem called *Mic Dinbych*, seems very plausible, if not conclusive. But a much more forcible argument on this side of the question has been furnished by those ancient characters, still preserved, called *Coelbren y Beirdd*, and which appear to be no other than the identical ancient British, or

druidical, alphabet. It may be seen at the beginning of *Owen's Grammar*, and also in the *Celtic Researches* fronting p. 272.

After all, there cannot be found a more decisive proof that writing was really known among our ancestors, before Cæsar's time, than what has been furnished by Cæsar himself, in a passage already noticed, and of which Mr. Davies has given the following translation:—"Nor do they deem it lawful to commit those things (which pertain to their discipline) to writing: though *generally* in other cases, and in their public and private accounts, they use *Greek* letters. They appear to me to have established this custom, for two reasons; because they would not have their secrets divulged, and because they would not have their disciples depend on written documents, and neglect the exercise of memory †." This passage, undoubtedly, is as applicable to British as to the Gallic Druids; and therefore, notwithstanding Carte's glosses, must completely decide the question.

\* Cambr. Register, 2. 23.

† De Bell. Gall. lib. vi. c. viii.

## CHAP. III.

*State of Britain, as to its Connexion, or Intercourse with other Nations, prior, as well as subsequently, to the Commencement of this Epoch.*

IT seems to have been generally supposed that the Britons had no manner of intercourse with other nations, and were even scarcely known to any of them, till they were found out, invaded, and subdued by the Romans. But this must be a very erroneous idea. They were certainly very well known to the Belgic and Gallic nations, whose youth were often sent hither to complete their education, from a prevailing opinion, that the schools of this country afforded very superior advantages. That very opinion implies that those continental nations were well acquainted with the state and circumstances of this country, and that the intercourse between them and our ancestors must have been pretty general and extensive. Accordingly we read of a certain king of Soissons, before Cæsar's time, who had much communication with this country, and held here some territorial possessions \*. Our ancestors also assisted the Gallic nations in their wars with

the Romans, which is the reason given by Cæsar for undertaking the invasion and subjugation of their country. This fact is corroborated by the British Triads. But our ancestors were known, not only to those neighbouring nations, but even to some that lay at no small distance ; and that long before Cæsar and his legions began to disturb the world.

Carte, but more especially Whitaker, has made it appear from good authority, that those great commercial nations of antiquity, the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, traded to this island for many ages before the Romans made their appearance in these western parts of Europe. " The first commerce of the Britons," says Whitaker, " was occasioned by the resort of the Phœnicians to their coasts. Those bold adventurers in navigation and traffic, having planted colonies at Carthage and Cadiz, and ranging along the borders of the great untraversed

\* Cæsar De Bello Gallic, lib. ii. c. 2.

ocean of the west, reached the south-western promontories of Britain, and entered into a trading correspondence with the inhabitants. The real singularity and commercial consequence of the voyage gave great reputation to the officer that conducted it, and have occasioned the name of Midacritus to be transmitted with honour to posterity. Midacritus brought the first vessel of the Phœnicians to our coasts; and it was he who opened the first commerce of the Phœnicians with our fathers. He found the country to abound particularly with *tin*, which was equally useful and rare. He trafficked with the Britons for it; and he returned home with a valuable cargo of that metal\*. Such was the first effort of the commercial genius of Britain, which was afterwards to conduct the vessels of the island to the shores of Carthage and Tyre, and even to raise the Britons superior in boldness and skill to the Phœnicians! This was before the time of Herodotus, and about five hundred years before the Christian era.

“ The trade was opened with the natives of the Cassiterides, or *Scilly* islands, one of which was greatly superior in size to the rest, and denominated Cassiteris Insula, or the Tin-island. The cargo which Midacritus brought from this island, and the account which he gave of it, occasioned a regular resort of the Phœnicians to the coast of *Scilly*. The trade was very advantageous to the state, and the track was solicitously concealed by the public.”

Thus continued the traffic of Britain for nearly three hundred years, being esteemed the most beneficial in Europe, and carefully sought after by all the commercial powers in the Mediterranean. The Greeks of Marseilles first followed the course of the Phœnician voyagers; and sometimes before the time of Polybius, and about two hundred years before the age of Christ, began to share with them in the trade of tin. † The Carthaginian commerce declined: the Massylian increased; and in the reign of

\* Pliny, lib. vii. c. 56.

† The following passage from Carte is too remarkable to be here left unnoticed—“ The Massylians, tempted by the like hopes of gain, and in order to share with the Phœnicians in the advantages of a commerce with these parts of the world, sent, about two hundred and fifty years before Christ, *Pytheas*, one of their citizens, to make a discovery of all the coasts of the ocean towards the north, beyond the Straights of Gibraltar. This ancient geographer having  
Augustus,

Augustus, the whole current of the British traffic had been gradually diverted into this channel.

At that period (which was antecedent to the establishment of the Roman power here) the trade of the island is said to have been very considerable.

"Two roads were laid across it, and reached from Sandwich to Caernarvon on one side, and from Dorsetshire to Suffolk on the other; and the commerce of the shores was carried along them into the interior parts of the country. The great staple of the tin was no longer settled in a distant part of the island. It was removed from *Scilly* and settled in the Isle of Wight, a central part of the coast, lying equally betwixt the two roads, and better adapted to the new arrangements of the trade. Thither the tin was brought by the

Belgæ, and thither the foreign merchants resorted with their wares: and the trade was no longer carried on by vessels that coasted tediously along the coasts of Spain and Gaul. The tin was now transported over the neighbouring channel, unshipped on the opposite coast, and sent upon horses across the land, or by boats along the rivers to Marseilles and Narbonne.

"In this state of the British commerce, the commodities imported into the island were earthen-ware, salt, and brass, both wrought and in bullion: and the tin was not, as it had been originally, the only export of the island. It still remained the principal article of our foreign trade. But with it were exported gold, silver, iron, and lead; hides, cattle, corn, and slaves\*; dogs, gems, and mus-

coasted along Spain, Gaul, and Britain, examining the situation and condition of the ports in his way, proceeded at last as far north as *Iceland*; and on his return published an history of this last island, under the name of *Thule*; with an account of the countries he had visited, and the observations he had made in his voyage. This work is now unhappily lost, except a few passages of it, quoted by Polybius and others, which only serve to raise our curiosity for the rest, and to heighten our regret for having undergone a fate common to it with the writings of other Greeks, who seem to have known more of these islands in and before the age of this Pytheas, than either they or the Romans did afterwards, upon the discontinuance of the Phœnician trade, till the time of Cæsar's expedition.—*Cæsar's Gen. Hist. of Engl.* vol. 1. p. 38.

\* Slaves continued to be one of the articles of British export, not only while paganism predominated, but even for a great many ages after the nation thought proper to make a profession of Christianity.

cle-pearls;

clé-pearls; polished horse-bits of bone, horse-collars, amber toys, and glass vessels\*."

Such, our historian continues, was the nature of our foreign traffic when the Romans settled among us: and it instantly received a considerable improvement from them. This appears from that very remarkable circumstance in the interior history of the island, the sudden rise and commercial importance of London, within a few years after their settlement in the country. The trade was no longer carried on by the two great roads on the southern shore, or the staple continued in the Isle of Wight. The principal commerce still appears to have been confined to the south, and to the counties of Middlesex, Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire. But it was also diffused over the whole extent of the Roman conquests, and carried on directly from the western or eastern shores, as well as the southern. New ports were opened on every side of the island, most indeed about the southern angle of it, but some along the eastern and western coasts. Thus Middlesex had the port of London; Kent the ports of Rhutupæ, Dubris, and

Lemanis; Sussex, those of Adurnum, Andereda, and Novus; and Hampshire that of Magnus. Yorkshire also had its port Felix on one side, and Lancashire its port Sistonian on the other. These were evidently the commercial harbours of the Roman Britons. The articles introduced into the island at Shæen, in addition to those previously mentioned, are said by our sagacious author to comprehend sugar, pepper, ginger, writing-paper, and, perhaps, some other similar commodities. The Saccharum, or sugar of the Romans, he observes, like our own, was the extracted honey of a cane, brought from Arabia or India, and used only for medical purposes. The articles sent out of the island, he adds, must have been partly the same as before, with the additional ones of gagates or jet, the British being the best and most copious in Europe, and of the silvery marl of Kent and Essex, which was shipped off for the marshy countries on the Rhine; bears for the foreign amphitheatres, baskets, salt, corn, and oysters. Lead, cattle, and hides, are also mentioned. British dogs are also said to have been a very gainful traffic to the Romans. And as the interior

\* Whitaker's Manchester, book I. chap. xi. 8vo. edit. vol. ii. p. 168—173.

parts of Britain then first turned up by the plough, would produce at first the most luxuriant harvests, so the whole island freighted no less than eight hundred vessels with corn every year for the continent\*.

These, Mr. Whitaker observes, were the multiplied advantages which our British ancestors received from the settlement of the Romans among them. The mechanical arts, that had been previously pursued in the country, were considerably improved; and arts before unknown were brought

into it. The varied treasures of our soil were now first discovered, or better collected. Our societies were combined into cities, our manners refined into politeness, and our minds enlightened with learning: agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, were established among us. These were considerable advantages; but they were attended by another greatly superior to them all. This was that momentous event, the introduction of Christianity†—of which some account will be given in another chapter.

#### CHAP. IV.

*Observations on the ancient Invasions of this Country; especially those conducted by the Romans: Causes and Effects of the latter.*

IT is generally thought that Julius Cæsar and the Romans were not the first invaders of this island. Carte will have it that Devitiacus, a king of Sois-

sons, invaded and subdued some part of it twenty or thirty years anterior to Cæsar's memorable expeditions‡. The settlement of the Belgæ in this country at

\* The authorities adduced in support of the facts specified in the above long paragraph, are those of Tacitus Ann. lib. xiv. c. 33. Antoninus's Iter. 3 & 4. Richard's Iter. 15. Notitia, Ptolemy, Richard, p. 27. Antoninus & Richard, ibid. Richard, p. 27 & 18 & Iter. 15. Pliny, lib. xii. c. 8. Solinus, c. 22. Martial, lib. Spect. Ep. 7 & lib. xiv. E. 9. 99. Camden, p. 194. Juvenal Sat. 4. & Camden, p. 2. Reinesius, p. 190, & Gale's Antoninus, p. 43. Gratus, p. 26. Camden, p. 2, &c. The facts in the preceding paragraphs rest on similar authorities.

† See Whitaker, as before; 75—79.

‡ Gen. Hist. of Engl. vol. I. p. 26.

a still earlier period is also thought to have been in consequence of an invasion. The same would seem to have been the case with yet more early settlers, such as the *Coraniaid*, *y Ddraig Estren*, and others. But of these ancient invasions very little can be said with any certainty. The Roman invasion, on the contrary, is an event of great notoriety, of which a very particular account has been transmitted to us from that extraordinary and celebrated character, who was himself the very projector and conductor of it.

The reason which Cæsar gives for undertaking the invasion of the country is, 'the assistance the Britons had afforded their Gallic neighbours in their wars with the Romans \*'. It might probably appear to him a sufficient reason, but in the eyes of strict justice it can have but very little weight. It is, however, much like the reasons that are generally advanced by heroes and conquerors in justification of their violent and destructive proceedings.

Our triads seem to give some degree of countenance to the fact, that the Gauls had re-

ceived some assistance from this country. They even assert that Cassivellaunus, or Caswallon, went over himself to Gaul, and appeared there at the head of sixty thousand men; and moreover, that he fought against a body of Cæsar's allies, and killed six thousand of them. But with this the triads connect a very odd story, making it the chief object of Cassivellaunus's expedition, to recover his mistress *Flur*, whom Marchan, a Gallic prince of Gascony, had stolen from him, with a view of presenting her to Cæsar. In consequence of his victory, the story says that he recovered his mistress. This is so romantic a tale that one hardly knows what to make of it. The ingenious author of the *Mythology and Rites of the British Druids*, does not hesitate to allegorize, or rather mythologize it. "The character of *Flur*," says he, "imports that token or pledge of union, amongst the professors of druidism, which induced the Britons to assist their brethren of Gaul, as related by Cæsar, and thus furnished that great commander with a pretext for the invasion of this island †."

\* De Bell. Gall. lib. iv. c. viii.

† Page 447, 8.



This was Cæsar's ostensible reason for invading this country. He had doubtless other reasons and other motives, which weighed with him no less, and perhaps much more than the other. No Roman general had ever before thought of conquering or invading Britain. That country was looked upon as belonging, in a manner, to another world: and could Cæsar but subdue and add it to the Roman empire it was easy to see that it would highly gratify his ambition, and add greatly to his fame in the opinion of the Roman people. These were momentous matters in the eyes of such a man as Cæsar, and they sufficiently account for his procedures against this country, which he repeatedly attempted to reduce under the power and annex to the empire of the Romans.

Cæsar's *first* attempt was unsuccessful; nor does it appear that the *second* afforded him much reason for boasting.—Even some of his own countrymen thought that he had *quite enough of it*; and many have been of opinion that he never was more roughly handled than on British ground. It does seem however, that he did gain some advantages the second time, and that our ancestors, for the sake of getting rid of him, made some

submissive or conciliatory professions, and perhaps promised the payment of something in the shape of tribute. But we have met no clear evidence that it was ever regularly paid for any length of time. Nor do we find that the Romans had any intercourse with Britain, except in a commercial way, from Cæsar's last departure, which was near sixty years before the birth of Christ, till the reign of Claudius, which was an interval of about a hundred years.

In Claudius's reign, Britain experienced another Roman invasion which proved more successful than the former; and a great part of the island, after long and severe struggles, was reduced to the state of a Roman province. The country was soon held by the conquerors in high estimation, and as one of their most valuable acquisitions. Several of the emperors honoured it with their presence, and their armies here were commanded by some of their most able and renowned generals.

The face of the country in the mean time assumed a different appearance, and the progress of improvement soon became rapid and extensive. Large tracts, formerly covered with thickets and forests, were now cleared

cleared and converted into cultivated fields, producing abundant crops of the finest corn, which beside supplying the wants of the inhabitants afforded a large surplus for foreign markets. Marshes also were drained, and the low lands near the sea, and usually overflowed by the salt water, were secured by strong embankments, and effectually converted into most excellent pasturage and arable lands. The whole country was likewise intersected with excellent roads, which were formed with immense skill and labour, and made with the most durable and best materials, and often carried through extensive and almost impassable morasses.

Instead of the rude towns of former times, consisting of mere huts and hovels, numerous cities now sprung up, adorned with baths, amphitheatres, and all the insignia of Italian luxury and refinement. Ample means were also furnished for the cultivation of Roman literature, of which the higher classes appear to have very generally availed themselves. All classes soon imbibed the manners of their conquerors, and became as much Romanized as any one of the nations they had previously subdued.

To crown the whole, Christianity appears to have been introduced among our ancestors, at an early part of their connexion with the Romans, under the auspices of Brân ap Llyr and his family, who had embraced that religion during their long residence at Rome. But what sort of Christianity it was that they did then embrace and introduce among their countrymen, may admit of some doubt; for there were certainly two sorts of Christianity from the very first, as unlike each other as light and darkness. This, however, is a point that has been but little attended to; nor is this a proper place to enter upon the discussion of it.

But of whatever sort that Christianity was which Brân and his family introduced among our ancestors, there is no reason to suppose that it met with general acceptance, or that the whole nation was converted to the belief and profession of it. It will not be very easy to prove that any sort of Christianity was here a national and established religion before the days of Constantine, if not indeed even before those of the memorable monk Austin. Very absurd things have often been alleged about the state of Christianity among  
the

the ancient Britons, and readily believed by multitudes; but which at the same time had not the least foundation in truth, and merited all possible contempt. This subject however must not here be enlarged upon.

The preceding hints exhibit some of the effects which the Roman conquest produced in this island, and may help us to judge whether that memorable revolution increased or diminished the former sum of national happiness and respectability. It will be necessary, before we attempt to form an estimate, to add a few circumstances to those which have been already stated. We notice chiefly instances of national advantage and improvement, which that great change produced. But it also produced effects of a very different and opposite description—the national character was degraded, the liberty and independence of

the country were completely annihilated, the nation was drained of its best youth, who were forced into military service, and employed in foreign wars, while multitudes of the common people were constrained to labour like slaves in the most servile occupations belonging to the public works that were carrying on in different parts of the country; of which they would some times most grievously complain. In short, all public spirit, and every generous and dignified feeling, were utterly destroyed.

Upon the whole, therefore, after carefully examining both sides, it seems pretty clear and certain, that the Britons lost more than they gained by their connexion with the Romans; and that the latter left this island, as was hinted before, in a much less happy and less respectable condition than they found it.

## CHAP. V.

*Of the Geography of Roman Britain, or the principal Divisions of the Country during the Government of the Romans:—with some additional Observations.*

IN the sketch prefixed to the 2nd volume, an account was given of the ancient divisions of

Britain, as they existed previously to the arrival of the Romans. Before we conclude the present

present sketch, it may not be improper to give a brief account of those new divisions which took place under the direction of those celebrated people.

No one perhaps understood this subject better than Whitaker; we cannot therefore do amiss in placing ourselves here chiefly under his guidance——  
 “The Roman conquest among us were divided (says he), in general, into higher or western, and lower or eastern Britain, the one being separated from the other by a line that was carried through the length of the island. They were also divided, in particular, into six provinces, and distinguished by the six denominations of *Britannia Prima*, *Britannia Secunda*, *Flavia*, *Maxima*, *Valentia*, and *Vespasiana*. And a regular Itinerary, the first perhaps of Britain, appears to have been drawn up by Lollius for the whole \*.”

1. *Britannia Prima* comprehended all the country that lies to the south of the Thames and Severn, and of a line drawn from Creeklade or its vicinity, upon the one, to Berkeley or its neighbourhood on the other. It included eleven nations of the

Britons, and contained about thirty-six nations, subject to *Ritupæ* or *Richborough* the provincial capital.

2. *Britannia Secunda* comprised all the country that lies between the Severn and Dee, contained three tribes of the Britons, and reckoned about twenty stations under *Isca*, or *Caerleon*, its capital. The three tribes it comprehended were,

1. The *Silures*, who originally inhabited the counties of Hereford, Radnor, and Monmouth, and eastern part of Glamorgan, with those portions of Gloucester and Worcestershires lying on the west of the Severn. *Caerwent* was their metropolis.—

2. The *Ordovices*, who inhabited the counties of Montgomery, Merioneth, Carnarvon, Denbigh, and Flint, and those parts of Shropshire which are to the south and west of the Severn—to which may be added *Mona*, or the isle of Anglesey. 3. The *Dimetæ* inhabited the counties of Pembroke, Cardigan, Caermarthen, and Brecknock, with the western part of Glamorgan. *Maridunum*, or *Caermarthen*, was their metropolis.

3. *Flavia*, or *Flavia Cæsariensis*, took in all the central re-

\* Hist. Manchester, 1. 93. 8vo. ed.

gions of the island, was limited by the two other provinces on the south and west, and by the Humber, Don, and Mersey, on the north, and had about eight tribes and fifty stations, within it. Cirencester, Leicester, Lincoln, Caster, by Norwich, Colchester, Verulam, and London, were among the principal towns of this province.

4. *Maxima, or Maxina Cæsariensis*, comprehended all the region which was bounded by the two seas, the Wall of Hadrian on the north, and the Mersey, Don, and Humber, on the south; being the present counties of Durham, Westmoreland, and Yorkshire and Cumberland also, except two small parts of each. Of this province York was the metropolis, if not also of all the Roman possessions in Britain. 5th and 6th divisions, or provinces, i. e. *Valentia* and *Vespasiana*, were situated in the northern parts of Britain, about and beyond the great walls; and they were always held by the Romans on a very precarious tenure, as the hardy northern tribes were often apt to dispute their right to them: and on the decline of the Roman power, and for some time before the final departure of that people, they appear to have been rapidly losing ground in those northern

parts. They had been at vast pains in erecting mighty walls and fortifications across the country, in different parts of those northern provinces, to protect the Roman subjects from the cruel depredations of the hostile Caledonians. But they often proved but a feeble and insecure protection; and when the legions were withdrawn they were never afterwards of any real use or benefit.

With the extinction of the Roman power in Britain the above geographical or provincial divisions of the island also ceased for ever; and they were afterwards to be traced only in the *Iters*, or *Itineraries* of Ptolemy, Antonine, and other ancient geographers. The face of the country in succeeding times assumed other forms, and exhibited very different lines of demarkation. Under the Saxons, England was at first divided into seven kingdoms, which were afterwards reduced to one.—Alfred after that divided the kingdom into counties, which division is still continued; though the disproportion or inequality of size which some of them exhibit, make what may be called a preposterous and whimsical appearance—the counties of Huntingdon and Rutland,

Rutland, for instance, compared with those of York and Lincoln. The pope also, and his agents, have divided the country into two ecclesiastical provinces, twenty-six dioceses, and about ten thousand parishes. But these divisions are foreign from our present design, and are here noticed only incidentally.

Towards the latter part, and in the decline of the power and sovereignty of the Romans in this island, their military force became greatly reduced, owing to the increasing dangers that threatened them nearer home, and even in Italy itself; which made it necessary to bring thither all the troops that could be spared from the distant provinces. The slender force that remained in this island was then chiefly stationed on the northern or Caledonian frontier, being the quarter from which most danger was apprehended. This left most of the other coasts in a defenceless state; which being known to the Irish they very soon took advantage of it.—“Apprized of the new military arrangements (says Whitaker), and stimulated with the inviting prospect of conquest, they resolved upon an expedition against the whole western coast of England.”

This event, as the same writer informs us, took place in 395, during the minority of Honorius and the regency of Stilicho, and under the conduct of Neil Na-Gaillac, monarch of the Irish, who raised on that occasion the whole united power of his kingdom. This formidable assemblage or armament of Irish marauders, after having quitted their own ports, “ranged with their numerous navy along the coast of Lancashire, landed in the Isle of Man, and reduced it. They then made a descent upon North Wales, and subdued a considerable portion of the country. They disembarked a body of their troops in the dominions of the Dimetæ, and conquered the greatest part of them: and they afterwards extended their arms to the southern channel. This unexpected invasion, however, was soon afterwards repelled, by forces sent over by Stilicho, and joined by a large body of the provincials, legionary citizens, and original Britons, under the command of Cunedag (Cunedda), monarch of the Ottadini.” Our historian further informs us, that the invaders were attacked, defeated, and driven to their ships, with so great a carnage that they never afterwards attempted any descents or conquests upon our western

western coasts \*. But the period was now arrived (adds our historian) that the Roman empire, having done the great work for which it was erected by Providence, was to be demolished for ever—God summoned the savage nations of the north, to come and erase the mighty structure of their empire, and avenge the injuries of the nations around them. The Roman legionaries, once the invincible of the earth, now retired on every side towards the heart of the empire:

and Rome, once the tyrant of the world, daily shrunk into herself; contracting the dimensions of her territories, and losing the formidableness of her name. In this awful crisis the Roman soldiers finally deserted the island of Britain, in the year of the Christian era 446; five hundred-and-one years after their first descent upon the island, and four hundred-and-three after their settlement in the country†."

\* Such is the substance of Whitaker's account of that memorable event; and it seems to be in the main, and as far as it goes, pretty correct. It is here introduced on account of the enormous evils it brought upon the Welsh people, which must have far exceeded every other calamity that had befallen them, during the whole period of their connexion with the Romans. Where the above battle was fought does not appear. It might be in some part of the west of England, to which those marauders had extended their depredations; in which case it might terminate as above described, in their total overthrow and complete expulsion from the country, so as never again to make a similar attempt upon that coast. But it does not appear that they were so soon driven out of Wales. On the contrary, it seems that they maintained their ground there for near fifty years longer, when they were entirely expelled by the natives, aided by Urien Rheged and the sons of Cunedda, who afterwards took up their residence in that country, and became the ancestors of some of its present most distinguished families.—Here it may be just hinted, that there now exist in Wales some plain and strong indications of an Irish predominance, of some continuance, over that country, at some former period, for which there appears no way of accounting satisfactorily, but by adverting or recurring to this portion of the British history.—It may be also further noted here, that the people of Wales were now treated with such brutal indignity by their Irish masters, that some of them were actually carried into captivity, one of whom was Padrig the son Mawon, alias Padrig Maenwyn of Gower-land, commonly called *Saint Patrick*, who is said to have been then carried captive into Ireland, where he afterwards became the celebrated apostle and illuminator of that country. See *Cambr. Biogr. art. Padrig*.

† Whitaker, b. 1. ch. 12. oct. ed. 265—269.

Also Carte 1. 169.

## CHAP. VI.

*CONCLUSION.—Sketch of the State and Government of the British Provinces and Towns under the Romans—also of the Legionaries and Colonists—Effects of the Roman Conquest and Government on the State of the Country and the national Character.*

THE Roman empire was generally divided into provinces, each of which was governed by its own Prætor and Quæstor; the former was charged with the whole administration of the government, and the latter deputed to manage the finances under him. This was the case in this island. The conquered regions of Britain, as we have seen, were divided into six provinces; and those provinces were governed by six prætors and six quæstors. Each province formed a distinct government. They all acknowledged one head within the island, and were all subject to the authority of the Proconsul, Legate, or Vicar of Britain.

The prætor always resided in the chief town of the province. There was his mansion-house, denominated Palatium, or Domus Palatina, by the Romans. In this was assembled the principal court of justice; judicial determinations were made by the prætor, and the imperial decrees, and prætorial,

edicts promulged by his ministers. Other courts were opened under his commission in the other towns of the province, in which his deputies presided, inferior causes were determined, and the decrees and edicts equally promulged. Each prætor had many of these deputies under him, as each province had many of these towns. Britannia Prima comprised about forty, Britannia Secunda fifteen, Flavia fifty, Valentia ten, and Maxima twenty-five. Britain, from the southern sea to the friths of Forth and Clwyd, at the close of the first century, had a hundred-and-forty towns in all.

These towns were of different degrees. They varied greatly from themselves, not merely in the rank of their civil estimation, but even in the nature of their constitutions. They were particularly distinguished into the four orders of towns, municipal and stipendiary, colonies and cities, invested with the Latin privileges. Most of them were probably stipendiary; i. e. tributary,



butary, or tribute-paying; and as such, were subject to all the provincial regimen. Each was governed by a particular commandant, the deputy of the prætor, a merely annual officer.—This præfect acted as an ædile, and therefore had the whole prætorial authority over the town and its vicinity or dependencies delegated to him. But the garrison in the station must have been independent of him, and subject immediately to the prætorial authority. Like the prætor, he had his quæstor, with him, appointed no doubt by the provincial quæstor, and authorized to receive the taxes of the town. These officers in the Roman government, made a very conspicuous appearance. By the former was all the discipline of the civil polity regulated, and all the taxation economy was adjusted by the latter.

The payments assessed on the provincial Britons consisted of four or five different articles: *One* was an imposition upon burials, which is particularly urged as a grievance by the spirited Boadicia. *Another* was a capitation tax, which is likewise insisted upon by that British heroine. *A third* was a cess upon lands, which amounted to two shillings in the pound, or a tenth of the annual produce, in

every thing that was raised from seed, and four shillings, or a fifth, in all that was raised from plants. *A fourth* was an imposition upon cattle. All the commercial imports and exports were subject to particular charges.—Such in general were the taxes of our British ancestors under the government of the Romans; and as they were the badges of the Roman dominion over them, they were naturally disliked by a newly conquered people; and embittered as they must have been to their minds by the natural haughtiness and insolence of a victorious soldiery, they were necessarily hated by a brave and high-spirited nation. But they were not oppressive in themselves; and perhaps no more than an equivalent for the burdens that had formerly been laid upon them by their own governments. The amount of them was probably scarcely sufficient to answer the expenses of the civil and military establishments in the island. The weight was evidently light: and the smallness of the collections at last stimulated the policy of avarice to abolish all the provincial taxes, and substitute even the Roman in their stead.

In this general condition of our towns, some were raised  
above

above the common rank by the communication of the *Jus Latii*, or the Latin privilege. This was an exemption from the ordinary jurisdiction of the prætor: and the inhabitants of a Latin town were no longer governed by a foreign præfect and foreign quæstor, but by a præfect and quæstor elected among themselves. A Briton was their præfect, a Briton was their justiciary, and a Briton was their tax-gatherer. Every inhabitant of such a town that had borne the office of prætor, or quæstor, was immediately entitled to the privilege of a Roman citizen. These rights the Romans first communicated to the conquered Latins, and afterwards extended to all the Italians. Cæsar seems to have been the first that carried them beyond the bounds of Italy, and conferred them upon a provincial town. *Novum Comum* certainly, and probably *Nemausus*, in Gaul, received this distinction from him, and were, perhaps, the first provincial towns that received it. It was afterwards bestowed upon several of our cities in Britain; such as *Durnomagus* or *Caster*, near *Peterborough*, *Ptoroton* or *Inverness*, *Victoria* or *Perth*, *Theodosia* or *Dunbarton*, *Lugubalia* or *Carlisle*, and *Sorbiodunum* or *Salisbury*;

*Cornicum* or *Cirencester*, *Cataracton* or *Catarick* in *Yorkshire*, *Cambodunum* or *Slack* in *Longwood*; and *Coccium* or *Blackrode* in *Lancashire*.

These were the names and these were the constitutions of the towns which were inhabited principally by the Britons. But there were others which were chiefly possessed by the Romans, and had therefore a very different polity. These were colonies and *municipia*.

The commencement of the Roman colonies were nearly coeval with that of the Roman conquests. But the first that was planted in any of the provinces, was projected by the genius of *Caius Gracchus*, and settled upon the site of the memorable *Carthage*. Others were established on the same principle in Britain; *Claudius* settling a strong body of legionary veterans at *Camulodunum* or *Colchester*, the first of all the Roman colonies in Britain; and he, and the succeeding legates, fixing no less than eight others in other quarters of the island, at *Richborough*, *London*, *Gloucester*, *Bath*, *Caerleon* on *Usk*, *Chesterford* near *Cambridge*, *Lincoln*, and *Chester*.

That colony was esteemed

the head-quarters of the legion, where some of the principal cohorts were lodged, the eagle was repositied, and the commander was resident. Such was Deva, for the twentieth Valerian Victorious, Eboracum for the sixth Victorious, Caerleon the second Augustan, and Glevum for the seventh Twin Claudian. The rest were peopled by the other cohorts of those legions: so Caerleon, London, and Richborough, were all peopled by those of the second Augustan; and the tenth Antonian was lodged in the common stations, as the tenth legion had three, the twelfth five, and the twenty-second six, in Germany and Gaul. Thus were large bodies of the soldiery kept together by the Romans, at Richborough, London, Colchester, Chesterford, Lincoln, and York, along the eastern side of the island; and at Bath, Gloucester, Caerleon, and Chester, upon the western; ready at once to suppress any insurrection at home, and repel any invasion from abroad. The Roman legionaries lived together without any great intermixture of the natives; allowing few probably to reside with them, but the useful traders and necessary servants.

As their government was partly civil, the legionary co-

lonists were subject to the Roman laws, were governed by their own senators or decuriones, and enjoyed all the privileges of Roman citizens. As it was equally military, they strengthened their towns with regular fortifications and guarded them with regular watches, had their names retained on the quartermaster's roll, and were obliged to march at the general's command. But, as in a series of years the males in the colonies would necessarily increase, and as they were all of them legionaries by birth, upon any military exigence a draught would be made out of the colonists, and such a number levied as was requisite to the occasion. And these towns naturally assumed the names of the legions to which the colonists belonged, frequently in accompaniment, and sometimes in supersedence of their British appellations.

The Roman yoke appears not to have been borne very patiently at first by our ancestors. Afterwards they became better reconciled to it, and a good understanding took place between them and their masters. The privilege of Roman citizenship, says Whitaker, was frequently communicated to individuals among the Britons, and at last bestowed upon all of

of them. In the towns distinguished by the Latin liberties, as before observed, it became the common right of all that had borne the offices of *ædile* or *quæstor* in them. But when philosophy and *Antoninus Pius* were invested with the imperial authority, these narrow restraints were taken away, and the Roman citizenship was extended to every Briton of property and worth. It ought to have been extended to all. And the cunning avarice of *Caracalla* communicated what the virtuous wisdom of *Pius* should have bestowed. By this act the lower orders of Britons were freed from a disgraceful punishment, and no longer liable to be scourged with rods. The higher were delivered from a disgraceful exclusion, and admitted to a participation of marriages and a communion of honours with the Romans. All the inhabitants being now created citizens of Rome, were raised on a footing of equality with their Roman masters, empowered to elect their own officers, and at liberty to be governed by their own townsmen\*. From which it may be justly inferred, that the Romans granted

only what they were afraid or unable to withhold.

Having shewn in the former part of this sketch, that the Britons, when *Cæsar* visited them, were not in that rude and barbarous state which many have supposed, yet it must be owned, as will also appear from the subsequent pages, that the country underwent many important improvements in consequence of its becoming a part of the Roman empire. The arts of civil and social life, with all the learning and knowledge which distinguished the Roman people, were soon introduced among our ancestors, and produced a vast effect on the state of the country and character of the nation. New towns, on an improved model, were built in great numbers, and new roads formed to facilitate the intercourse or communication between those towns, as well as between the different parts of the country. Woods and forests were cleared, fens and morasses drained, and salt or sea marshes embanked; agriculture, trade, and commerce, universally encouraged and wonderfully ad-

\* For a fuller display of the statements given in this chapter, and the authorities by which they are supported and substantiated, the reader is referred to *Whitaker's Manchester*, book I. chap. viii, from which they have been here extracted and occasionally abridged, owing to the writer's opinion of their general authenticity and correctness.

Pedwar mab arugaint a'm bu,  
Eurdorchawg tywysawg Llô,  
Oedd Gwên gorau'd naddu.

Four-and-twenty sons I have had  
Wearing the golden chain, leaders of armies,  
Gwên was the best of them.

LLYWARCH HEN'S *Elegies*, p. 134.

Golden cups, and horns tipped with gold, were often used at the warriors' feasts, to circulate the juice of the grape, and the cheerful mead.

Gwîn a meddaur fu eu gwirawd, &c. &c.

From the golden cup they drink  
Nectar that the bees produce,  
And the grape's ecstatic juice.

GRAY'S *Poems*.

Y corn àth roddes di Urien,  
A rarwest aur am ei'en,  
Chwyth ynddo òth daw angen.

The horn given to thee by Urien,  
With the wreath of gold round its rim,  
Blow in it, if thou art in danger.

LLYWARCH HEN'S *Elegies*, p. 128.

Dywallaw di'r corn argynvelyn.

Pour out the horn with the glittering yellow top.

OWAIN CYFEILILOG, *Prince of Powys*.

The warriors' garments were frequently trimmed with gold.

Gosgordd fynyddawg curawg ynrhaid.

GODODIN.

The men of Mynyddawg whose garments in the conflict  
all glittered with gold.

Hybarch

Hyvarch yw mab' y marchog,  
Yn aur yn arian golerog.

TORCHOG.

The knight's brave offspring gold and silver deck,  
The golden *torques* ornaments his neck;  
Honour and Fame attend on all his days;  
On all his words, on all his actions, praise.

AVON.

Golden spurs were very usually worn by the ancient British commanders.

Tra vum i yn oed y gwâs draw,  
A wisg o aur ei ottoyw,  
Byddai re y rhuthrwn y wayw.

Whilst I was at the age of yonder youth,  
That wears the golden spurs,  
It was with velocity I pushed the spear.

OWEN'S *Llywarch Hên*, p. 130.

Shields and armour ornamented with gold, are frequently mentioned by the British bards:—

Llewychedig aur ar fy nghylchwys.

GWALCHMAI.

Bright glitters the gold on my round shield.

Even shields fabricated of solid gold were not uncommon:—

Eilwaith gwelais gwedy gweithien,  
Aur *ysgwyd* ar ysgwydd Urien,  
Bu ail yno Elgno hen.

A second time I saw after that conflict,  
A *golden shield* on the shoulder of Urien,  
There again befel the fate of old Elgno.

OWEN'S *Llywarch Hên*, p. 36.

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It was a rule invariably observed by the superior orders of the British bards, never to admit any thing but truth into their compositions, and to leave fiction to embellish the feeble productions of the minor poets.—The testimony therefore of these celebrated authors might be considered as sufficient to prove the opulence of the ancient Britons, if the possession of the precious metals may be considered as constituting wealth. And their testimony is corroborated by the suffrages of the British historians, and the evidence of the most distinguished Roman writers. The Roman generals imposed an oppressive annual tribute on the Britons, which was for some time regularly paid by King Cynobelinus and his successors, in gold coin of no inconsiderable value. Prefixed to Bishop Gibson's edition of Camden's *Britannia* is a table of ancient coins found at various times in different parts of the island; among others a specimen is given of Cynobelinus' pieces of gold with his head in bass relief on one side, and the inscription *Cynfelyn*, or *Cynobelinus*, in very legible characters; and on the reverse, the word *Tascio*, or *taxing*, in

allusion to the occasion on which the coin had been struck.

Cæsar indeed, from uncertain authority, states that the inhabitants of the British isles, made use only of brass money, and iron rings; but it may be conjectured how imperfect the information was which he received of the island, when he was induced to believe that the maritime counties produced only iron, while some of the inland provinces afforded tin. "*Fert Britannia aurum, et argentum, et alia metalla* \*." Britain produces gold, silver, and other metals, are the words of Tacitus, in whose days the country was better known, and the customs and manners of the inhabitants more perfectly understood.—The Roman historian is countenanced in his observation as well by the most distinguished literary characters of his own nation, as by the most celebrated British illustrators of the history and antiquities of their country. The light derived from these constellations of British and Roman literature may serve to display the splendour of the dress, and the glitter of the golden ornaments worn by the original inhabitants of the island; but whether it may prove sufficient

\* Tacitus' *Life of Agricola*, chap. 12.

to lead to the discovery of the sources from whence their riches were obtained, is a subject that requires closer inquiry and profounder investigation.

In proportion as the object of inquiry is valuable, will the investigation be deemed interesting, and the information that has been collected, useful and important. From the authorities already cited, it seems to be a fact incontrovertibly established, however extraordinary and improbable it may to some appear, that gold was found in great profusion among the ancient inhabitants of Britain. And had we not the testimony of Tacitus and others, to prove that the country could at that period boast its *gold* and silver mines, the appearance of those metals in no unfrequent use among the inhabitants, would of itself amount to a presumptive proof that they were derived from internal sources.—For it is not probable from the state of society in that age, that commerce had made any considerable progress among them, or that they had any valuable commodities to give in exchange for the precious metals, or any regular method of obtaining them from foreign countries.—It naturally therefore becomes an interesting question in what part of the island the mines of

the ancient Britons were situated? or where lay the sources from whence they derived their golden stores?

Cattraeth, the ensanguined ground memorable for the obstinate conflict in which the Britons were engaged with the invading hosts of the Saxons, is celebrated in the *Gododin*, an epic poem in the British language, supposed to have been composed about the sixth century. The scene of these tragical events is supposed to have been a part of Scotland, at no remote distance from the English borders. From this circumstance and the appearance of near *twice two hundred warriors* in that battle, ornamented with the golden wreath, it has been considered as no unjustifiable conclusion that their gold mines must have been situated in some of the provinces to the northward of the Tweed; and Crawford-moor has been regarded by many as the opulent spot which supplied their golden treasures, and added to the splendour of the Britons. It is a fact universally acknowledged, that gold in no inconsiderable quantities has been discovered there at different periods since the accession of the Stewart line to the throne of Scotland. It appears from the records of that kingdom, that the beautiful gold coins



coins struck by King James V. and distinguished by the name of Bonnet Pieces, were fabricated of materials found in the mines of the country. And King James IV. and his son formed a contract with a company of Germans for working the gold mines of *Crawford-moor*. Cornelius, the principal miner, is celebrated as a man of distinguished abilities, and superior talents. They proceeded for some time with considerable success. But these industrious foreigners were driven from the country, by the civil commotions and political tempests that desolated the kingdom during the reign of Queen Mary, and the minority of King James. They, however, while permitted to proceed unmolested, collected grains of native gold in such profusion, that at the marriage of King James V. to the daughter of the king of France, a number of covered dishes were placed before the guests, by way of desert, filled with gold coins, formed of metal extracted from the mines of Scotland\*. Small pieces of gold washed down by the floods, are frequently found at present in the rivulets that intersect the moor. The late Lady Selkirk used to wear, as an appendage to her

watch-chain, a piece of native gold of considerable magnitude, found by a shepherd in the fosses of *Crawford-moor*. But these sources have been regarded as too modern a discovery, and too unproductive in their nature to furnish the ancient Britons with the golden treasures which they are asserted to have possessed.

The views of the inquirers after the gold mines of the original inhabitants of the island, have therefore been directed towards Warlock Head, a place within two miles of Lead Hills, on the estate of the duke of Queensbury. Medals formed of gold discovered in these mines, were struck at Edinburgh at the coronation of King Charles I. They are at present worked by a company of Germans, but with what success, cannot be exactly ascertained. Mawe, the author of the *Mineralogy*, visited Warlock Head a few years since. He found only one man at work, who was engaged in washing in a neighbouring rivulet, quantities of reddish earthly matter, of thirty or forty pounds weight, dug from the mine. After several lotions, a few grains of gold were observed to precipi-

\* History of Scotland, Guthrie's Geographical Grammar, p. 132.

tate themselves to the bottom\*. Pieces of virgin gold of more than an ounce weight, have been occasionally found there by this process. But the success is regarded as too inconsiderable and too precarious to encourage the company to employ more than one person at a time, at these operations†. It is therefore questioned whether a sufficient supply of gold could ever have been derived from these mines (supposing them to have been discovered at so early a period), to answer the purposes to which it appears on the most unquestionable authority, that the richer metals were so commonly and so profusely applied by the ancient Britons.

The inquiries of those who have investigated the subject have recently been directed to a more southern spot. Several places in Cærmarthenshire, and its vicinity, appear from their

names to have been anciently productive of gold; such as *y gelli aur*, or the golden grove; *melin yr aur*, or the golden mill; *troed yr aur*, or the foot of the gold hills; and several others. *Cynwyl Gais* in that county is represented as having been a Roman station for many years; and the Roman troops, while posted there, were employed, it has been thought, in extracting gold from the mines discovered in the adjacent hills. The name ‡ implies that it was the post occupied by the advanced guard of Caius; and it is probable that the advanced guard of the Britons was stationed at *Cwmwyl Elfed*, the advanced post of Elfed, a place situated about six miles to the southward of *Caio*. The Gauls, the Helvetians, and the Britons, were originally the same people. The identity of names is generally considered as a strong indication of similarity of language, and little doubt can be enter-

\* Mawe's Mineralogy, p. 138.

† It is observable that the names of most places in this neighbourhood are purely British, notwithstanding the revolution of so many centuries, as *Pen-pont*, Bridge-End; *Ecclesfechan*, *Eylwysfechan*; *Little Church*, *Cilscadan Penderi*; *Nith*, *Aarver*, resembling in name *Neath* or *Nedd*, in Glamorganshire, *Drumlanrŷg*, the seat of the Duke of Queensbury, &c. Many persons now living remember the old pure British language spoken in the hills of Galloway, in the earliest part of last century. Could they adopt a uniform pronunciation, and similar rules of orthography, the Irish, the Erse, and the Welsh, would be mutually intelligible to the inhabitants of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland.

‡ From *cyn*, first, and *gwyl*, *gwylis*, to watch, or be vigilant.

tained, that *Elfed* and *Helvetia*, are words that derive their origin from the same language and the same radix.

considered by the Britons as an important station, may be proved from the fragments still extant, of the works of *Llywarch Hên*.

That *Cynwyl* and *Elfed* was

Gwisgwys coed cain dudedd hav,  
Dybrysid gwyth wrth dynged,  
Cyvarwyddom ni eam *Elfed*.

The trees have put on the gay covering of summer,  
Let the wrath of slaughter hasten quickly, led by Fate,  
Let us be guided onward to the plains of *Elfed*.

From the importance of the British military station, some conjecture may be formed of the attention with which the Romans regarded their rival warlike post opposed to it; of the care with which they provided for its defence, and contributed to its support; and of the solicitude with which they endeavoured to maintain the honour of the garrison intended to restrain the incursions of a brave and enterprising enemy.

Several bricks have been dug up in the vicinity of *Caio* with the initials of Roman names inscribed on them. And tradition asserts that the number of Roman brick edifices in the neighbourhood were anciently so considerable, that they were denominated *y Dréf Goch yn Neheubarth*, or the Red Town

in South Wales. At *Maes Llanwrthwl*, in this parish, the seat of John Bowen, esq. about two miles from the village of *Caio*, a stone has been discovered with a Roman inscription, implying that a Roman general fell there in an engagement with the Britons. The inscription was copied by Mr. Saunders, of Jesus College, and communicated to Bishop Gibson, who inserted it in his edition of Camden's *Britannia*. Roman *tumuli* have been observed in the environs, exceeding in number what has been discovered in any other part of the kingdom. *Cryg bar*, or the barrow of anger and resentment, is supposed to be the place where the Romans interred some of their garrison slain during the insurrection of the Britons under Boadicia. It is related by Tacitus,

eitas, that when Ostorius commanded in Britain, he advanced within no inconsiderable distance of the channel that separates Great Britain\* from Ireland, and that he was for some time stationed among the *Silures*, or inhabitants of South Wales; which circumstances evidently demonstrate that the scene of action, for some years, during the contest between the Romans and the ancient Britons, was not, at least, many miles distant from the spot that has been mentioned. For when Paullinus Suetonius arrived in Britain, a dangerous insurrection among the *Silures* had hardly been suppressed, it is probable therefore, that, to restore tranquillity, he must have been for some time stationed near the same spot. It is recorded by the same author, that, when during the absence of the Roman army on the expedition to Anglesea, the indignant Britons put several Roman garrisons to the sword, and Paullinus on his return gained a complete victory over them, † *Panius Posthumus*, who had disgraced himself by his irresolution and misconduct, was so

mortified at his success, and so chagrined at the contempt in which he was holden by the legion, whose military lustre he had sullied, that he added to his other imprudent deeds, the most unjustifiable of all actions, that of laying violent hands on himself. A stone with the inscription *Panius Posthumus* ‡, &c. was found a few years since by the workmen employed in the formation of the road over the mountain from Landoverly to Trecastle, which has been considered as a proof that many of the transactions recorded by Tacitus, on the occasion that has been mentioned, occurred at no remote distance from the military station at Caio. Many of the inhabitants of the parish consider themselves as the descendants of a Roman colony; many of them pride themselves on their Roman descent; and Roman names are extremely prevalent among them. There is a person now living who bears the name of Paullinus, but the modern Paullinus, instead of commanding armies, and invading kingdoms (such are the vicissitudes of humanity), works

\* Annals of Tacitus, book 12, chap. 31, 32, &c.

† Annals of Tacitus, book 14, chap. 37.

‡ The inscription was copied by several gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and the stone was left by the workmen at the Black Cock, a public-house, on Trecastle-mountain, where it lay not many years since.

as a day-labourer, and lives contentedly in a cottage. Many further proofs might be adduced to corroborate the truth of the facts that have been stated, and to demonstrate that the Roman forces were, for many years, stationed in this neighbourhood; and no motive can be thought more likely to have operated on their avidity, and to have induced them to determine on so long a residence on such a spot, as the hopes, from the discovery of a mine, of obtaining stores of the precious metals.

That the Roman soldiery, while on this station, were engaged in an attempt to extract gold from the mines discovered in the adjacent hills, is thought to be sufficiently proved by the vestiges of Roman art, and military industry observable in the *Ogofau*, or caves of Caio. They are subterraneous passages, ramifying in several directions, and horizontally continued a considerable distance, under a hill of no common altitude. They are evidently the effects of human labour. And from every evidence that can now be collected, they appear to have been continued, if not originally commenced by the enterprising spirit of the Roman legions.

A very different account of

them however is given in the fabulous legends of the middle centuries. At the entrance of the caves lies a stone of uncommon magnitude, the surface of which appears excavated in five different places, at regular distances. The cavities are of no great depth, and are nearly of a circular form, which seems to have been the origin of the fable. Five youthful saints, it is reported, on their pilgrimage to the celebrated shrine of St. David, emaciated with hunger and exhausted with fatigue, here reclined themselves to rest, and reposed their weary heads on this ponderous pillow. Their eyes were soon closed by the powerful hand of sleep, and being no longer able to resist by the force of prayer the artifices of their foes. The skies were suddenly obscured with clouds, every object disappeared as if concealed in the shades of the darkest night. The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed, and the rain descended in tremendous showers. The storm increased its vehemence, all nature became chilled with cold, and even piety and charity felt its effects. The drops of rain were soon congealed into enormous hailstones, which, by the force of the wind, were driven with so much violence on the heads of the weary pilgrims, that they

were

were beaten so hard against their pillow, that the vestiges they left are still discernible. They were borne away in triumph by the malignant sorcerer who inhabits the hollows of these hills, and concealed in the innermost recesses of his cavern, where they are destined to remain asleep, bound in the irrefragable chains of enchantment, until that happy period shall arrive, when the diocese shall be blessed with a pious bishop. For when that happens, it is not doubted, but Merlin himself, the enemy of malignant sorcerers, shall be disenchanting, who shall rouse and restore to liberty the dormant saints, when they will immediately engage in the patriotic work of reforming the Welsh, who want it much.

Owen Lawgoch, or *Owen with the red hand*, and his troops (the favourite heroes of the Welsh romancers), who are all represented as now lying enchained by the hand of sorcery, in the cave of Merlin in this county, shall, it is equally credited, at the same happy period, be restored to their pristine vigour and activity; when they shall recover the lost empire of the Britons, and gain them, it is promised, a complete triumph over every nation, less ignorant,

less inactive, and less immoral than themselves.

In an *enchanted* spot, in a *romantic vale*, on the opposite banks of the *charming* river Cothi, a church was erected to the memory of the sleeping pilgrims, called *Llan pum Saint*, or the Church of the Five Saints, where, for many an obscure age, drowsy congregations nodded over their prayers, and slept under the soporific effects of somniferous sermons. They at length slept so profoundly, that they suffered their church to fall to ruins, scarce a vestige of which now remains. These somnific affections, it is thought, at length became epidemical, and infected not a few of the adjacent parishes.

Such are the fabulous legends that are usually related with great gravity by the guides, who generally conduct strangers through these subterraneous regions. These caverns are frequently visited in the summer season by numerous parties from the inn, in the neighbouring village of *Llan pum Saint*, on the road leading from Landoverly to Lampeter. And all who have attentively examined them, speak with rapture of the novelty and beauty of the scene.

A design,

A design, at some remote period, seems to have been formed of excavating the whole mountain, which, to a considerable extent, appears to have been carried into execution. Long passages have been dug, huge pillars framed, and spacious chambers scooped in the rock, whose lofty roofs, covered with spar and pyrites of various colours, reflect the light carried by the guides with so much brilliancy, as at once to surprise and dazzle the beholders. A subterraneous stream ripples through these deserted mines, while the adjacent caverns echo to its murmurs. The variegated colours of the spar, the sudden appearance of the water, the reverberations of the sound from rock to rock, give an indescribable grandeur and solemnity to every object, and make the place wear more the appearance of enchantment than of the works of art. The effects of music, in this rocked-formed theatre is described as at once pleasingly captivating, and oppressively awful.

The village of *Llanpum Saint*, at present, forms a part of the parish of Caio. The church or chapel it anciently boasted, was dedicated, it is said by antiquaries, not to the *five sleeping saints*, but, as many other churches

are in different parts of Wales, to the five principal tutelar saints, natives of the principality, the most remarkable actions of whose lives are recorded in an old manuscript called *Achau'r Saint*, or the Lives and Descent of the Saints.

The stone at the entrance into the caves was used, it is said, by the miners not for a pillow, but for the purpose of clearing away the recrementitious earth from the ore, and the cavities in it were formed by repeatedly pounding the drossy substances to obtain more valuable matter.

The rivulet that now murmurs through the mines, is supposed to have been formerly turned into it by the miners, when they discovered the reddish earth, where the most valuable stratum commences, in order, as is customary on such occasions, to tear away every heterogeneous matter, and lay the ore bare.

Several persons have traversed these different caverns to the distance of nearly half a mile, but no person now in existence has ever visited the furthest extremity of the excavations; what appearance of a mine may be visible in all parts of the works cannot therefore be justly determined. Sir Joseph Banks and

and several other persons of superior discernment, who critically examined it, were of opinion, that it must anciently have been considered as a gold mine. That the Romans must have been long employed here in their researches after the richer metals, is fairly presumable from several circumstances. The marks of their tools have been observed in several places on the rocks, and Roman characters have been discovered, which are supposed to have been intended for the initials of the Roman soldiers' names.

A few years since a considerable quantities of pyrites or *mârcasites* of gold, were found near the surface of the ground, on the summit of the hill above the works, on the estate of John Johnes, esq. but when assayed, they were found to contain nothing but sulphur and salts. They were, however, considered as evident indications of the proximity of a mine.

The appearance of the valley, at the entrance of the *Ogofau*, is extremely singular, and seems greatly to favour the hypothesis that would suppose these hills anciently to have contained a gold mine, and the Romans to have been employed here in pursuit of the precious metal.

It is a deep ravine of an irregular form and of an unequal breadth, with the fragments of a huge rock standing nearly in the centre, resembling the ruins of a battered tower. The whole dingle wears evident marks of some convulsive violence, and appears as if a part of the rock originally stood in it, and a portion of the superincumbent hill had been torn away from its base by an earthquake, or by the force of some prodigious torrent.

It is asserted by Pliny, in his *Natural History*, that it was a common practice with the Roman soldiers, when stationed in the Spanish provinces, to excavate and undermine whole mountains suspected of containing gold, and then to divert the course of rivers, and affuse them from an eminence on the works, when the impetuous torrent irresistibly carried away every thing before it, subverted the loftiest hills from their foundation, and precipitated the whole mass of which they were composed, to a prodigious distance. That, at convenient places, where the abated force of the current, and the nature of the ground appeared favourable for the purpose, weirs were erected which afforded an uninterrupted passage to the water,  
but



but arrested the earth, sand, and gravel, in their course; that these were afterwards carefully sifted, and skilfully washed, where, if any grains of gold happened to be commixed with them, they were easily discovered, and readily separated from more drossy and less valuable materials. A similar account of the process usually had recourse to by the Romans, when stationed near mountains supposed to abound with gold, is given by Rollin in his Ancient History.

That operations of this nature were anciently attempted at these mines is evident from the vestiges of several stupendous works that are visible after the lapse of so many centuries, and the shocks of so many revolutions of nature. Several miles above the mines, nearer the source of the river Cothi, are still observable the remains of a mole constructed to dam the stream and divert its course. The number and inequality of the adjacent hills, the cataracts that rush from them in the frequent and violent showers which this part of the country witnesses, must have been the means often of proving the strength of the Roman mole; some marks of it however still appear, and serve to give some idea of the violence with which

the current, thus opposed in its course, rushed, when swelled with floods, over its banks, and tore up the bed of the river to an incredible depth. The pool immediately below the dam, formed by the waterfall from the mole, is from the profundity of the water, and the dusky appearance of the stream, called by the peasants, *Bøll Uffern*, or *the Pit of Hell*. A celebrated antiquary and natural historian, who lately visited this country to investigate these remains of Roman industry, attempted to cross the stream a little above the mole, and having no other expedient to pass *with unæet feet*, he mounted on the back of one of his guides, who, after tottering a few steps under his load, fell with him in the middle of the river. He was, however, saved by another peasant, who accompanied them, and conveyed to the opposite bank without any further accident. The country people, with their usual vivacity, and their accustomed propensity to mirth, diverted themselves with this incident, and represented it as a concerted plan between the guide and his companion, that the learned traveller should be thrown into the stream by one of them, and rescued from danger by the other; when, without doubt, they concluded they would

would be able to obtain from his fears the reward they could not expect from his liberality ; they would be able to recover *salvage*, as they expressed it, and divide the spoils. As they are almost all so far favoured with the gifts of poetry, as to be able, on an emergency, to produce an *impromptu*, several *pennillion* and *anglyision*, or Welsh epigrams, were compos-

ed on the occasion. In some of them the ingenious antiquarian was compared to a milch-cow withholding its milk, when in order to obtain any thing from it, it becomes necessary to moisten the parts. One of these compositions, as it may serve to shew the humour of these country people, shall be here inserted :

Wyr! dyma frodyr hyfrydion, gwalchod,  
Yn gwlychu marchogion!  
Rhoi gwr main o lundain lon,  
O rhyfedd! yn yr afon!  
Godrwy'r yw y gwyr heb gil, os pwyllô  
Os pallu wnâr\* armel,  
Gwlych y dêth, y gwalch uchel,  
A llaith ddwrn, a'r llâth a ddêl.

Which has been thus translated :

What blundering guides, how ill they tread!  
To roll in mud so clear a head!  
To plunge, who starts not at the sight!  
In streams like these so great a knight!  
Strange guides, for verse as strange a theme,  
To guide a stranger to a stream,  
Thus on their backs a man to bear  
Into the flood, then drop him there!  
Who dropped him had their views no doubt,  
As well as those who helped him out;  
Dry shod he hardly pays the swain,  
But dipp'd, he pays as well again.  
Thus by sly milk-maids we are told,  
That dry teats oft the milk withhold;

\* The second milking is so called in some parts of Wales.

But if you wet them, well you know,  
The silver streams profusely flow.

Un arall.

Gwr am chwech trwy afon fechan, ddûg ddyn,  
\*Ddigwyddodd yn drwstan,  
" 'N y rhyd, ebef, dynaran,"  
" Rho swllt, cei frysio allan."

Another.

A great man once, agreed his guide,  
Across a rapid stream to ride,  
But as the fee he paid was small,  
Amidst the flood he let him fall;  
You got in cheaply, quoth the lout,  
What will you give me to get out?

From the *mole* or *dam* the water was gradually conducted to the summit of the highest hills, and conveyed by a capacious aqueduct, the vestiges of which may be still distinctly traced, along a ridge of mountains, the distance of nearly ten miles. Whether the magnitude or the rapidity of the river, or the height or the inequality of the ground, be considered, the conception of the plan must be admitted to have been as admirable, as the execution of it was astonishing. It was not till of late years, when the curiosities of nature and of art discovered in different parts of the principality of Wales began to excite the attention they merit, that these monuments of Roman industry and ingenuity were deemed worthy of attention; they are now justly considered as the most extraordinary works of the kind in Great Britain, perhaps in Europe. The water in the canal in the summit of the hill opposite Breunant, the seat of the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, must have been nearly a mile above the bed of the river from which it was raised. From hence this immense body of water was conveyed by a broad canal, the vestiges of which are still discernible, to the highest part of the

\* Fell, digwyddo, to fall.

precipice immediately above the *Ogofau*, or the mineral excavation. Here it was arrested in its course, and permitted by means of a large reservoir to collect its force before it was suffered to pour itself, with its usual impetuosity, on the excavated hills below it. When its aid was not requisite to facilitate the labours of the miners, it was discharged through a sluice on the opposite side of the reservoir, and led by a winding channel, the banks of which are still in some places discernible towards the village of Caio, where it disembogued itself into a brook, which falls at a considerable distance into the usual channel of the *Cotthi*. That so much toil and labour might not be unattended with some beneficial effects, the river thus raised from its bed was not permitted to return to it (even when its aid was not required in the mines), till it had assisted in some work of industry likely to contribute to the subsistence, or administer to the comforts of man. Mills and other useful works were erected on the banks of the new-formed canal, which were kept in motion by the agency of the water originally raised from the river. The remains of one

of them, called *Melin Milwyr*\*, or the Soldier's Mill, are still shewn by the peasants in that neighbourhood. From the supposed etymology of the name, they contend that a thousand men were anciently engaged to assist at the mill, and help its operation: a construction which, though not justified by the real import of the word, manifests the vast idea which they entertain of the ancient magnificence of the works, and the extensive scale on which they were conducted. Near the valuable mines of South America, mills are used to break in pieces the heterogeneous matter mixed with the precious metal. What was the particular uses to which the mill, erected by the Roman military, was applied, cannot now, perhaps, be with certainty determined. It seems, however, to be pretty generally admitted by those who have attentively examined the works, that the Romans must have been stationed here, and that the soldiery, according to the usual severity of their discipline, must have been employed in improving the military roads, forming canals, and working the mines; but whether these were lead mines, as

\* *Milwyr* means a thousand men, from *mil*, a thousand, and *gyrr*, men, as they were regimented or formed into legions by thousands; *milwyr* likewise implies soldiers.

some are apt to imagine, or copper-mines, as others contend, or whether they were gold mines, as most of those who have recently examined them are of opinion, must be submitted to the decision of those who are competent judges of the subject. That Roman industry and perseverance extracted gold from them, may be admissible, but whether they extracted it in quantities that would satiate the avidity of modern mine adventurers, is a question that cannot be so promptly determined.

But though it should be admitted that the Roman forces, by laborious perseverance, obtained the precious metals in certain proportions from these

excavated hills, it will not necessarily follow that the mines had been originally discovered, or previously worked by the ancient Britons, and that the invading armies only completed what the inhabitants of the country had begun. There are no British records of credit extant that can be expected to throw light on the obscure transactions of so remote a period. It appears however from some fragments of the works of the British bards, that Caio was considered as a place of great importance as early as the sixth century. It is described as a city in the elegies of Llywarch Hên, already so frequently cited:—

Lluest Cadwallawn tra chaer  
Caew, byddin a chynnwrf taer,  
Can câd, a thorri can caer.

The army of Cadwallon encamped towards the *city*  
*Of Caew*, a host that was stubborn in the tumult  
Of a hundred battles, and the falling of a hundred castles.

OWEN'S *Llywarch Hên*, p. 113.

Mr. Owen in a note on this passage, observes that "there is a place called *Caer* in Caermarthenshire." It is necessary however to state, that *Caer* is sometimes translated a *fortress* as well as a *city*, and that the

lines alluded to, may only imply that it was at that period a strong military post. But in either case it will amount to a proof that it was then regarded as an important station, and the vicinity of the mines may have

have been the principal inducement for the giving the preference as a military residence to a place so destitute of other attractions, and so remotely situated from the centre of the kingdom. The monuments of antiquity constantly discovered in the neighbourhood, have been thought rather to favour the opinion, that the Britons extracted the precious metals from these or some other mines in the environs. The most remarkable of these discoveries is a golden chain, lately found in a field near the ancient family seat of *John Johnes, esq. of Dolau Cothi*, in this parish. It is supposed to have been a *torques*, or military wreath of honour, worn by an ancient British chieftain of distinction. To the ex-

tremity of it was attached the figure of a serpent, fabricated of gold, of an elegant form, and of beautiful workmanship, which has been conjectured to have been intended as an emblematical representation of the warrior's talents, implying the crafty general, and the formidable foe. Perhaps the *torquati*, or the warriors ornamented with golden wreaths, generally wore fastened to the golden chain that adorned their necks, a particular figure, intended as an emblem of their talents, or a memorial of their exploits; and that this may serve as an illustration of the appellation of lion or eagle wolf, or falcon, applied by the bards in their poems to different generals, and celebrated British warriors:—

Eryr Pengwern, pell gelwid heno,  
Arwaed gwyr gwelid.

The eagle of Pengwern calls far about, this night;  
On the blood of men he is seen.

OWEN'S *Llywarch Hên*, p. 82.

Tarw trin, rhyvel adwn.

The bull of tumult, guider of the war, &c.

*Ibid.* p. 142.

This proof of ancient British military splendour, discovered near the mines of Caio, was a few years

since shewn to a celebrated antiquary and natural philosopher, at the hospitable mansion of

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*Dolau*

*Dolau Cothi*, to whom the figure of the dragon or serpent was presented, to be deposited in the archives of the Antiquarian society. The golden chain is still in the possession of Mr. Johnes; it is of considerable length, and must have been of sufficient extension to have encircled several times the warrior's neck. It is destitute of any ornamental work, but neat and elegant; each link is about an inch in extent, and the whole chain of very simple construction. The gold is much purer than any at present in common use, and the prodigious quantity of that precious metal expended on a badge of honour, so frequently worn, has been considered as a cogent argument in favour of those who contend that gold mines anciently subsisted in this neighbourhood, and who are of opinion that they were not unknown to the Britons\*.

But as the inhabitants of these districts were late in their submission to the Romans, and

opposed them not unsuccessfully in arms, at the period when other parts of the island were reduced to a tributary state; it has been thought that the gold mines of *Cunobelinus* must necessarily be sought for in some corner of the country more accessible to the Roman forces, and inhabited by tribes more tractable in their disposition, and less determined in their resistance to invading enemies.

The Trinobantes, or the *Trinovantiaid*, influenced by their king *Maudubratius*, are described by *Cæsar* as the first people among the Britons that subjected themselves to a foreign yoke, and suffered the Romans to lay their country under a contribution. Several authors of considerable credit therefore have been of opinion that the gold mines of *Cunobelinus*, must have been situated somewhere within the counties of *Essex* or *Middlesex*, the provinces originally inhabited by the Trinobantes. *Dr. Plot*, in his *Natural History of Oxford-*

\* Most indubitable proofs have lately been discovered which establish the fact beyond the possibility of a doubt; that the mines in Wales, particularly the coal mines, were worked by the Britons as well as by the Romans. A flint hatchet was found stuck in a coal vein, in a mine in North Wales; and in another pit, in the same country, was found the bones of an elephant. Flint tools were used by the Britons, before the application of iron to common purposes, and elephants were introduced to this island by the Romans, and used to work the machinery at the mines, &c. See *Penant's Tour through North Wales*, &c. *Goldsmith's Animated Nature*, &c.

shire, and Morant in his History of Essex, are the most celebrated writers who have adopted that opinion. The former contends that mines are frequently lost through the supineness of an ignorant age, or the storms of domestic troubles; and in support of his hypothesis, instances the gold mines of Hungary, which were long lost, and in process of time again partially discovered; and \* "the gold mines of *Cunobelinus*, in Essex," lost many centuries since, and not yet effectually recovered. The respectable † author of the Natural History of the latter county states it as an opinion honoured with many advocates, that the excavations now called the *Dane Holes*, were originally the usual entrances into these golden regions. As this question however at different periods has considerably excited the curiosity of the public, the most unobjectionable method is to give a summary account of every opinion that has been entertained on the subject, and to submit the whole to the candid decision of the reader. The *Dane Holes* are certainly very extraordinary and almost inexplicable excavations, and

have long puzzled the investigators of the Natural History of that county. It will therefore not be improper to give a concise account of them, and of the different opinions that have been entertained with respect to them. They are narrow pits or shafts, sunk in the earth, in a direction perpendicular to the horizon, to the depth of sixty, seventy, or ninety feet, or more, in several places in Orsett, West Thurrock, and some of the neighbouring parishes.—Some contend that they were originally designed for chalk-pits, and as this fossil is often used in husbandry to answer the purposes of lime, that, the shafts so commonly observed in some parts of this county, were at various periods sunk by the different proprietors of the adjacent estates, in order to obtain manure, to improve and fertilize their land. The opponents of this hypothesis, on the contrary, represent it as a ridiculous conceit, to suppose their provident ancestors to have been so posterously extravagant as to have incurred the unnecessary expense of sinking shafts to the depth of eighty or ninety feet, or more, to obtain for the ame-

\* See Dr. Plot's History of Oxfordshire.

† Morant's History of Essex, in his account of the parishes of Orsett, West Thurrock, &c.



loration of the soil, that manure which is to be found abundantly in all parts of the neighbourhood, within a yard or two of the surface of the earth. Chalk, they add, is a substance found in most of the counties of England, without the expense and labour of these extraordinary excavations, while the *Dane Holes* are peculiar not only to this county, but to no extensive district of it. Others, to avoid the absurdities attending the chalk-system, maintain, from the fancied etymology of the name, that they were subterraneous places of refuge in which the Danes attempted to conceal themselves, at the memorable period of the massacre of those invaders by the exasperated English. But this, it is answered, is an attempt to avoid one absurdity, and falling into a greater. For these and narrow pits could afford no subterraneous *asylum*, where the miserable fugitives could conceal themselves, and admitted of no egression to escape or elude the fury of their enraged enemies. And if ever they descended, it is observed, on such an occasion, into these tremendous gulfs, they must have descended into open sepulchres,

where the feeblest foe might crush them, and the least artful could have interred them alive. As it is not probable, it is further argued, that the English would have given their foes long previous notice of the intended massacre, it is rather an extraordinary circumstance, that they should have found time and resolution for so laborious an operation; and if ever they engaged in such an enterprize, it excites astonishment to reflect that they should not attempt to form the place of their intended retreat, on a safer plan, or a more extensive scale. But, if they were known previous to this period, the *Danes* in the hour of their distress, might have fled for refuge to an asylum originally opened for another purpose. That this is no argument against the truth of the golden hypothesis, for the retreat of the Danes to them (supposing that fact sufficiently authenticated) is no proof that the shafts were not originally sunk to approximate a mine, that neither of the systems that have been mentioned, can be considered as any argument against the truth of the fact, that they were originally the intended vestibules of mines\*.

\* In further corroboration of the truth of this opinion, it is added, that the names of the places in which the *Dane Holes* are principally found, are favour-

The subsequent discovery of various fossils in them, might serve to prove, that those who had not talents enough to find gold, might yet have ingenuity enough to dig chalk. And the retreat of the Danes to them, might be no more an evidence of their being designed for an asylum for them, than the escape of an offender to the mines of Cornwall, would be a proof that they were intended for a receptacle for felons.

The name of *Dane Holes*, by which these mines are now known, might have arisen, it is argued, from the circumstance of a few Danes having taken refuge there on the occasion that has been mentioned; or it might have been occasioned by the citizens of London in having had recourse to these *gold mines* to discharge the *Dane-guelt*, or the tax anciently imposed on the city by the Danes;

for it is observed by Morant, in his history of that county, that it can hardly be accounted for on any other hypothesis, how the citizens should be able in that age, to collect the enormous contribution which the rapacious Danes had imposed on them. Those who have adopted this side of the question further argue, that it does not appear improbable, that they had recourse on such an occasion to the mines in the royalty of Essex; for though they might not be productive enough to encourage mercenary adventurers, metal enough on such an emergency, might have been extracted from them, by united efforts and persevering industry, to appease for a season, the severity and intemperate avidity of these merciless invaders. It is further added, that, about the fourteenth century, these gold mines were actually worked with some degree of success; for, that a

able to this hypothesis, that Thurrock is derived from the British words *Tw-erwyth*, Goldsmith's-land, and *Orwett*; from *Oursedd*, Golden-seat, or Golden-habitation: *sedd*, bearing, in ancient British the import of the word *seat* in English, as may be observed in the compound word *Gorsedd*, a throne, &c. That the original inhabitants, left in the names of many places in Essex, evident vestiges of their language, as in *Ongar*, Ash-town, from *Onn*, an Ash, and *Ouer*, a fortress, a place remarkable for a large conical tumulus, most probably raised by the Britons. *Billericay*, *Pillarfield*, from *Piler*, a pillar, and *Cae*, a field, i Bilery cae, to *Billericay*. A large stone set up as a pillar, in a neighbouring field, might have been the origin of the name. *Avon*, the name of several rivers in England, seems to have arisen from the Saxons mistaking the common name, *Avon*, a river, used by the British for a proper name of a particular stream.

royal favourite having obtained a grant of them, which is still on record, a company of German miners were engaged, and certain quantities of the precious metal were extracted; the prospects for a season appeared extremely favourable, that their mineral efforts did not prove finally successful, is attributed to the avidity and infidelity of the Germans, and to the domestic troubles of the times, and to the subsequent shocks of civil commotions, which retarded their operations, and finally forced them from the country. It is added, that in Camden's time, many vestiges of these mines remained, which are now obliterated, particularly several apertures of great depth in the ground below Tilbury, ingeniously walled round from the base to the top, in the form of a cone or glass-house, to prevent the falling in of the surrounding lands; and an entrance into a spacious horizontal excavation in a field in the parish of East Tilbury, called *Cave Field*, &c. It is likewise observed, that about the commencement of the last century, another attempt was made to recover these golden treasures. A royal grant for that purpose was obtained, and proper measures, as it was hoped, were taken, to derive from it every

desirable effect; but the immediate operations not proving successful, and the South-sea Bubble bursting about the same time, the enterprise became unpopular, and the adventurers were discouraged. The unfavourable issue of this attempt, it is contended, is not so much a proof of the non-existence of the mine, as it is an evidence of the incapacity of the conductors of the enterprize. For, if the precious metal was obtained here in the fourteenth, it is scarcely credible after so long a respite, that it should be found exhausted in the 18th century, and that time here should have destroyed the mineral productions, which in other places it mellows and improves. That therefore the subterraneous treasures which our ancestors enjoyed, might still be obtained, were their descendants possessed of equal industry and equal ingenuity. It is further remarked, that the proximity of a mine is frequently presumed from the unhealthiness of the air, which particularly distinguishes this part of Essex; from the natural barrenness of the soil, as is observable in the heaths, and all the uncultivated land in the vicinity; and from mineral springs, which are found at Tilbury and other places at no remote distance. That finally  
if

if the truth of the story of the gold mines of *Cunobelinus* be admitted, this county seems to have the fairest claim to the honour of containing them, from its proximity to the scene of action, distinguished by Cæsar's earliest contests with the Britons, his victory over Cassivellaunus, his passage over the Thames, and his final arrangement with the inhabitants to accept of an annual tribute, and to leave them unmolested. Such are the different opinions that have been entertained of these extraordinary excavations, and such is the substance of the arguments on which these various opinions have been founded.

To decide these controversies relative to the mineralogy of the county, a gentleman of the cathedral of Canterbury, distinguished for his taste for Natural History, and his knowledge in the antiquities of his country formed the extraordinary resolution of descending into one of these caverns. He was attended by an eminent surgeon from the neighbourhood, with the intention, no doubt, in case of accidents, of availing himself of his advice and assistance.—A rope was procured, and thrown over a pulley, attached to a neighbouring tree. To the lower

extremity of the rope, a strong piece of wood was horizontally fastened. Seated on this, and bearing a light, an *intrepid* peasant, who undertook to precede them, first descended. He had scarcely reached the bottom, when by some accident the light was extinguished. His boasted intrepidity forsook him, and he became petrified with horror, at the apprehension of evils with which he was unacquainted, and dangers against which he was unprepared, and thought he saw another pit still more profound and more tremendous, yawning to receive him. Light having been again procured from a neighbouring farm house, the other adventurers unterrified at the peasant's fear-born exclamations, successively descended. The depth was about seventy feet. The different strata were accurately examined as they passed, and found to consist chiefly of earth, gravel, and sand; and, at the bottom, appeared a bed of chalk. At the lower extremity of the shaft, four excavations were horizontally made in four different directions; they were continued but a few yards, and were of no considerable depth. The fears of the peasant that had been excited in obscurity, were not calmed at the appearance of the light, when he found himself

himself standing on a human skeleton of a gigantic size, most of the bones of which, in his agitation, he had trodden to pieces. At some distance, lay on the ground, the skeletons of several badgers, rabbits, and hares, which were supposed to have fallen accidentally into this hideous gulf, as they were gambling through the woods, or roving in quest of their food. The human skeleton, it was conjectured, had remained there many years, as on being rudely touched, it crumbled to pieces. No marks could be discovered on it, that could lead to a decision whether it was the skeleton of a person, who had been murdered and thrown there, or of one who, at some remote period, had fallen into this terrific cavern. The mouth of the pit is obscured by the shade of a tree, and the sides concealed by weeds and low brush-wood; an unfrequented path leads to a field from the road, within a yard of the aperture; it is not covered, the ground is uneven, and slopes towards the mine:

“Facilis est descensus averne,”

can hardly to any place be more applicable. That such an accident should happen, is not so much the object of astonishment, as that similar misfortunes

do not frequently occur. The head of the human skeleton appearing to be considerably above the common size, the esculapian adventurer enveloped it in his handkerchief, but, in his ascent, he was more careful to prevent his own skull than that of the skeleton from coming in contact with the sides of the shaft; so that on examining this *capital* object of curiosity he had intended for his museum, on his arrival on firm ground, he found it battered to pieces. This expedition into these subterranean regions totally failed in its intended effect. It did not decide the controversy relative to the original intention of the *Dane holes*. The supporters of the *Chalk System*, contended that the appearance of a bed of that fossil at the bottom, was a clear proof of the intention of sinking the shaft. The advocates for the hypothesis, that found there an asylum for the persecuted Danes, laboured to prove, that the excavations in different directions in the chalk at the lower extremity of the pit, were intended to find room for the fugitive Danes, when threatened with immediate extermination. While the patrons of the golden mines laugh at the idea of a shaft sunk to such a depth and at such an expense, to obtain two or three waggon-

waggon-loads of chalk, which might have been found nearly on the surface of the earth : or the thoughts of a subterraneous asylum prepared with such immense labour, that would not contain forty fugitives ; and boast their own hypothesis as the most consistent and the most probable, that would suppose the present shaft sunk, comparatively speaking, in modern times, on the vestiges of a more ancient one, and the excavations at the bottom vain and fruitless attempts to find the second shaft, which had been filled up, but which originally ran parallel, and not in a line with the first, but that the chalk, from its cohesive qualities had so effectually closed up the aperture, that no traces of the second shaft could now be discovered. That gold mines generally run to the depth of a-hundred-and-fifty or a-hundred-and-sixty fathoms, but that these shafts, at present, are seldom a third of that depth. For that the Britons had shut up these mines in order to conceal them from the Romans, that they might not excite their avidity, and tempt them to continue their unwelcome visits to the island. That this part of the country was anciently excavated in many places, but that the apertures were subse-

quently carefully concealed, as might be instanced in the ground on which Stifford fair was anciently kept, which gave way some years since, to the no small terror and consternation of the populace, and sunk in some places, to a considerable depth. That the strongest proofs can be adduced to demonstrate, that the ancient Britons possessed the precious metals in profusion, that they applied them to ornamental purposes, and that they had made greater proficiency in the arts, and had attained to a greater degree of civilization, than Roman authors seem in general willing to admit, for that it is hardly credible, that those who possessed war chariots of such admirable construction, and could guide them with so much dexterity and address, could stop them on a descent, and turn them at pleasure when in full career, could spring on the ground, and continue the combat, when it could be more advantageously on foot, then vault to their seats, and drive through the disordered ranks of their enemies, so that Cæsar confessed his best troops were not able to face them, and had not a more honourable way of succeeding against them than by fomenting their intestine divisions, and taking advantage of their want of union  
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among themselves; it is not probable, it is contended, that those whom their very enemies admit to have been so well provided with warlike instruments, and so dexterous in the use of them, so well furnished with cavalry, and so rich in well-formed chariots of war, should be so uncivilized as Cæsar in other parts of his Commentaries seems willing to persuade us, or that they were otherwise barbarians, than as Greek and Roman writers honour all nations, except their own, with that name. Such are the systems that have been formed on this interesting sub-

ject, and such are the different opinions that have been entertained with respect to them; opinions which, though it may not be necessary to adopt, it may be useful to know, as some of the most plausible of them may excite further inquiries on so curious a subject; and further inquiries rationally conducted, should they fall short of a more profitable, or a more advantageous termination, may serve to throw considerable light on the manners and customs of our ancestors, and contribute materially to the illustration of the history and topography of the country.

E. W.

## AN HISTORICAL ESSAY

ON THE

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENT CELTIC TRIBES,  
PARTICULARLY THEIR MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

**T**HE ancient Druids whose opinions are so little known and whose ceremonies and religious rites, are at present so imperfectly understood, never discovered their attention to the exigencies of society and the conveniencies of private life, in a more laudable manner, than in the institutions which they introduced respecting the matrimonial union of the sexes. For, though we have not a correct account of the whole of their doctrines and established ceremonies, partial tradition and local customs have preserved a sufficient specimen of them to enable an attentive observer to form a general idea of their designs and ultimate intentions. The customs still prevalent at the celebration of marriage, and the more ancient observances recorded in old manuscripts, or handed down by tradition, give a favourable view of the policy and address of the original legislators of the Celtic tribes, and afford very flattering proofs of their wisdom, and their knowledge of human nature. In order to render a state powerful, the increase of population is the favourite object of every prudent government. And to facilitate the matrimonial union of the sexes, appears to be one of the most feasible methods of increasing the popular stores of a state, and of repairing the losses occasioned by the effects of epidemical diseases and the depredations of war. Accordingly among the Celtic tribes, nothing more was required in the candidates for matrimonial happiness, than such a conduct and deportment in their respective stations, as should render them worthy of the patronage and protection of the community to which they belonged. An industrious habit, a sober disposition, and an amiable temper, rendered wealth and domestic felicity attainable to the meanest individual. For no sooner had a youth of a favourable character secured the affection of a female of his own rank, and of good reputation, and expressed a wish of being matrimonially united to her, than some respectable personage, and not unfrequently the principal



principal chieftains, in the tribe to which he appertained, espoused his interest, exerted their influence, and had recourse to the most effectual methods to cause a general attendance of their retainers at the celebration of the marriage, and to raise by easy contribution such a sum as might prove sufficient to establish the young couple in a situation likely to render their future life comfortable and above the reach of indigence. To cause a numerous attendance of the neighbouring tribes, games and athletic sports were instituted, and prizes of considerable value were promised to victors; and to render the contributions made on these occasions as liberal as possible, the youthful couple or their patrons, were obliged to make adequate returns, whenever, on similar occasions, they should be required. In consequence of these beneficial institutions, the youths of the country were induced frequently to appear in mixed assemblies, and engage in manly exercises, which softened their manners, and gradually prepared them for the fatigues and hardships of war; while, by these popular customs, they were led easily and imperceptibly to confer on

their neighbours and fellow-countrymen such benefits and friendly favours as might, when repaid on similar occasions, contribute to their own happiness and administer to their own comforts. When the nuptial day was fixed, the first care was to commission an eloquent messenger to visit the neighbouring castles, and invite the resident warriors and their attendants to the wedding. And in more peaceful days the rural villages were traversed, and a general invitation was given to the ruddy and cheerful inhabitants to form a part of the company on the festive occasion. The \* Bidder, in former times, was a respectable and popular character, possessed of much eloquence, considerable talents, and an inexhaustible fund of mirth and rustic humour. *Herodrach*, or the art of conducting an embassy, and carrying on important negotiations with propriety, was, among the Gauls, considered as one of the four-and-twenty games, which every young man who aspired to be regarded as an accomplished person, was obliged to study, and to render himself complete master of. And, in order to habituate themselves to a lively address a ready flow of easy lan-

\* See Cambrian Popular Antiquities, 8vo. page 159.

guage, the sons of the chieftains not unfrequently disguised themselves in the habit of the Bidder, and exerted their talents to harangue the populace, and cause a numerous attendance at their retainer's wedding. And, when the young lord succeeded to the estate of his ancestors, the villagers would often dwell with pleasure on the address he had discovered, and the mirthful eloquence he had displayed. When in the character of a matrimonial herald, he solicited their attendance at the nuptials of one of his humble dependents. The herald, on these occasions, as ensigns of his office, wore his hat or bonnet ornamented with wedding garlands, and his staff decorated with ribands; and thus distinguished, he might proceed unmolested through hostile tribes, and the camps of contending armies.

Suppliant the venerable herald stands,  
While *Hymen's* awful ensigns grace  
his hands;  
By these he begs, and lowly bending  
down,  
He sues to all, &c. POPE's *Homer*.

At the castles of the principal chieftains his constant ambition was to arrive *just at din-*

*ner time*, when the lord and his retainers were found assembled in the great hall, in cheerful humour and in high spirits, when, rattling his *Baton*\* against the floor to procure attention, and dropping a graceful bow, he began his harangue, "*Cennad gwahoddwr, a gwahoddwr hefyd, at wr y Ty, a gwraig y Ty, a phawb o'r Tylwyth,*" &c. There was generally a prescribed form adapted to these purposes, but the orator indulged in occasional deviations from the beaten track, displayed his talents in mirthful sallies, and humorous parodies on celebrated passages from favourite authors. If the parties were of the lower orders in society, he gave their pedigree with affected gravity, drew up a mock history of their exploits, and of their brave and generous actions; expatiated on their personal excellences, and the good qualities of their ancestors, descanted on the joys of matrimony, and the miseries of celibacy; and when he imagined he had succeeded in putting his audience into good humour, he returned with great address to his subject, applied himself successively to the principal per-

\* *Et Baston, his Baton*. The French and the Welsh in this and many other expressions use exactly the same words. All the old words, or the *Gaulois*, the language of the old *Gauls*, retained in the French, are the same with the Welsh.

sons present, and endeavoured to extract a promise from them, which, when obtained, was regularly entered in his tablets: for his reputation as an orator, and his reward as a *Bidder*, depended on the success of his eloquence, and the number of promises he obtained. When his oration was closed, the *Hirlas*, or silver-tipped Horn, was put into his hands foaming with ale, or sparkling with mead, when he thanked his audience for their friendly attention, drank their health, and, with a bow, modestly retired.

On the morning of the nuptial day the bride and bridegroom, privately, attended by their particular friends, repaired to church at an early hour, where the ceremony was performed, and their title to the enjoyment of domestic happiness inserted in the usual records. On their return the bride and bridegroom separated, and repaired to the mansions of their respective friends; where in the great hall they made their appearance, to receive the congratulations of their visitors. Considerable address was requisite, to recollect the names, and make proper inquiries after the families of each particular visitor; and where the youthful years or inexperience of the

bride or bridegroom, rendered them unequal to the task, they were assisted by friends of maturer years, who refreshed their memories, and guided their erring judgments. The names of the visitors were entered by a proper person in a book provided for the occasion, that in similar circumstances, the visit might be returned, and whatever compliment they left, might again be faithfully returned, whenever it should appear to be acceptable. The tokens of friendship, or of neighbourly benevolence, which they determined to leave, were deposited in a large silver dish provided for that purpose. Before the invention of money, and their application to commercial purposes, it appears that among the Gaulic and Celtic tribes, things were presented in a kind of written promises, which it is deemed in the highest degree dishonourable not to fulfil. Something not dissimilar to this is mentioned by Tacitus, in his account of the Manners and Customs of the Germans: where, describing the marriages of those people, he observes, "Intersunt parentes et propinqui; ac munera probant, munera non ad delicias mulcibres quesita, nec quibus nova sumpta comatur, sed boves, et frenatum equum, et penturn cum framea

framea gladioque," &c. "The parents and relatives of the new married couple attended to testify their approbation of the gifts that were presented; gifts consisting not of luxurious delicacies, or bridal ornaments, but of oxen, horses trained to war, shields, swords, and ashenspears, pointed with polished iron," &c.

Their congratulations on the happy marriage being made, and their offerings at the shrine of Hymen being presented, the company successively retired to an adjoining apartment, where when the parties were opulent, seasonable refreshments were provided, and where the fascinating powers of music were essayed. The harp and the viol have always been deemed favourite instruments in the hands of the Welsh; its melodious sound, its energetic expression, and its aptitude for accompaniments, rendered the former peculiarly acceptable on these festive occasions. Accompanying the harp or the viol with the voice in the favourite compositions of the bard's singing pieces of music in four parts, and in full harmony, formed from the earliest periods, the principal occupa-

tion of those who from years or feeble habits of body were incapable of displaying their strength or their agility in manlier exercises. *Canu cân pedwar accennu*, or to sing pieces of music of four parts with a proper air and accent, was reckoned among the four-and-twenty games, which every well-educated *Gaul* was expected to excel in. Accompaniments in music were familiar to the ancient inhabitants of these islands, before they were known to the rest of Europe: a\* manuscript of Welsh music still extant, and described by Jones, in his *Relics of the Welsh Bards*, seems to place this subject in a luminous point of view. But till the *gamut* then in use can be deciphered, the merit of the music cannot be so well ascertained. To repeat the composition of the bards with accurate emphasis and proper gesticulation, called *datganiad pen pastian*, was likewise esteemed a branch of bardism, and one of the four-and-twenty games. The performer bore in his hand a cane or *baton*, with which he improved his action during the repetition, and sometimes rattled his baton in cadence on the floor, to mark the

\* The Cambrian youths went generally to the Italian universities for their education. It is probable that some of them took copies of this work with them, and that Guido took the hint from it in the composition of his work on Counterpoint, &c. See *Jones's Relics of the Welsh Bards*, 1st edition, No. 18.

time and add to the effect of his spirited delivery. By the energy of his manner, he frequently worked himself up into a paroxysm of enthusiastic phrensy, and sometimes succeeded in affecting his audience with similar rapture. These bardic declaimers resembled much, if we may judge from historic description, the *rhapsodoi* so much in vogue among the Greeks: and it was possibly as much occasioned by the art of the declaimer, as by the poetic force and fire of the composition, that the extraordinary effects often mentioned, were produced by the works of the bards; such as\* Rhys Meigen's falling down dead at hearing a philosophic

ode repeated which had been written against him by the celebrated Dafydd ap Gwilym. The games were divided into such as tended to the improvement of the mind, and those calculated to add to the strength and vigour of the body; and those whose naturally feeble constitutions, or whose years prevented from entering the lists among the more athletic competitors for fame, contented themselves with exerting their talents to obtain applause, and procure favour in assemblies of a less martial disposition.

The domestic and literary games, or those generally in request in mixed assemblies, were

1. Barddoniaeth, or bardism;
2. Canu Telyn, or playing the harp;
3. Darllain Cymraeg, or reading Welsh;
4. Canu cywydd gandant, or singing a poem with the harp or viol;

5. Canu cywydd pedwar ai accennu, or singing an ode of four parts, and accenting it with proper expression;

6. Tynnu arfau, or heraldry;
7. Herodraeth, or embassy:

To which may be added the four inferior games,—

8. Chwarau gwyddbwyll, or playing chess;
9. Chwarau tawlbwrdd, or playing backgammon, or some such game;
10. Chwarau ffristial, or playing dice, or cards;
11. Cyweirig telyn, or tuning the harp.

\* See the Cambrian Biography, p. 306.

Such were the games that were most in esteem in private assemblies and places of social intercourse. They are undoubtedly of great antiquity; the nature of some of them is at present but very imperfectly understood, others are still preserved, and still practised; and it is generally believed among those who are most conversant with the subject, that an attentive perusal of such fragments as are still extant of ancient British history, and an examination of such passages in the works of the bards as casually mention them, would tend to remove many of the difficulties, and clear up much of the obscurity in which their history is at present unfortunately involved.

The domestic games were much in repute, and to be ignorant of them was esteemed dishonourable; but in active youth, when health, a favourable season, and a convenient opportunity, invited to manlier exercises, to consume time in exercises adapted to the capacity of those

of feebler years, was to be lost in sloth, and to renounce all claims to the character of a warrior. And when such athletic sports were pursued, to be absent from the spot where competitors for gymnastic fame displayed their skill, was considered as reproachful in men, as being present on such occasions was discreditable in women.

For the accommodation of those who engaged in gymnastic exercises, a field adjacent to the house where the friends of the bridegroom were assembled was converted into a species of *campus martius*, where those who excelled in manly sports entered the lists, and those who were considered only as *amateurs*, were contented with attending as spectators. The games most esteemed at these matrimonial assemblages were such as tended to improve and display swiftness of foot, dexterity of hand, and vigour and activity of body: those regarded as the most reputable were,

#### *Exercises of Activity.*

12. Cryfder dan bwysau, or the display of strength in hurling a stone, or throwing a bar;
13. Rhedeg, or running;
14. Neidio, or leaping;
15. Novio, or swimming;
16. Ymafael, or wrestling;

17. Marchogaeth, or riding, which extended likewise to feats in chariots of war, as described by Cæsar.

*Exercises of Weapons.*

18. Saethu, or archery, shooting, and throwing the javelin ;

19. Chwarau cleddef atharian, or fencing with a sword and buckler ;

20. Chwarau cleddyf deuddwrn, or fencing with the two-handed sword.

21.\* Chwarau ffon ddwybig, or playing with the quarter staff ;

22. Hela a milgi, or hunting ;

23. Hela pysg, or fishing ;

24. Hela aderyn, or falconry ;

An account of these celebrated games is given in several manuscripts of considerable antiquity, and Dr. Davis has given a list of them in his folio, Welsh and Latin, dictionary, printed in London, in the year 1632. The surprising similarity subsisting between many of them, and those anciently in estimation among the Grecians, will hardly admit of a doubt, that they were originally borrowed the one from the other, or that they were at some remote period derived from one common source. It is well known that certain tribes of the Gauls in a very remote age settled in Galatia, and gave their name to the province they selected for their habitation. The Greeks derived their games and several

of their ancient customs from the Ionians, and the Grecians inhabiting different districts of Asia Minor. It is not improbable therefore that they were derived from the Gauls, settled in Galatia, who by their valour and the success of their arms impressed the neighbouring nations with a high idea of their manners, their customs, and their institutions. The Romans borrowed their games and gymnastic exercises evidently from the Grecians ; and it is remarkable that almost all their games, in which according to Horace the Roman youths delighted to exercise themselves, are the very sports which to this day constitute the principal diversion of the Cambrian champions. "Luc-tari, joculari, currere, equitare,

\* There were other games ranked among the rural sports, which could not be well celebrated at matrimonial meetings.

salire, ad ques exercebat se Romana juvenes in campo Martio," are the words of a commentator upon Horace, in his notes on a passage descriptive of the Roman sports. The customs still observed in Wales would be a still better commentary upon such passages:

The discharge from a muscular arm of the ponderous bar,

resembles the hurling of the weightier spear; and the display of corporeal strength, in raising and throwing to a considerable distance, stones of an enormous magnitude, is not unlike the feats, which in ancient days, when the fate of battles was decided by single combat, the greatest heroes were known to excel in, and occasionally proud to practise,

*Nec plura effatus, saxum circumspicit ingens.  
Saxum antiquum, ingens, campo quod forte jacebat,  
Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis,  
Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent,  
Qualia hunc hominum producit corpora tellus,  
Ille manu raptum trepida torquebat in hostem  
Altior insurgens, et cursa concitus heros.*

VIRGIL.

Then as he roll'd his troubled eyes around,  
An antique stone he saw, the common bound  
Of neighb'ring fields; and barrier of the ground,  
So vast, that twelve strong men of modern days  
Th' enormous weight from earth could hardly raise,  
He heav'd it at a lift: and poised on high, &c.

DRYDEN.

Running was likewise a favourite exercise among the Britons. It was patronized by the chieftains, from an idea that it qualified their people for war, as in consequence of their speed, the infantry could mix with the cavalry, and accompany them on forced marches for several days successively; a species of warfare admirably calculated for light incursions on the territories of the enemy. Cæsar describes tribes of the Germanic Gauls,

who appointed a foot soldier to each trooper, and became extremely formidable to their enemies by this extraordinary discipline, as the foot soldiers, by constant exercise, could swim the broadest rivers, keep pace in the longest marches, and stand the shock of the severest charge at the side of the cavalry with whom they were intermixed, and to whom they were attached. The foot-race is still in estimation, and many are so famed for

pedestrian



pedestrian expedition, that in a journey of three hundred miles, they have surpassed in speed the swiftest horses.

Leaping has always been a diversion to which the Cambrian youths were much addicted, and by constant exercise so emi-

ly excelled in, that in agility no nation could surpass them. *Neidio dwy fid a heol*, to bound from field to field, over a road

and two fences, is mentioned as a feat frequently performed. In these contests the competitors invoked the names of their favourite fair ones, and regarded themselves as equal, for their sakes, to the most difficult enterprises. *Einion* having invoked the beautiful *Angarad*, sprang, inspired by the thoughts of her, over the *Abernedwydd*, a broad river in North Wales.

*Neidiaia a gyrrais heb un gorwedd, danaf,  
Well dyna feistrolrwydd  
Naid fawr, lliw gwawr, yu ei gwydd,  
Ar naid dros Abernedwydd.*

*Fairest Angharad, for thy sake,  
What feats could not I undertake?  
To thee what could my course delay,  
What rivers could obstruct my way?  
Inspir'd by thee, I fancy still,  
The broadest stream the narr'west rill,  
And like a hart, from ground to ground,  
Cross Abernedwydd at a bound.*

ANON.

Wrestling is still practised and still in estimation; and the usual mode of displaying their strength or discovering their agility adopted by the combatants is that species of luctation, which is still prevalent in Cornwall as well as in Wales; and is generally known in England by the name of the Cornish hugg, and among the Britons was anciently denominated *cardwm cefn*.

The combatant passed his right arm under his adversary's left, grasped him round the waist, fixed the knuckles of his fingers against his opponent's chine, and giving a sudden wrench to the right, and at the same instant dexterously striking him under the left ham, with the right knee, seldom failed to bring him to the ground. By art and experience a person of inferior size frequently

frequently succeeded against a gigantic adversary, an Ulysses against an Ajax. The other species of wrestling, which was less frequently practised, was called *cedwm braich*, in which the combatants seized each other by the arms, and when in the course of the struggle, an adversary raised one of his feet, a timely and a dexterous application of the right foot to the other, generally succeeded in supplanting and subverting him. To prevent brutal strength from wearing out less athletic ingenuity, the contest was confined to three struggles, and to give two falls was to secure the victory.

Shooting comprised the art of aiming at a mark or target with a bow and arrow, as well as that of emulously contending for the honour of throwing to the greater distance a javelin or pointed dart. It was customary in former ages to propose valuable prizes for the encouragement of those who should prove expert in archery. And at the present period when the use of the musket has been substituted for that of the bow, a sheep, a flitch of bacon, or some prize of a similar nature, is often proffered as the reward of the best marksman; the value of which, when not obtained from the li-

berality of the bridegroom, or the generosity of his friends, is raised by the competitors or the spectators by a subscription among themselves. Throwing or darting the javelin was a favourite ancient exercise, considered as a useful preparatory discipline for those who would excel in war, as well as a necessary accomplishment for those whose delight was the chase or the sports of the field. The spectators present at this exercise regularly ranged themselves in two rows; the competitors stood at one extremity of these rows, and the object aimed at, or the mark that served to distinguish the place where the javelin fell was placed at the other, so that the lines were marked out to the champions within which their darts or javelins were to be directed, as well as the object beyond which it was not expected they should be thrown; circumstances which may serve as comments upon the practice of the Greeks, that has puzzled so many writers on Grecian antiquities. For whichever nation be deemed the most ancient, the similarity of the prizes, and the identity of the games, cannot be controverted. The British chieftain, no less than the Grecian, instituted sports and proposed rewards to the victor;

For

For these he bids the heroes prove their  
art,  
Whose dext'rous skill directs their fly-  
ing dart. POPE'S *Homer*.

In modern days, the Javelin, which is no longer in use, has been succeeded by the oaken staff. It is furnished with a club in the form of a cone, the base forming one extremity of the staff. When properly poised, and dexterously thrown, the ponderous club keeps it steady in its course, and gives it the appearance as it flies of a broad-headed arrow. Some muscular young men from habit have been known to hurl it an incredible distance, and to hit an object with great precision, at the extremity of a line of sixty or seventy yards in extent. Those who excel in this exercise, have often distinguished themselves in the management of the three-pronged spear, and have pierced a salmon, at a vast distance in the Tave\*, or an otter swimming in the Teifi, when likely to effect his escape from the dogs.

Fencing was always deemed an accomplishment indispensably necessary in a nation where every individual was considered as a soldier. The use of the small sword was studied, and regarded as an object no less deserving of attention than that of the broad sword. But no warlike instruments were in greater request among all the Celtic tribes, than the sword and buckler, as they loved to wage no distant war, but to close and contend hand to hand with their enemies. Prior to the operation of the statute for disarming the inhabitants of the principality of Wales, a Cambro-Briton seldom left his habitation without his sword and buckler, and a martial disposition and frequent rencounters rendered him ever ready and expert in the use of them. The *Claymore* of the Highlands, was no other than the *Cledd mawr* or *Cle'mawr* of the Welsh, the † Erse or Gælic being only a corrupt pronunciation of the

\* Rivers in Carmarthenshire and Cardiganshire, in South Wales. The Otter being an amphibious animal, *Hela Dŵrgi*, or hunting the Otter, was ranked under Fishing, and considered as one of the four-and-twenty games, as was hunting the Beaver, an animal formerly found in the lakes at the source of the Teifi.

† Giraldus Cambrensis, and other authors, represent the dress of the Welsh as much resembling that of the Highlanders, in the middle ages. They wore long trowsers, as in the Eastern Highlands, a short jacket, and a mantle similar to the Scots Plaid. A kind of striped half-cloth, which resembles the Plaid, is still used in Glamorganshire, and many parts of Wales.

language of the principality of Wales. For the Highlanders having no books, nor manuscripts, their dialect on the Celtic floated long on the varying surges of colloquial barbarism, without the compass of grammar, or the helm of orthography to direct it, which became of course less certain in its tendency than those dialects that were always conducted by regular written rules. Since the Welsh have been prevented from carrying the sword and buckler, the quiver and the bow, the oaken cudgel has appeared as the representative of the broad sword, and the youths in the lower ranks of life, are generally extremely dexterous in the management, and very liberal in bestowing their favours with it. They defend themselves with great address, receive every blow on their weapon, or on their left arm, and return the blow before their adversary can recover himself and be upon his guard.

The two-handed sword is at present scarcely known, but it was a favourite warlike weapon in the middle centuries. In the expedition of Lewis IX to Egypt, during the crusades,

A. D. 1249, John de Vassey, a French priest, armed with a scymetar of this kind, attacked a redoubt manned by eight Turks: "when near enough, he ran upon them, and with his two-handed strokes, put all the eight to flight, which valorous action rendered him famous throughout the army\*." As much strength was requisite in the management of it, the ancient Britons prided themselves not a little in the use of it, and it was often seen in their ranks. It did not admit of the defensive aid of the buckler, and therefore a considerable share of dexterity was required to parry the adversary's blows. The battle-axe however appears to have been a more favourite instrument. *Hywel y Fwyall*†, or Howell with the battle-axe, is described by the Welsh Bards, as having commanded a body of his countrymen as a *corps de reserve*, at the battle of Cressy, and by his seasonable advance, and thundering incursion on the French lines, to have materially contributed to the acceleration of the victory.

The use of the *ffon ddwybig*, is not well ascertained; it has been translated a quarter-staff,

\* M. Savary's Letters on Egypt, vol. 1st, p. 360.

† A piece of music called *gwigil y fwyall* is still played on the Harp in South Wales.

the management of which is too well known to need description. The justice of this translation may however be doubted, and, from the import of the original word, it might be questioned, whether it was not a short pike in ancient use, armed with a sharp blade at each extremity. The *hén gampwyr* or old champions, generally acted as umpires at these games, preserved order, prevented disputes, and acted as the *Agonarchai* of the Greeks. They seldom, when their fame was once established, entered the lists again, as they had little to gain, but might eventually lose every thing by trusting their reputation unnecessarily to the cast of the die of Fortune. When to direct others it became necessary to handle their arms, they did it with much adroitness and dexterity, but without much apparent exertion, that they might seem not to *put out half their strength*, and have credit for the greater share of abilities had they chosen to exert themselves. It sometimes happened, however, that they found their account in thus concealing the real extent of their natural prowess, and shading the lustre of their fame. It is related, that a young gentleman of considerable property, who had betrayed great parti-

ality for these games, had been so flattered for the proficiency he had made, that he imagined himself invincible, and conceived it impossible that any blow should be aimed at him with success. To establish his reputation on a still firmer basis, he challenged one of these veterans to contend with him in the management of the quarter-staff, and offered him a lease of one of his farms then vacant, if he could aim a blow at him, which he could not parry. The wary old champion for some time declined the combat, alleging it to be an impossibility to attack, with any prospect of success, so expert a gladiator. But being importunately pressed, he, with some apparent reluctance, at length accepted the challenge, and soon obliged his youthful opponent to acknowledge him victor. "*A gaf f'r lle, Meistr?*" "And shall I have the farm, sir?" said the veteran, "*Cei, cei, dal dy law'r, Diawl; digei'r tyddyn.*" "Yes, yes, hold thy hand, devil," said the other; "thou shalt have it in perpetuity."

To constitute a complete champion, it was necessary to obtain the prize, at each of the four-and-twenty games; but to have contended successfully at some of them against men of acknowledged

acknowledged talents, was sufficient to acquire a name, and establish some degree of reputation. By constant habit and frequent observation, experienced champions were able to give hints that might often tend to give either combatant the victory, and the side they seemed to patronise, if not ultimately successful, obtained the good opinion, and became, for some time at least, the favourites of the spectators. To obtain the regard of men of so much influence, was therefore an object of no ordinary consideration, with every candidate for fame at these exercises. For this reason, a reproach from an old champion had an instantaneous effect, and a cry from him of *Moesau, Moesau (les Mæurs, les Mæurs)*, calmed every rising tumult, and extinguished every nascent spark of animosity. Or, if any dispute could not be immediately adjusted, every appearance of anger was for the present suppressed, and the decision of the subsisting difference deferred till the meeting of the parties at some more convenient place. Hence wedding feasts, which, from the nature of the games celebrated at them, might have been expected to have re-

sembled the nuptials of the Laphthæ, were conducted with every appearance of regularity and propriety; and if in modern times some corruptions have insinuated themselves, and some irregularities have prevailed, it is that the old champions have become less numerous, or less popular; have lost their influence, or neglected to exert it.

It would be difficult, perhaps, at present to decide whether anciently among the Celtic tribes, there were any stated periods, at which these games were celebrated, like the Olympic and Numean games. But, when the Welsh princes invited each other to a public entertainment, these sports were always proposed for the amusement of the guests. In the year 1113, Gruffydd ab Rhys, a prince of South Wales, and ancestor of the present Lord Dinefawr, gave at his seat, near Landilo, a public feast which continued for forty days, where all *manly games were encouraged and honourable gifts bestowed on all who were found deserving* \*. At every numerous concourse of people, the lively and active part of the community generally amused themselves in these exercises. At marriages

\* Cambrian Biography, p. 149.

particularly,

particularly, a spirited, but amicable, contest, at the most popular games seldom failed to engage the attention of the young and enterprising, the athletic and the brave; and the fields adjoining the house where a wedding was celebrated, were covered with crowds of combatants and spectators, umpires and competitors; and resounded with the vociferations of animation, the shouts of approbation, and the thunder of applause.

When the contributions were completed, the usual ceremonies observed, and the company ready to attend the bridegroom on his expedition to meet the bride, the signal to mount their steeds and to prepare for their departure, was given by the piper, who played on the occasion an appropriate and characteristic air on his pipes. In ancient days the piper was a man of genius, and a person of some consideration, in his way. Colleges were established for the instruction of the youths who preferred this profession, frequent competitions encouraged, rewards bestowed, and degrees conferred, on the most

deserving; and no man was permitted to perform in public, who had not been regularly educated, and duly examined. Every chieftain had his family-piper, and considerable emulation subsisted between the rival musicians of neighbouring lords. Several beautiful pieces of music were composed on this instrument by the professors of ancient days. The soft air called\* *Erddigan y Pibydd Coch*, or the Red Piper's song, and some others, are still extant and deservedly admired. In the hands of skilful artists the † instrument seems to have attained to a pitch of excellence, that would now hardly be credited; a pastoral writer, describing the effects of this rural music in his time, thus addresses a piper,

Os chwiban dy bib-goed, felus-gerdd  
dan las-goed,  
O'r coed ni fyn dwy-droed fyn'd adre'.

RICHARDS' *Welsh Pastorals*.

When at a distance in the shade  
Some soft air on thy pipe is play'd,  
Charm'd at the fascinating sound,  
My feet seem rooted in the ground;  
No more I think of home, but still  
Linger to catch some warbling rill.

The piper's horse is generally as regularly trained to the business as his rider; for, no sooner

\* Jones's Relics of the Bards, &c. page 61.

† The bag-pipes used in Wales, in general, are the large Highland bag-pipes, but in Pembrokeshire and some of the adjoining counties, the Irish-pipes are most in repute, as they are in other places, for a private room, or for a dance.

is he mounted, than he sets off on full career for the place of rendezvous appointed by the bride and bridegroom; and, as if privy to the arrangement, and determined to be true to the appointment, he never flags in his pace, and seldom deviates from the proper track. As for his master, his whole attention is directed to the management of his musical machine; he therefore rides in the Numidian style, (*laxis habenis*,) with loose reins, or rather without any reins at all, trusting more to the sagacity of his horse than to his own horsemanship. The animal, as if complete master of his business, and proud of his harmonious burden, flounders away with great spirit, *through dense and rare*, and all the miry vicissitudes of the road. The melody of the pipes seems to have on the company, in some measure, the same effect, that the verberations of the pan have in summer on the bees; for they swarm round the musician, and wing their way with him with astonishing alacrity; while he, as if delighted with the attention paid him, sits in great state, and beats time with his ponderous heels against the flanks of his horse. Either from the singularity of his appearance, or the charms of his music, he seldom fails, in a short period, to

become the centre of attraction, and the whole company soon seem to conglobate round him with increasing adhesive force, till, at last, the whole moving body appears like a huge nucleus, of which the piper is the centre, and continues rolling along with prodigious velocity over hills and dales, without any regard to the nature of the ground, or the state of the road. The piper forms the centre of the system, while the other bodies, as if attracted and exhilarated by him, move round him, and attend him in his course. Some, like comets, fly off a considerable distance in another direction, when the ground affords them room to expatiate, either singly to attract attention, or in small parties to contend in swiftness, and shew the speed of their horses, but all soon return, and discover that they form a part of the same system, and move round the same centre. The distance is often not less than ten or twelve miles, to the place appointed to meet the bride and her party, and as the horses are, with a few exceptions of the poney-race, and the roads, in no very favourable state, it is a matter of astonishment that they should be able to move with so much persevering celerity, and reach the place of their



their destination within so short a period, as they are frequently known to do. In former days from the nature of the institution, and the attention paid to equestrian exercises, as a necessary qualification for field-sports and warlike expeditions, it is natural to conclude, that their \* breed of horses were of a superior quality, and these matrimonial excursions more regularly conducted; but at present, they are productive of more entertainment than utility, and attended with more danger than honour. But the riders discover great boldness, if not much skill, and the horses more strength and perseverance than many of a larger size, and greater beauty, as they frequently carry two persons, and move with surprising velocity, and considerable safety, over rough declivities, where more shewy steeds would stumble at every step.

At the first appearance of preparations to take horse, and hastening to form a junction with the party of the bride, the

young men of an enterprising spirit, and of an active disposition, mounted their lively steeds, and proceeded with the greatest alacrity, on an expedition attended with as many difficulties, and frequently as many dangers, as the Colchian expedition, and the Rape of the Golden Fleece. Their object was to surprise the bridal attendants, bear away the bride in triumph from her protectors, and conduct her in safety to the bridegroom. The spirited cohort engaged in this enterprize were distinguished by the appellation of † *gweyr o wisgi oed*, or the men of the age of vivacity, and certainly few expeditions required more vivacity, or more boldness and agility. The attendants of the bride were in constant expectation of their approach, and the most active of them made every preparation to frustrate their designs and disappoint their hopes. Every difficulty was early opposed to them, and every method not deemed dishonourable taken to obstruct them in their rout, and impede their career. Straw ropes were fastened across

\* See an account of Sir Rhys ap Thomas's fine chargers in the first volume of the Cambrian Register, page 122, &c.

† They have of late years been erroneously called *gweyr y, seek out*, as if it was probable, that one half of their appellation should be in one language, and the other in another. They had no occasion to *seek out* the bride, they knew perfectly where she resided, and to *seek out* any thing else, would hardly merit the bridegroom's thanks.

the road, five barred gates placed at intervals in the way, and where a passage was practicable through a river, the road completely blocked up, that the youthful adventurers might at once discover their dexterity and excellence in horsemanship and swimming, the two most enterprising of the four-and-twenty games. The most formidable of the difficulties, however, invented to impede the progress of the adventurers in their route, was the \**Gwyntyn*, which anciently consisted of an upright post, on the top of which a cross bar turned on a pin; at one end of the cross bar hung a heavy sand bag, and at the other was placed a broad board; the accomplished cavalier in his passage couched his lance, and with the point made a thrust at the broad board, and continued his route with his usual rapidity, and only felt the *Gwyntyn*, or the air of the sand-bag, fanning his hair as he passed. Hence this dangerous machine was denominated the *Gwyntyn*, and in process of time corrupted into the vulgar and well-known expression *Quintin*. The awkward horseman in attempting to pass this terrific barrier, was either unhorsed by the weight of the sand-bag, or by the impulse of the animal against the bar, found his steed sprawl-

ing under him on the ground. At no great distance from every obstacle designedly thrown in the way, a party was stationed, to wait the expected events, and deride the fallen riders, and those who unnecessarily attempted feats that required more consummate skill, and a greater share of agility than they evidently could justly boast. All who proved unsuccessful were considered as fair objects of ridicule, because no person was compelled to engage in these arduous enterprizes, and no motive but unjustifiable vanity, could induce men who knew themselves to be unequal to the task, to place themselves on the list of accomplished champions, who had valour to undertake and abilities to execute the most arduous difficulties, and the most hazardous enterprizes.

Ludere qui nescit campestribus abstinet armis,

Indoctus pilæ, discive, trochive quiescit,  
Ne spissæ risum tollunt impune coronæ.

HORACE.

—One that cannot dance, or fence,  
or run,

Despairing of success forbears to try.

ROSCOMMON.

Those who thus insulted fallen and unsuccessful adventurers, were expected, if called upon, to perform themselves the feats which they derided others for attempting in vain; and it was

\* See Cambrian Popular Antiquities, page 163.

reckoned base and dishonourable to oppose to others difficulties which they could not themselves surmount. The *Gwyn-tyn* was guarded by the most accomplished champions of the party, for they were obliged if called upon to pass it themselves at full career, and if challenged by one of the adventurers, they were required to contend with them at one of the four-and-twenty games, and if vanquished became themselves the objects of ridicule and of popular invective. Hence *cadw gwyn-tyn*, or to guard a *quintin*, was esteemed a most formidable enterprize. It sometimes happened that the youthful adventurers surmounted all the difficulties opposed to them, or made their appearance before the obstacles that have been mentioned could be placed in their way. All dangers eluded and all difficulties escaped or surmounted, when the party arrived at the habitation of the bride, they galloped impetuously to the door, dismounted and endeavoured to bear off the bride, before their opponents could be aware of their arrival, or prepared to resist them. But if not surprised by their sudden irruption, the attendants of the bride shut the door against them. They then could entertain no hopes of admission but by the efforts of an extempore song,

which was instantly answered by their opponents. To play a prelude on the harp and compose readily a poetical *impromptu* was considered anciently by every champion as a necessary accomplishment. They were therefore extremely expert at these poetical combats, and the contest was likely to continue for some time if a lucky epigrammatic turn, or some sarcastic stanza, did not happen to surprise and disconcert their opponents, and render them incapable of rendering an immediate answer, when by the laws of the game the doors were to be thrown open and the youthful adventurers instantly admitted.

To disconcert their opponents, much raillery and personal invective were often used; which compliments were not less liberally returned, by the adverse party. When the voice of any person was recognized among those who thus barred their gates against their assailants, he was instantly accosted with some humorous raillery, which might tend to raise a laugh, and put a stop to the poetical effusions of his party. It is related that on one of these occasions the voice of a person shrewdly suspected of sheep-stealing was recognized among the bridal attendants, when one of the assailants instantly sung,

Gwranddo lleidr hoyes ir ddafad,  
 Ai ti sydd y ma heddyw in geid wad ?  
 Ai dyna ir rheswm am gwi'r drysau,  
 Rhag dwyn y wreigen liw dydd goleu.

Purloiner of our fleecy care,  
 Art thou the guardian 'of the fair ?  
 Hence doors are closed in open day,  
 Or thou'dst purloin the bride away.

The Fescennine liberty the Roman populace availed themselves of, to rally each other in alternate verses, was never carried to a higher pitch of mirthful severity, than these extempore poetical contests were, anciently among the Britons.

*Fescennina per hunc invecta licentia  
 morem,  
 Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit.*  
 HORACE.

Thus rose the Fescennine licentious sport  
 Where rustic bards their rustic muses  
 court ;  
 Where untaught swains retort on un-  
 taught swains,  
 Alternate satire in alternate strains.

As no person was named, however, no offence could be given, and every sarcasm was considered as the ebullition of wit, rather than as the scintillation of anger; and when no proper reply could be made the doors were immediately opened, and their poetical competitors admitted. On their entrance they endeavoured to engage the

attention of the company by friendly inquiries after their health, remarks on the adventures of the day, or attempts at the introduction of a more interesting subject of conversation; while a few of the most eloquent and most insinuating of the party address themselves to the bride, and tried to prevail upon her to accompany them, "alleging the impatience of the bridegroom, and complaining of the cruelty of keeping him so long in suspense, and of the incapacity of her own attendants to do her the honours so much worth deserved, and declaring their resolution to suffer every thing for her sake and for her protection!" During the delivery of their message, in this or some similar language, some of the party representing themselves as the faithful and confidential servants of the bridegroom, gently led the bride and her bride-maid to the door,

With sweet reluctant amorous delay,  
 where

where some of their friends had provided a carriage, or held white palfreys ready caparisoned, they were mounted and hurried out of sight with all imaginable expedition, lest the bridal party should recover from their surprise, attempt to pursue them, and share in the honour of introducing their fair charge to the bridegroom. The remainder of the youthful adventurers having their steeds ready, and in custody of their friends, were instantly mounted, and in full career to follow their leaders! The most expeditious attended the bride, the most powerful and the most expert in martial exercises brought up the rear. No moment was lost in unnecessary delay, and no precaution neglected that could be thought likely to ensure their safety, and contribute to their success; for as soon as the party of the bride could collect their friends, and put themselves in array, they seldom failed to pursue in full force, and attempt to recover their lost honour, by rescuing their mistress from the hands of her new protectors. Every stratagem was therefore tried to impede their progress, and every justifiable method taken to disconcert their plans, and frustrate their designs. It sometimes happened that by a superior knowledge of the country, and by

pursuing a different route, they were able to seize an important pass, block up the youthful adventurers' way, and compel them after the most valorous achievements to relinquish their hopes and resign their charge. Or when confident in their dexterity, and their superiority in point of numbers, they frequently ventured on fair ground to dispute with the young adventurers the honour of the day.

In the days of chivalry when the combatants were clad in armour, many a spear was broken, and many a gallant feat performed, as at a regular *tournament*. Their principal attention however was generally directed to attempt at unhorsing their adversaries, or disarming them, and rendering them incapable of resistance. Good horsemanship, and a considerable share of strength, sometimes enabled them, while riding at full speed to throw their right arm round the waist of an opponent, bear him off his steed, and let him down gently without injury and without accident. For no violence was allowable; and to prevent any mischief from the natural ardour and impetuosity of youth, some respectable old champions took care to be of the party to preserve order, and guard against unpleasant accidents.

dents. But in spite of every precaution, it unavoidably happened that a few strokes with the cudgel sometimes passed, or that between disarmed champions, a few blows with the\* fist were interchanged; and on some occasions cool proposals to *neu-rid ergyd*, or exchange a blow, were made, and accepted, and in such cases while every thing was fairly conducted no offence was given, and no malice retained, as it was considered as an emulous display of dexterity, rather than as the effects of resentment. The design on one side was by mock rencounters, and pretended battles, to gain time, till the bride should be carried in safety to the place of her destination: and on the other, to rescue her at all hazards, and to wipe off the imaginary stain, that through their remissness had been thrown upon their honour. As it was a species of martial sport in which both parties had voluntarily engaged, to lose their temper, and take offence at any occurrence, which it was natural to expect, were deemed marks of a vulgar and unmanly disposition. When necessary, however, the old experienced cham-

pions interfered, and endeavoured by good humoured railery to turn every rising dispute into a jest, or when necessary to interpose their authority, and try their influence to restore peace and tranquillity. From the habits of the parties, and the precautions taken by the most experienced, serious quarrels seldom occurred, and dangerous accidents rarely happened. When the adventurous cohort arrived at the place appointed by the bridegroom for their rendezvous, they were received by their friends with joyful acclamations, their valour praised, and their achievements celebrated in songs, and encomiastic poems. If the bride appeared under their protection their triumph was complete, and the successes of the day considered equal to the most sanguine expectations. The meeting of the happy pair was attended with more than usual exultation, and no ordinary degree of mirth and jovial festivity. When the baffled party of the bride at length arrived, they were received with every mark of friendship, but not without some jocular observations on their vigilance, their fidelity, and their

\* *Paffio* or boxing, as a branch of *ymafael* or wrestling, was not unknown among the games of the ancient Britons, but all disputes were formerly settled with the sword, and in modern times by its representative the cudgel.

attention to the fair, and their skill and address in protecting them, while they in reply acknowledged they had for once suffered themselves to be surprised, but promised on the next occasion that should present itself, to demonstrate that the success of the day was more to be attributed to good fortune, than good generalship. Both parties now united, and the active youths on both sides, by severe contests at athletic exercises, exerted themselves to discover how far the events of the day could be considered as proofs of the justice of fortune's decrees, and how far the vanquished in excellence at gymnastic sports, were inferior to the victors.

When these important points were settled, and when the approach of evening invited the martial youths to lovelier society, and forbad the continuance of rougher exercises, those who did not immediately return to their respective homes, joined the female part of the matrimonial assembly, who often shewed, by their partiality to the youths who had excelled in the field, that they were not insensible to martial merit. The remainder of the evening was dedicated to social amusements,

or the pleasures of the sprightly dance. The Gauls, the Cimbri, the Ancient Britons, and the other Celtic tribes, were not, like the Germans, addicted to gluttony and inebriety; their love of poetry, of music, and their susceptibility of the finer passions, rendered their assemblies gay, cheerful, and harmonious. They are described as sitting at table, in a checquered form, the sexes being placed alternately. The harp was frequently introduced; on which every well-educated young man could play \* *a prelude*. It was likewise customary to compose a *pennill* or extempore stanza, on any subject, when it could be thought likely to contribute to the amusement of the company.

When the harp was handed round, every man played an air in his turn, and accompanied it with a *pennill*, in which he was joined by the female that sat next to him. The air and the appropriate stanza, were frequently the ebullitions of the moment. To reject the harp, when thus circulated, and to declare, that they never had been taught to perform on it, was considered as extremely disgraceful. Some of the old champions had an inexhaustible

\* Vid. Giraldus Cambrensis, Jones's Relics of the Bards.

fund of stories, composed in very humorous language, by a particular knack in the repetition of which they could keep the table in a roar for a whole evening. The *datgeinwyr*, or the repeaters of the works of the bards, by a judicious selection of the works of favourite authors, and a happy mode of delivering them, frequently succeeded in impressing on their audience any sentimental affection they pleased. When tired of their own musical efforts, the professed harper and the scientific singer always attended, to gratify the correcter taste of the company, with musical delicacies of a more exquisite nature. Their dances were extremely characteristic and uncommonly lively. They had the war dance and the peace dance; which were subdivided into those which represented all the incidents of war, and all the usual employments of peace.

*Hela'r ysgyfarnog* \*, or hunting the Hare, is still preserved; the music may be seen in Jones's Relics of the Bards. An agri-

cultural dance called *y Feillionen*, or the Trefoil, is still known. In all the operations of the field, the Britons, to induce them to labour, were fascinated with the charms of music. Every reaper had his female partner as in the dance; they were called to the field by the *Corn Buelin*, or the Bugle Horn; while at work, their labour was cheered by songs, or by the sound of the pipes, and of the *Tabwrdd* or Drum, and when their labour was completed, they returned home dancing and singing, preceded by the † viol and the harp. When they ceased from their labour in the field, they amused themselves with searching among the trefoil, for a stalk bearing four leaves. The discovery was attended with an acclamation of joy, as it was humorously considered as a certain indication, that the fortunate person who found it, would speedily be married. All this is represented in the dance called *y Feillionen*, or the Trefoil, and is still preserved, in some measure, in the reel, among the highlanders; and characterized

\* *Hela'r ysgyfarnog*, or hunting the Hare, is preserved in Jones's Relics of the Bards, p. 69; and the dance is still known in some parts of Wales, as are several of the other ancient dances.

† The ancient *Orwth*, was perhaps the violin d'amour, and not the modern violin.



by the \* *Shamrock*, among the Irish. The dance opens with the *Hay, hau*, or sowing, where each person moves singly, throwing his arms as he moves in imitation of the sower while in the act of committing the corn to the ground; then a male and female set to each other, in imitation of the pleasing sight at wheat harvest, when every reaper finds the difficulties of labour smoothed by the society of his female partner; the turning and setting to different persons in the dance, are emblems of the harvest play of searching for the lucky trefoil; the figure the two males and two females form when concluding the dance, represent the fortunate *quatrefoil*; and the shout the *highlanders* generally give at this part of the dance, is descriptive of the acclamation of joy at the fortunate discovery (while industriously engaged in the field) of the symbols of matrimonial happiness. The dances of ancient days, like other old institutions, were more calculated to mix utility with diversion, by teaching the populace to amuse themselves innocently, to lead them to benefit themselves essentially; by their amusements in peace to qualify them for war; and, by their recreations when at leisure, to reconcile them to the thoughts of labour. All that remains of the old ceremonies, the old customs, the old institutions at marriages, and the old figures in their dances, seem evidently, as far as may be collected from the little that remains of them, to have had originally that tendency. It is singular, that any well-informed traveller should be so blind or ignorant, as to overlook the beneficial intention of the little that is still left of their ancient customs in the modern Welsh weddings. A sober, and a religious disposition in some districts, and an inclination to copy every thing that is English in others, have tended, in a great measure, to obliterate many of the ancient traits of British or Druidical social institutions; but, in some parts of Wales, almost the whole of the ceremonies that have been described are still observed; in others, they are so often the subject of conversation, or so often partially imitated, that no traveller who

\* The Shamrock of the Irish, is evidently the Meillionen of the Welsh, the same plant is known by different names in several provinces of England; it is probable, however, that they may have other names for it, of stronger similarity. The *real*, however, is known by different names in Ireland, as well as in Wales and Scotland.

has conversed with the inhabitants, can be unacquainted with them. It is, therefore, difficult to account for the disgusting picture a late \* journalist has drawn of the matrimonial feasts of the Cambro-Britons, without supposing that he drew it without ever seeing the original, or that he copied it from the miserable daubings of some unskilful or malicious artist, better acquainted with the licentious scenes in the streets of London, than with the remains of the moral and benevolent institutions still observable in the principality of Wales.

At many of these weddings, the collection made for the bridegroom, has amounted to an hundred pounds sterling, and that made for the bride to nearly as much. In former days the contributions were more liberal, and their value, from the scarcity of money at that period, more considerable. If at present these institutions prove less beneficial, it is because they are not countenanced by the great, nor their useful tendency sufficiently understood by the people themselves. These nuptial presents could not injure the donor, because they were subsequently returned to

him; they were no dishonour to the acceptors, because they were considered as matrimonial compliments which were to be returned, when acceptable to others, and convenient to themselves. They encouraged a spirit of philanthropy among the people, by accustoming them to benefit each other by actions of kindness and humanity; and they were incentives to a virtuous deportment, by stimulating the youths of both sexes, to such a conduct as might entitle them to the patronage and protection of their opulent friends, and wealthy neighbours.

The presents received on their wedding day, enabled them to furnish their house and stock their farm, and at a period when one agricultural Leviathan did not devour the profits of all the farms of the parish, and frighten the rest of the starving inhabitants into the workhouse; but when landlords had the good sense and humanity to divide their estate into farms of a moderate extent, and reasonable rent; every youthful couple could find a habitation, and every habitation its necessary proportion of land. The festivity of a day, therefore, contributed to the happiness of a whole life; and an industrious

† See the Cambrian Register, vol. 2. p. 430.

peasant and a modest maiden, were by the trifles which their neighbours deposited, perhaps with no other intention than with a view to their own amusements, placed in possession of a competency, and beyond the reach of want.

At an early hour the bride and bridegroom retired, attended by a few select friends, to the place of their intended habitation; where they were left

with the usual compliments and the usual mirthful ceremonies. The company continued frequently to a late hour at the place that had been appointed for the meeting of the parties, where the dance and the festivity of the evening, contributed on some occasions, to the formation of lasting connexions, that ended in other weddings, and provided for the festivity of other evenings.

AN  
HISTORICAL ESSAY

ON THE  
TASTE, TALENTS, AND LITERARY ACQUISITIONS,

OF THE  
*DRUIDS,*

AND THE  
ANCIENT CELTIC BARDS.

THE literary acquisitions of the Druids, the Bards, and other professed cultivators of the territories of the Muses, among the Cimbri, the Gauls, and the other Celtic tribes, were more considerable than the narrow-minded jealousy of some modern authors seems willing to admit. The account given of their achievements, and of the eminence at which they arrived in their profession; the vestiges discovered in history of the extraordinary effects of their art, and the fragments that remain of their compositions, may be regarded as evident proofs that they had made no contemptible progress in the cultivation of literature, and that we have only a few mutilated limbs of the Colossal literary statue of the earlier ages; an idea may be

formed of the gigantic magnitude of the original figure, from the grandeur and beauty of the parts that have been fortunately preserved. If the ancient anecdotes of bardism are regarded as fables, they are fables not entirely destitute of foundation, nor totally devoid of connexion with the known history of the cultivators of poetry among the Cimbric and Celtic tribes. Many of the most celebrated characters recorded by the Grecians and by the Egyptians, as inventors of some of the liberal arts, and authors of useful institutions, are claimed by the Gauls and by the ancient Britons, as benefactors to their race, and founders of some of their popular tribes. Olen is represented by Pausanias as one of the first prophets of Delphi, and by one of the Delphic

Delphic priestesses he is depicted as the first inventor of verse. In the primitive ages, the prophetic and poetic characters were not unfrequently sustained by the same personage. Olen, Olenus, Ailinus, and Linus, are considered but as different appellations of the same person, and in remote ages the inhabitants of Egypt and of Greece, attributed to him the same talents, and ascribed to him the same inventions. In the ancient British Triads\*, Alon is described as one of the three who first combined into a system, the Institutes and Privileges of the bards, consistent with the account given by Homer of the public honours anciently paid Linus, as represented in the celebrated poetic description of the shield of Achilles:

To this a pathway gently winding leads,  
Where march a train with baskets on  
their heads;

Fair maids and blooming youths that  
smiling bear,

The purple product of th' autumnal year;  
To these a youth awakes the warbling  
strings

Whose tender lay the fate of *Linus* sings,  
The measur'd dance behind him move  
the train,

Tune soft the voice, and answer to the  
strain.

POPE's *Homer*.

The Celtic bards were considered as unrivalled in their

skill in poetical compositions, and their art in soothing or exciting the passions. The time they allotted to the study of the human heart, and the address they discovered in affecting its passions or allaying its emotions, rendered them expert in the arts of guiding the multitude, and exciting in their breasts what passions they pleased. It is from his proficiency in these arts that Amphion, who was but a superior kind of bard, was fabled by the Grecians to have excited the trees to follow him, and the stones to obey his voice, and spontaneously to throw themselves into such regular order, as to have served for walls and bulwarks to the city of Thebes. In which fable is represented the address of the bards, and their skill in softening the manners, and influencing by their music, the hearts of those who were naturally rough and obdurate as rocks, and stubborn and inflexible as oaks, guiding them as they pleased, and impelling them to the institution of society and the cultivation of useful arts. One of the greatest obstacles to the establishment of social tranquillity is the jarring interest of individuals respecting private property, and the name of Am-

\* Cambrian Biography, p. 5, &c.

phion in the Celtic has been \* derived from a source which implies the composer of differences with respect to private possessions; as if the charms of his music and the magic of his verse, had the effect of calming contentions, and allaying animosities.

It has been often asserted that Thrace, the residence of Orpheus, was anciently inhabited by a Gallic colony, and that Rhesus, a Thracian prince, mentioned by Homer, was of Gallic origin. It is certain that the hymns now extant and the other compositions ascribed to Orpheus cannot from the language be of so remote an antiquity. They may however be more modern translations, from ancient Gallic or Celtic originals. The character given of him, and the qualities assigned him, appear more congenial to the talents and dispositions of a Celtic bard, than a Grecian poet; while his sylvan retreat on the banks of the Thracian river *Hebrus*, savours not a little of the manners and propensities of a Druid.

The earlier part of the Celtic history abounds with fabulous characters represented as meriting the highest honours, for their mental acquisitions, and their useful scientific discoveries; and it does not appear improbable that the extraordinary achievements assigned in subsequent ages by the Grecians to their fabulous heroes and demigods, were copied from the fabulous compositions of a more ancient people who brought with them from the eastward the warmth of an oriental imagination, and the energy of an expressive and highly figurative language. In some fragments of the writings of the Celts the proficiency made in the earlier ages, in each particular science, is not only specified, but the persons the most celebrated for their profession of them, and the most remarkable for their skill in them, are recorded with apparent correctness and precision, and on many occasions the periods in which they lived, and the stock from whence they derived their origin, are particularly stated, with every semblance of historical accuracy. Idris Gawer,

\* *Amphion* has been derived from *am* about, and *pian* (in construction *phian*), to possess; and *Orpheus*, from *Gorphuys*, (in construction, *orphuys*, i *orphuys*), to rest, to sooth, or charm to rest. Etymologies are extremely uncertain; but these derivations wear as much the appearance of probability and consistency, as any attempt that has been made to trace them to a Grecian source.

or Idris the Giant, is mentioned as one of the sublime astronomers of Britain. The period in which he lived cannot now be ascertained, but it seems to be represented as long previous to the era of history. In their progress from the East, the highest hills appear to have been always selected by the Celts, as the favourite spots assigned him for his residence since their arrival in Wales. Cadair Idris, or the seat of Idris, a lofty mountain in Merionethshire, is the fabulous scene of many a romantic tale of the exploits of the father of the astronomical science; as it is of the professional contests of the bards, who seem for many generations to have considered it as their Parnassus. In the story of Idris it is impossible not to discover the counterpart of the Grecian fable of the gigantic atlas, stationed on the summit of the highest mountain, and bending beneath the weight of the incumbent heavens\*.

Gwdion the son of Don, a mythological personage, is likewise celebrated for his knowledge of the stars, and is described as one of the three sublime astronomers of Britain. The name given him in the

British Triads, of the son of Don, or the son of the wave, seems to imply that he converted his skill in astronomy to the purposes of navigation. From the earliest periods, Caer Gwdion, or the illuminated city of Gwdion, has been a favourite epithet among the bards for the Galaxy, or the milky way.

The other personage who distinguished himself by his superior attainments in astronomical learning, was Gwyn the son of Nudd. For the Triads, ever observant of the number three as inviolably sacred, never represent either as fewer or more numerous, the personages that have acquired celebrity by mental superiority or personal qualifications.

That the application of astronomical acquisitions to the purposes of navigation was not unknown to the Celts, seems corroborated by several extraordinary traditions. Madog, the son of a prince of North Wales, is represented as having sailed to the westward at a very early period, with ten ships and a numerous body of men, and to have been the first European discoverer of the American continent. At a still earlier period,

\* Cambrian Biography, p. 194.

Gavran a British chieftain, sailed at the head of his faithful tribe, to discover the celebrated islands distinguished under the appellation of the Green Islands of the Ocean, probably the fortunate islands of the ancients.

The Triads mention other expeditions, and describe the naval force of Britain, at a remote age, as formidable and numerous. *Hu Gadarn*, or *Hu the Mighty*, is represented as having brought the Cimbri to Britain, and to Armorica in Gaul, over the hazy sea, or the German Ocean. He is celebrated by the bards as the first who taught the art of agriculture, and after his arrival in France as having contributed to the civilization of the inhabitants and the \*cultivation of the soil. Still prior to the age in which *Hu the Mighty* flourished, *Nevydd Nav Neivion* is said to have constructed a ship, of such extraordinary dimensions, that when the eruption of the Lake of Floods deluged the world, he was enabled to carry

in it the male and female of every living creature. The construction of this celebrated vessel is ranked among the three memorable achievements of the Cimbri.

The story of *Nevydd* bears a strong resemblance to the Grecian fable of Deucalion; and, perhaps, both may be traditional relations of Noah's Deluge. *Nevydd* may be only a corruption of the word Noah, in order to render it capable of a Cimbri etymology. *Nav Neivion* means the chieftain of chieftains, a patriarch, the head of many others, the source from whence Gomer the grandson of Noah and the ancestor of the *Gomeri* or Cimbri, derived his origin. A coin has been preserved, said to have been discovered at Magnesia, on which a floating chest is represented, containing a male and female. It appears, from the † inscription, to have been intended to commemorate an event not unlike that celebrated in the story of *Nevydd Nav*

\* A curious bas-relief has been discovered in France, representing this hero in the act of cutting down a tree, as a memorial of his having cleared the ground, for the purposes of agriculture. A print of this valuable piece of antiquity is given in the *Memoirs of the French Academy*, vol. 11, p. 370.

† See a further account of this very curious coin in *Falconerius's Inscriptiones Athletice*, printed at Rome, A. D. 1668. The name of the neighbouring city of Apamea appears upon the coin. Both cities were remarkable for the observation of the same ceremonies, and the celebration of the same games,

*Nervion*;



Neivion; and it is implied, that in that neighbourhood public games had been instituted, and continued at stated periods, for many generations, in memory of so extraordinary an occurrence.

The other remarkable achievement classed in the Triads with the construction of Nevydd's spacious vessel, is Gwyddon's Scientific Inscriptions. He is celebrated for his eminence in many branches of literature, is described as the first composer of vocal song, and represented as having made such extraordinary proficiency in the sciences, that he left, for the benefit of posterity, his scientific discoveries, engraved on marble, or inscribed on stones of immense magnitude. Whether this alludes to hieroglyphical inscriptions, or to the Runic characters, generally found on rocks and large stones, in many places in the northern parts of Europe, is uncertain. But it seems a curious *trait* in antiquity, and whether fabulous, or supported by historical evidence, may be deemed well worthy the historian and the antiquary's investigation. "And these stones

had written on them," say the Triads, "every art and science in the world." "So much is true," says Sir William Temple in his Essays, "that the Runic pieces were for long periods of time in use, upon materials more lasting than others employed to that purpose; for, instead of leaves or barks, or parchments, these were engraved upon stone, or planks of oaks, upon artificial obelisks or pillars, and even upon natural rocks, in great numbers and extent of lines." Sir William Temple's *Miscellanies*, part 2d, p. 90.

Llechau, the son of Arthur, is celebrated in the Triads, as one of the three Philosophers of Britain, who were masters of all sciences. *Rhiwallon, Wallt Banadlen*, or with the brown-coloured hair, is distinguished as one of three personages most eminent for their knowledge of natural history. Others are, in a similar manner, honourably mentioned as the most celebrated for their proficiency in eloquence, in poetry, and in history. Some are handed down to posterity, as the most eminent for their skill in agriculture, and others for their

and the latter was situated near that part of Asia, from whence some antiquaries contend, that the *Cimbri*, or *Cimry*, derive their origin. See *Dr. Delany's Dissertations*, vol. 1st. p. 231.

superiority

superiority in the practice of physic. Some for their eminence in \* mechanical knowledge, and others for the celebrity acquired in mathematical learning. In the Triads, an interesting account is given of the literature of those earlier ages, and if the scientific acquisitions of our ancestors at that period, be not admitted to have equalled the superior attainments of their descendants in a more enlightened age, it must be confessed to be no small honour, to have made some proficiency in the liberal arts at a time when the rest of Europe was sunk in ignorance, or lost in barbarism and ferocity.

The most extraordinary compositions of what may be called the fabulous period of the Celtic history, are the *Englynion Miler*, or the Warriors' Songs. They are stanzas undoubtedly written during the influence of the Druidical order, and contain many of their maxims, and throw some light on the obscure part of their history. They consist invariably of three lines, and conclude with a pro-

verbial sentence, a military aphorism, or a moral apothegm. No doubt is entertained of the antiquity of these stanzas, but various opinions have prevailed respecting their import and original design. Some antiquaries have contended, that the former lines in each of these druidical triplets have no precise meaning, but are only intended to introduce the latter, which always contains some valuable proverbial truth, or philosophical observation. These authors, no doubt, imagine they act liberally towards their ancestors, in allowing only two-thirds of their compositions to have been devoid of sense, while it too often unfortunately happens, that all that some of their descendants have written, may be said to be in that predicament. But, on maturer investigation, it will be found that these ancient stanzas, are not only in every line fraught with good sense, but tend, when assisted by the light borrowed from the writings of the Grecian and Roman luminaries, to develope much of the manners of the age, and of the mode of educa-

\* Merddin, or Merlin, the Bard Ambrosius, is represented as having been eminently versed in mathematical knowledge, and renowned for mechanical inventions; and is said to have constructed for his patron, that extraordinary monument of Druidical ingenuity, called by the Ancient British writers, the work of Ambrosius, and by the moderns, *Stonehenge*. *Cambrian Biography*, p. 249.

tion anciently prevalent among the Celts. These stanzas being generally committed to memory, and but seldom preserved in manuscripts, have been rendered obscure, by the accidental transposition of the lines of one stanza, into another of a similar termination, and the studied difficulty of the original composition, increased by the imperfect manner in which it has been handed down to the present age. Several of these stanzas have been printed in Dr. Rhys's folio Latin and Welsh Grammar, in Jones's Relics of the Welsh Bards, and in other works on Celtic and British Antiquity. The following may serve as a specimen of this curious fragment of Druidical literature,

Eiry mynydd, gwympob tŷ,  
Cynnefin Brân a chanu,  
Ni ddaw da o dra chysgu \*.

Winter snows enshroud the plain,  
Crows ever prove a croaking train,  
The fruit of indolence is pain.

It may be observed, that the † first line of the warrior's song, generally contains a hint of the time and place of the action recorded; the second conveys an idea of the dramatis personæ,

or the principal characters that are mentioned; and the concluding line exhibits the substance of the historic, or fabulous tale, and the moral to be deduced from it. The subject is usually taken from rural life, such as naturally presented itself to the imagination of the original instructors of the Celts, among their groves and forests. The stanza that has been given as an example, may be illustrated by the known Celtic fable, of the Crow and the Squirrel;

“ One severe winter morning, when the hills were covered with snow, and even the birds of the air found it difficult to endure the intenseness of the cold, or find any thing to serve them for sustenance, a Crow, who sat croaking on a tree, complaining of his hard fate, and of the inclemency of the season, observed a Squirrel, who had prudentially collected a considerable store of provisions for the season, enjoying himself, and cracking his nuts and his jokes, on a hollow oak, which served him for a comfortable abode, and requested him to favour him with a few kernels, for that he

\* Jones's Relics of the Welsh Bards.

† This order of the lines was sometimes inverted.

was almost perishing with cold and hunger." "How did you employ yourself during the summer," said the Squirrel, "that you are forced to act the part of a beggar in the winter?" "I amused myself in cultivating the beauties of song, foreboding evils to come, and entertaining you and others," said the Crow, "with the manly melody of my voice." "I confess," said the other, "I often heard your hoarse note, but as for its melody, notwithstanding the great practice you have had, I would not give you a nutshell for the best song you can sing, either summer or winter. One of the principal requisites in music is to *keep time*, in which he is miserably deficient who wastes his precious hours in attempting a rude song, before he has stored his nest with the necessary articles of life." The feathered pretender to music, finding nothing could be obtained from the generosity of his neighbour, was willing to hope that something might be made of his inexperience and imbecility, resolved to try what could be done by stratagem, and express-

ed his astonishment, that one, whose storehouses were so well furnished, should fatigue himself, and risk his neck, by skipping from tree to tree in the cold, and not rather lie down at his ease like a gentleman, and take a refreshing nap. "Vaulting from tree to tree proves beneficial to me, not only as exercise," replied the other, "but as the means of decoying the common plunderers of the forest from my habitation; and as for my insomnolency, as I have been active in summer to collect my provisions, I am determined that you shall always find me on the alert in winter, to preserve them; for if I should be caught napping, I should soon find some artful neighbour or other, ingenious to discover and exhaust all my stores; and were I to perish through indigence, perhaps you, notwithstanding your fair professions, would prove cannibal enough to feed upon my carcass."

The moral is \* *Melion vigilantia somno*; Vigilance and industry, are ever productive of security and plenty; but indo-

\* See Jones's Relics of the Welsh Bards.

A fable not unlike this, may be found in verse, in Owen's edition of Gwilym, the Welsh Bard's works. The *Damhegion Cymraeg*, or Welsh apologues, contain several fables, correspondent with the warriors' songs. There is a translation of them in manuscript by the author of the *Dissertatio de Bardis*.

lence and negligence tend to want and misery.

The ancients delivered their precepts about manners, or about government, by comparisons, either full and at length, which were called parables; or by short comprehensive sentences, which were called proverbs; of which the Druidical stanzas were regarded as a valuable collection. Parables were taken from the most common objects of nature, or from irrational animals; as the parable of the fruit-trees, and the Bramble, in the book of Judges; that of the Thistle and Cedar, in the book of Chronicles; of the Hawk and Nightingale, in Hesiod; of the Wolves, Dogs, and Sheep, in Demosthenes; or one of the members of the Human Body, as that of Mennenius, in Livy. Or they sometimes proved more probable relations of more natural and likely incidents, as the parable of Nathan to David; and most of the parables in the New Testament. The Welsh or Celtic apologues that have been preserved are generally of the former description, and form complete elucidations of some of the Druidical stanzas. In conformity with the customs of the ancients, especially of the

eastern nations, the Druids instructed those committed to their care by short sententious aphorisms, which were occasionally elucidated, as the capacity of their pupils developed itself. Their pupils were divided into three classes—children, youths, and men. The former were placed under the tuition of the lower order of the bards, whose business it was while they improved their morals and cultivated their understanding, to enrich their memories with a copious store of the poetical and philosophical maxims of the Druids, which contained in them in a concealed form the first principles of all knowledge, the seeds of all sciences. “To the Druids,” saith Cæsar, “belongs the care of divine things—great numbers of youth come to be instructed by them—their first lesson is to learn a considerable number of verses by rote, which some have spent twenty years about, for they never commit them to writing, not that they are ignorant of letters, for on all other occasions they make use of Greek characters; but I suppose they observe this custom, to lock up their learning from the vulgar, and exercise the memory of their scholars, &c.\*” The purport

\* Cæsar's Commentaries, lib. vi. cap. viii. See Jones's Relics of the Bards, p. 2, &c of

of what they thus committed to memory was in the first instance unknown to the pupils, and perhaps from the studied obscurity of the style, hardly intelligible to the instructor himself. But when the youthful mind unfolded itself, and discovered sufficient capacity to qualify it for admission into a superior class, among the Druidical students, the stanzas they had been so many years committing to memory were now carefully explained to them, their obscurity illustrated, and their meaning enforced, by mythological tales and fabulous narrations, which, if the inexperienced youths could not fully comprehend, never failed to make an impression, that gave the precepts inculcated a more favourable effect, when the matured understanding permitted them to germ and grow, and bear fruit in the mind.

The fabulous tales known by the name of *Damhegion* or *parables*, were in all probability some of the fables used on these occasions to illustrate the Druidical stanzas, and enforce the doctrine. They have been considered by those conversant in Celtic literature, as the real origin of the romances so prevalent at one period in Europe, and so powerful in their effect on the style and manners of the

age. In the infancy of history, when few examples could be drawn from real life to illustrate the precepts of morality, or the maxims of the art of war, the public instructors among the Celts invented parables, and composed fables to illustrate the apothegms, and exemplify the dictates of philosophy that had been treasured up in the arsenal of the mind at an earlier period. The arms which had formerly attracted their attention by their brightness and their splendour, the martial students were now taught to handle and to use. The skeletons of Druidical science, which had been the playthings of more infantine years, were now supplied with tendons, strengthened with sinews, and furnished with fibres. The *Damhegion* or Celtic fables, are examples of the first apposite examples used to illustrate the fundamental maxims or elementary principles of Druidical learning. The *Mabinogion* or juvenile amusements are examples of the species of instruction calculated to improve the mind of the Druidical pupil at a maturer period.

Of the *Damhegion*, or *parables*, an example has been already given; many of them have been preserved in ancient manuscripts, and the late Rev. F.

Evans, author of the *Dissertatio de Bardis*, had prepared a copy of them for the press, translated into English and illustrated with notes. They are remarkable for the comprehensive brevity and energy of their style, and are not unfrequently pointed with the severest satire. In one of them, for instance two descendants of the little heroes, celebrated in Homer's *Batrachomachia*, are represented as having formed for their mutual conveniency, a league of alliance. In order to pass a dangerous torrent, one of them, from his habits of life is under the necessity of trusting himself on the shoulders of his ally, when a formidable water-serpent suddenly makes its appearance, and greedily devours them both. This was probably composed to enforce the truth of the Druidical maxim, "that an alliance with the brave and powerful is advantageous, but with the weak fallacious," and was applied to the expediency of seeking for

more powerful allies, against the invading hosts of the barbarous Saxons, than the feeble and degenerated Armoricans. But in the dispute \* between the established Christian clergy of Wales, Scotland, &c. and the emissaries of corrupted Rome, under the auspices of the Saxon monarchs. The priest infallibly promising spiritual safety to his convert, was compared to the Frog, in the fable, engaging to ensure the Mouse against all accidents while traversing a dangerous river, and the water-serpent was supposed to represent the evil spirit, devouring both the monastical director and his too credulous disciple.

As the *Damhegion* or fables were illustrations of the Druidical stanzas adapted to the capacities of the youngest students, the *Mabinogion*, or juvenile amusements, were the elucidations of the same subject chosen to attract the attention of those of maturer understand-

\* It is remarked by Clarke in his *Letters on Spain*, that the Spanish Christians had preserved themselves pure from popish innovations till the seventh or eighth century, and were in doctrine and discipline, nearly what the church of England is at present. *Letters on the Spanish Nation*, p. 10, 11, &c. The same may be said of the churches of Great Britain and Ireland, prior to the Saxon invasion, and the arrival of Anstin or Augustine. The sufferings of the Cambrian clergy on that occasion are well known. The Scots clergy preserved their religion pure from popish corruption much longer; they retired to the hills, and were known by the names of *Culdees*, from *cúl*, thin, and *dil*, black, from their abstemious lives and grave habits, *Gwr-cúl-dil*.

ing. A specimen of this species of composition has been given in the \* second volume of the Cambrian Register. A Cornish tale of a similar nature is inserted in Llwyd's *Archæologia Britannica*. That they were originally favourite vehicles of instruction in the Druidical colleges, and used as illustrations of their philosophical maxims, is the only rational account that can be given of the prodigious number of these romantic tales still preserved among all the Celtic tribes; and the exact conformity observed between them and the stanzas they were intended to elucidate, is discernible to the most superficial observer. They seldom admit of more than two or three principal characters, and seem designed to enforce some made precept, or virtuous sentiment. In the hands of the ingenious and learned author, who has lately undertaken to examine them, it will most likely be demonstrated that they are † what he has conjectured them to be,

the copious source of the fictitious tales and romances of the middle ages.

The next class of Druidical students were those, who were considered as young men, and who had studied with applause for seven years in each of the former classes. They were now admitted under the care of the highest order of the Bards, and in some instances, the Druids themselves condescended to become their instructors. The stanzas which they had learned in their infancy, and which had been partially elucidated by fabulous narrations, were now exemplified by passages taken from real life, or from authentic history; of which ancient mode of instruction the British Triads may be regarded as venerable monuments. Many passages in them evidently correspond with the fragments of the Druidical stanzas still extant, and were probably used as illustrations of them in the Celtic

\* Vid. vol. 2, p. 332, and vol. 1, p. 187. Several of these tales are in the Red Book of Hergest, a MS. in Jesus College Library.

† The dramatic entertainments formerly so prevalent among the Celtic tribes, and still in vogue in some parts of Wales, from the paucity of their characters, and the moral tendency of their subject, may probably be traced to the same source. They are generally acted in the open air, on temporary stages erected in woods or forests, and are denominated *Chwareu'r Hen-dre-hwyd*, Dramatic Sports of the old Town. They are asserted by some antiquaries to be of Trojan origin. Many of the inferior Welsh Bards delight in this species of scenic composition, which they corruptly call *Enterlude*.



schools. \* Cæsar's account of the Celtic system of education is, that the youths were sent by their parents to the college of the Druids, where they consumed twenty years in committing to memory many thousand verses: which corroborates, in a great measure, the account that has been given, and renders it probable (as stated by other authors), that they remained in a state of literary pupillage till their one-and-twentieth year, and were nearly seven years under the care of each of the three different orders of the Bardical literati; during which period they were instructed by competent masters, under the inspection of their superiors, and in the course of occasional relaxations from severer pursuits, in the usual accomplishments, playing on the harp, the four-and-twenty manly games, martial exercises, and every thing necessary to complete the Celtic chieftain and the well-disciplined soldier. The ancient Gauls and the other Celtic Tribes, regarded their sons as unfit for society, and seldom † admitted them to their presence, till they had completed their education, were fit to bear arms, had acquired a competent knowledge of the four-and-twenty games, and were calculated to make a respectable appearance at their *Cyfeddachs*, or convivial meetings. Every science appears to have been taught by the Druids in a similar manner; the elementary parts were delivered in short, but comprehensive stanzas, which were committed to memory. These fundamental principles were afterwards dilated and illustrated by abler and more scientific masters, till the radical maxims first introduced into the mind, sprung up into luxuriant plants, and in process of time enlarged their growth, and spread their branches, till, like Merlin's orchard, they sheltered their country with their umbrage, and enriched it with their fruit. In a warlike nation, and in a tumultuous age, the favourite study with the sons of martial chieftains, was ‡ the art of war. Tactics were taught by the Druids on the same principles with other arts; the first rudiments were put in verse, and committed to memory. It hap-

\* Cæsar de Bello Gallico, lib. vi. cap. viii.

† Ibid. lib. vi. cap. ix.

‡ Dunod Vawr, or Dunod the Great, the son of Pabo, is celebrated in the Triads as the chieftain that excelled all others in tactical knowledge, and skill  
pened,

pened, that on the subject of their favourite studies, more verses were retained by the Celtic youths, than on the principles of any other science: hence the Druidical stanzas, because some of them were on warlike subjects, and were handed down to subsequent ages, were generally denominated, *Englyn Milwr*, or the Warrior's Song. Some of the original elementary verses on the subject, with their correspondent illustrations in the Parables and fabulous compositions, and their historic exemplifications, in the Triads, are still extant; and where any obscurity is observed in them, it probably arises from the loss of the correspondent fables, or historical passages, that tended to illustrate them. A British warrior, no doubt, in the Druidical ages, could sing the war song to his harp, and in poetic strains, divulge all the secrets, and all the scientific maxims, of the art military. Expressed in short, energetic, but obscure lines, they were completely under-

stood by none but proficients. But, being planted in his earliest infancy in the chieftain's mind, the martial stanzas, in every difficulty, suggested to his thoughts apposite examples from history, which served to furnish him with expedients, and tended, in every emergency, to supply him with masterly stratagems, skillful devices, and inexhaustible resources.

Schools were erected \*, and colleges were founded, among the Celts, even in the most tumultuous times; and, when the lovers of harmony and of science could find no safer habitation, they retired to the recesses of distant groves and forests, where, safe from the tempests of war, their ingenious and industrious youths cultivated, in peace and tranquillity, the tender plants of learning, and reared the flowers of useful and ornamental arts. † Bangor was famed, for many years, for the learned characters it produced, and the crowds of students that flocked to it from

in the art of war. The other two remarkable for their extraordinary talents in military science, were Cynfelin, or Cunobelinus, and Gwallog, the son of Llenog. These three martial chieftains were celebrated as the three pillars of battle of Great Britain. *Cambrian Biography*, p. 91.

\* Cæsar de Bello Gallico, lib. vi. cap. viii.

† Lewis's History of Great Britain, b. 5. chap. 1.

all parts of the Gallic and Celtic territories. A college was founded at an early period in \* Flintshire, which acquired considerable celebrity, and Ynyr, a Silurian prince, distinguished *Caer Went*, on the confines of Monmouthshire, by a similar endowment. *Dunod*, *Cynwyl*, and *Illtyd*, called by the Latins *Iltudus*, were praised by the Bards as liberal patrons of similar institutions, and the counties of Glamorgan, Pembroke, and Carmarthen boasted, at one period, their rival seats of the Cambrian Muses; and Anglesea, in a still earlier age, was considered as the source of literature, and the favourite haunt of the Bards.

Those who wished to render themselves perfect masters of Druidical learning, repaired, according to † *Cæsar's* account, to Great Britain to acquire it. Their opinions concerning the omnipotency of the Deity, the immortality of the soul, and their diligence in instructing the youth committed to their care, in their philosophical system, of the nature of things,

the extent of the world, and the magnitude and motion of the stars, have been acknowledged and recorded with admiration by ‡ cotemporary Roman authors. These testimonies may serve to prove the philosophical acquisitions of the Druidical order, and the celebrity of Britain as the seat of the Muses, and the fruitful source of the sciences and of the arts, in ages long prior to the Christian era.

The storms of war, and the ravages of time, have destroyed most of the fruit of Druidical labour; but from the flavour of the little that remains, a conjecture may be formed of the peculiar excellency of taste, for which the rest were celebrated. The skill of language may render it inaccessible to the indolent, or the uninformed, but to those whose talents or whose perseverance have taught them to surmount that difficulty, the specimen of the fruit of ancient Celtic literature, preserved by the curious, has ever afforded a most grateful relish, and a most exquisite mental gratification.

\* *Cambrian Biography*, p. 91, 205, 344, &c.

† *Cæsar de Bello Gallico*, lib. vi. cap. viii., &c.

‡ *Cæsar de Bello Gallico*, ubi supra. *Lucan, Pharsalia*, book i. *Suetonius's* life of *Cæsar*, &c.

The works of the ancient British bards still extant, abound in strains of the purest morality, and occasionally rise to the sublimest thoughts on the power and the benevolence of the Deity, the immortality of the soul, the future punishment of the vicious, and the ineffable felicity reserved for the cultivators of piety and virtue. In some of the works of the earliest writers, some passages occur, so enveloped in fable, and wrapped up in mythological clouds, that the design of the author seems hardly discernible. But, in some of these Celtic fables, abler antiquaries have discovered the prototypes of much of the Grecian mythology; as in the story of the Celtic hero, whose athletic make was such, that he could carry to the summit of a hill, a stone that several oxen afforded not strength sufficient to remove; the origin of the story of Sisyphus, in Cyridwen, the fable of Venus; and what is related of \* *Pair Cyridwen*, or the Cauldron of Renovation, the source of the Grecian fable of Medea.

Allusions are made in the

works of the Bards to the different arts and sciences, as to subjects generally studied and familiarly known, and the fragments on astronomy, on natural history, on logic, and cosmography, preserved in the British Museum, and referred to by Edward Llwyd and others, in their catalogues of Welsh manuscripts, are decided proofs that literature had made no inconsiderable progress among the Celts. In the treatise on natural philosophy, published by Lewis, the editor of the *Flores Poetarum Britannicorum*, the scientific terms are of Celtic derivation, and the subject is handled in a masterly manner, as in a learned language duly cultivated to adorn philosophical disquisitions: and in the Treatise on Rhetoric in the Welsh Language, published by Perri, it is remarkable, that the examples adduced to illustrate the rules are all selected from the works of the ancient British bards, and that the technical terms, and the names of the figures, are of Celtic derivation; which may be regarded as decisive proofs, that the art of rhetoric had been some time cultivated among the ancient

\* Cambrian Biography, p. 73, &c. By others, *Gweno* is supposed to be Venus; Tydain, Taat or Hermes; and Gwgon, celebrated for rolling an immense stone, to have been Sisyphus. *Cambrian Biography*, p. 161.

inhabitants of this island, and that they did not borrow it from the Grecians, otherwise it would have appeared in a Grecian garb, and would have betrayed, by its language, the source of its nativity.

Of the style and manner of the Celtic Bards at a very early period, a curious instance is given by Posidonius in a fragment preserved in Athenæus. It is related that Luernius, who courted popularity by his largesses, had already bestowed profusion of costly liquors and choice viands, among the myriads of Celts that followed him, when a Bard who had arrived too late to share in his bounty, joined his retinue, singing to the harp stanzas in praise of his generosity, who, being observed, had a purse of gold flung to him from the carriage; when, in grateful strains, instantly exclaimed, ΔΙΟΤΙ ΤΑΙΧΝΗ ΤΗΣ ΓΗΣ (ΣΦΗΣ ΑΡΜΑΘΑΑΤΕΙ) ΧΡΥΕΟΝ ΚΑΙ ΕΥΕΡΤΕΣΙΑΣ ΑΝ ΘΡΩΠΟΙΣ ΦΕΡΕΙ\*.

Where'er thy chariot wheels are found  
To furrow with their track the ground,  
A copious harvest springs to bless  
The world with wealth and happiness.

This may serve to give an idea of the style of writing pre-

valent among the bards of that age, as well as of the promptitude and fecundity of their talents; though this could not be a bard of the higher order, for by the bardical institutes, they were forbidden to prostitute their parts in praising any but the omnipotent Author of nature, and their native chieftains, when remarkable for glorious and heroical actions.

The Romans, during their long residence in the British isles, enervated the manners and enfeebled the force of the Britons, and decoyed away the boldest and the most athletic of their youths to strengthen and enlarge their legions. Whatever the country gained in learning and civilization by its intercourse with the Romans, it lost by the diminution of its wealth, and the enervation of its martial power.

The passion for literature, so prevalent at all periods among the Celts, existed prior to the Roman invasion; but the taste of their best writers, if not corrected, suffered a considerable revolution by their long acquaintance with the classic models of Greece and Rome.

\* Reverend E. Evans' *Dissertatio de Bardis*, &c.

It is remarked by some \* late writers, that the descendants of the Celts could never be brought to think with the Greeks and Romans on the subject of heroic poetry, which was held in such reverence by that primitive nation and its posterity, that fable and invention (the essence of the classical Epopee) were never suffered to make any part of it. This may be correctly stated with regard to their strict adherence to truth, and their contempt of fiction, as only worthy of the lower order of bards, to embellish feeble and ill-executed compositions; but they so far thought with the Greeks and Romans, that they evidently studied their works, though they seldom imitated them; and composed epic poems, though they had no recourse to imaginary gods and fictitious accounts of battles. Llywarch Hên, indeed, who was a warlike prince, and though initiated could not be considered as a regular bard, seems to have known little of classical authors, and to have been a stranger to all inspiration, but what he derived from his afflictions and from nature; Anewrin, the celebrated author of the *Gododin*, appears to have been a complete scholar, as well as an emi-

nent poet. It is observed by the late Mr. Lewis Morris, that what we have of that incomparable poem, is in detached parts, scattered through a number of different manuscripts, of different periods, but that to form a complete idea of it, the whole should be collected, and carefully collated. The late Reverend Evan Evans, who transcribed several parts of it, from different manuscripts for Mr. Morris, was of opinion that if the whole were collected and duly arranged, it would form a complete epic poem, of singular beauty and uncommon energy. The machinery is more simple and natural than that of the *Iliad*, the author discovers however on many occasions that he has studied the works of Homer, though he has not servilely imitated them. In the following passage translated by Mr. Gray; the author evidently shews that he has drank of the Homeric fount, and was not insensible of the excellency of its taste;

Pan Gryssici *Garnadawg* i gâd,  
Mab baedd coed, trychwn, trychiad,  
Tarw byddin yn ahrin gommyniad,  
Ef lithiai wydlgwn oi angad.

ANEBURIN'S *Gododin*.

Have ye seen the tusky boar,  
Or the bull with sullen roar,

\* Jones's Account of the Welsh Bards, p. 19.

On surrounding foes advance,  
So Caradoc bore his lance.

GRAY'S *Poems*.

The stanza used in the original poem, is that which has since been chosen by Tasso in his *Gierusalemme Liberata*; why Gray should have been tempted to reduce the heroic lines of Aneurin into what has been called namby pamby verses, seems inexplicable; but still through the mist of this unequal translation the fire flashed from the following lines of Homer, may be distinctly perceived:

ὣς ὅτε τὶς οὖς ἔισιν ἀλί, σπειοῖθ' ἑς.  
Iliad xiii. 471.

As the fell boar on some rough mountain's head  
Arm'd with wild terrors, and to slaughter bred.

POPE.

Ἡὺς βας ἀγλῖφι μῆγι ἔλῃχος ἱωχ' ἰο  
σφῖττω Ταῦρος

Iliad ii. 480, 481.

Like some proud bull that round the pastures leads.

POPE'S *Homer*.

In the works of Aneurin's cotemporary Bards, Taliesin, and Merlin, the learned reader will discover many evident traces of a classical education.

The former frequently mentions the Trojan war, and in his enumeration of the transmigra-

tions of his soul, in conformity with the doctrine of the Druids, he describes his spirit as having once animated one of the heroes who distinguished themselves at the siege of Troy. His poems abound with Latin phrases, and allusions to the lines of Homer, and the Odes of Pindar, and the following passage is evidently an imitation of Virgil.

Y borau ddyw sadwrn cŵd fawr a fu,  
O'r pan ddywre haul hyd pangynnu.

TALIESIN.

Morning rose: the issuing sun  
Saw the dreadful fight begun,  
And that sun's descending ray  
Clos'd the battle, clos'd the day.

WHITEHEAD'S translation of *Taliesin's Odes*, Jones's *Welsh Bards*, p. 5.

Te veniente die, te decedente canebat,  
VIRGIL'S *Georgius*, b. iv. 466.

His stream of heartfelt praise (with thee begun),

Flow'd from the rising to the setting sun.

The animated speech of Urien to his troops in the same ode, has evidently many passages strongly resembling the celebrated address of Æneas to the Trojans in the eleventh book of the *Æneid*,

Dyrchafwn eidoed odduch mynydd  
Ac ymborthion wynneb odduch emyl  
A dyrchafwn beleidr odduch ben gwyr,  
&c. TALIESIN.

Rise, ye sons of Cambria, rise,  
Spread your banners to the foe;  
Spared

Spread them on the mountain's brow,  
Lift your lances high in air,  
Friends and brothers of the war," &c.  
WHITEHEAD, *Jones's Welsh Bards*, p. 6.

Arms parate, animis, et spe præsumite  
bellum,  
Ne qua mora ignaros (ubi primum vel-  
lera signa  
Annuerint superi, pubemque educere  
castris), &c. *Æneid* xi. 18.

Prepared in arms, pursue your happy  
chance.  
That none unwarn'd may plead his igno-  
rance  
And I at Heav'n's appointed hour may  
find,  
Your warlike ensigns waving in the  
wind, &c. DRYDEN.

The whole ode may not only  
be said to contain many strokes  
from Virgil, but all Taliesin's  
works to be perfectly classical;  
but his imitations of the ancients  
are the imitations of a mas-  
ter; rather happy allusions  
adapted to the taste and situa-  
tion of the country, than stiff  
and servile copies. Merlin's  
Orchard has many passages  
borrowed from Virgil's account  
of the Corycian Peasant, and  
from Homer's description of  
the Garden of Alcinous, the  
fair GLOYWADD of the British  
bard, is the Nausicaa of the  
Odyssey, and the former's "slop-  
ing hill," the latter's,

Τῆς ἵτερον μὲν θειλοπιδοῦ λευρῇ ἐν  
χώρῳ  
Τετρεταί ρ' ἰλίῳ, &c.

In a wide space, and to the sun expos'd,  
Another fence, another vineyard clos'd.  
ANONYM.

Merlin has, "a fallen beraint,"

Yn gy foed gyfuwch gyhyd gymmaint,  
&c.

"Apple-trees branching high and  
wide, crowned with lovely foilage, &c.  
MERLIN'S *Orchard*, in *Jones's*  
*Welsh Bards*, p. 8.

And Homer,  
Εἶθα δὲ διδρυῖα καὶ εἰσιφύκει τηλεθό-  
νῳτα, &c.

ODESSEY, vii. 122.

And there tall trees their verdant foli-  
age spread.

ANONYM.

The British bard,  
"A fallen beren bren! ysyd fad,  
Nid bychan dy lwyth sydd firwyth ar-  
nad;" &c.

Excellent apple-tree! thy branches  
are loaded with delicious fruit,  
MERLIN'S *Orchard*, *Jones's Welsh*  
*Bards*, p. 8.

The Grecian poet,  
—Καὶ μίλῳται ἄγλαυκφίῳ  
And apple-trees with loads of luscious  
fruit.

In Merlin we read,  
A fallen beren bren, addfeinus  
Gwasgadod glodfawr, &c.

"Sweet apple-tree, of tall and stately  
growth, how admired thy shade and  
shelter—often will mighty lords and  
princes form a thousand pretences for  
frequenting thy recess."  
*Jones's Welsh Bards*, p. 9.

And Virgil has his,  
Jamque ministrantem platæarum po-  
tantibus umbras.

The tree whose hospitable boughs,  
A friendly shade on friendly souls be-  
stows.  
ANONYM.



The Orchard, from the author's distracted state of mind, savours as much of genius as of madness, but his madness is the madness of a poet, and his poetry the poetry of a scholar. The occasional exquisite plaintive lines, so often introduced, on the death of his nephew whom he had accidentally slain (a circumstance which disordered the mind of the bard, and caused him to be denominated Merlin the Wild) are most affectingly interesting, and it is impossible to read them without compassionating the writer's distracted state of mind, as well as admiring the beauties of his style and the elegance of his taste. No person ever yet felt himself equal to the task of attempting it in English verse. It is a most beautiful, and at the same time a most difficult subject for a spirited ode, and worthy the pen of a Dryden, or a Gray, but perhaps Nathaniel Lee, had he attempted it, would have succeeded better than either.

During the prosperous days of the Celtic muse, the principal bards appear to have been intimately acquainted with the best authors of Greece and Rome, and from long acquaintance with them to have contracted

something of their air and manner, but feeling themselves rich, and being resolved to remain independent, they seldom condescended to borrow from them.

The following passage from the works of a late celebrated critic will demonstrate, that it is no novel opinion, which is here avowed, of the extensive literature, fertile genius, and independent spirit of the British bards. "Is it not odd that you will find no mention made of Venus and Cupid amongst our Britains, *though they were very well acquainted with the Roman and Greek writers?* that god and his mother are implements that modern poets can hardly write a love poem without: but the Britains scorned such poor machines. They have their *Essyllt, Nyf, Enid, Bronwen, and Dwywen*, of their own nation, which excelled all the Roman and Greek goddesses\*," &c.

The political misfortunes that befel the principality during the middle ages, gave the Cambrian muse, a very plaintive air; and as the storms of adversity generally force the human mind to the port of piety, the poems of that period betray a more intimate acquaintance with the bre-

\* Lewis Morris's letter, *Cambrian Register* for 1795, p. 332. Venus and Cupid are often celebrated by the inferior British bards, the former under the name of *Gwyno*, and the latter under that of *Serch*, or *Cariad*.

viary than with the Grecian bard, with the Romish saints, than with the heathen deities, as might be instanced in the works of *Tudur Aled*, and others. Mellyr a celebrated bard of the twelfth century, begins one of his poems with the words *Rer Regum*\*, &c. a sentence borrowed from the public prayers of the time.

Soon after the revival of learning in Europe, and during the prosperous aspect the affairs of the principality bore about the fourteenth century, the Cambrian bards assumed a bolder strain.

One of the most celebrated bards that distinguished this period, was Dafydd ap Gwilym, whose works were lately published in London, by the ingenious Mr. Owen, the author of the Welsh Dictionary. In a licentious age and on poetical subjects, those passages please

most that transcend the bounds of morality, and expatiate on the indulgence of the passions, and the objects of inordinate desire. Gwilym's poems on divine subjects were hardly known, but those on love and gallantry were repeated by every peasant in the country. In process of time when his private history became unknown, popular error represented him as dissolute in his conduct, as immoral in some of his poetical productions. Hence the indecent and extravagant anecdotes that have crept into the history of his life. But, it is now proved from the respectable testimony of † authors who derived an account of him from his cotemporaries, and from tradition preserved in the families he visited, that he was a man of an irreproachable conduct, modest manners, and a studious disposition. His looser poems were sacrifices made on the altar of the deified taste of

\* Cambrian Register, vol. 1, p. 404.

† Vide a tradition relative to him in the Cambrian Register, vol. 1, p. 415. He was brought up under the care of Vaughan of Cringae, ancestor of Lord Carberry, and spent much of his time at the court of IVOR HAEL, or the Generous, now represented by the Morgans of Tredégaer. It appears from his poems, that he had a couple of horses, was attended by a servant, and was a welcome guest, in all the first families in Wales and on the Borders. The intercourse with Rome, rendered the progress in literature made in one part of Europe then known in the other; and, it is evident from his works, that he availed himself of every opportunity to improve his mind, and that he was acquainted with all the literature of the times.

the times, in order to soothe the prejudices, and gain the applause of the vulgar. They were descriptions of passions which he never felt, and of beautiful dulcenas whom he never saw. His poetical rival, Gryffydd Gwg, humorously intimates that, if his friend David's heart had been really pierced by the darts of Love as often as his amorous poems imply, it must have resembled a sieve. As he naturally expected, however, he acquired more popularity by these looser effusions, than by his most correct and most elaborate performances on sublimer subjects. He appears to have been well versed in the Italian language, and to have read Petrarch with peculiar attention. Some of his *cywyddau* in praise of Morfydd, if not translations, are happy imitations of some of Petrarch's Sonnets to Laura. Boccace seems to have been a favourite author with him, several of

whose tales he has clothed in Celtic verse. He was likewise well acquainted with Homer. Many passages in his works are embellished with happy allusions to different remarkable incidents in the Iliad. He frequently celebrates Virgil under the name of Fferyllt, and Ovid, under that of Ofydd, the appellations by which they were known to the Celtic bards. His humorous description of Love under the imaginary figure of a wayward child, which a beautiful nymph left under his care, and obliged him to nurse; till the urchin, by his constant attention, grew to an enormous size, and almost pressed him to the earth, by the continually increasing weight of its cumbrous bulk, is taken from one of Ovid's lesser poems, entitled *in Amorem*. His *cywydd*, called *y Drych*, or the Mirror, is an elegant paraphrase on the tenth ode of the fourth book of Horace,

Nunc qui color est puniceæ flore rosæ  
Mutatis ligurinum in faciem verterit hispidam.

HORACE.

\* Ni thybiais ddewdras ddirdra  
Na bai dŷ f' wyneb a da,  
Omŷ ynllais yn amlwg  
Y drych a llyna un drwg  
Dywed im o'r diwedd,  
Y drych nad wyf wych o wedd,

DAFYDD AP GWILYM, A. D., 1400.

\* Vide Owen's Dafydd ap Gwylim, p. 446, 8vo., London, 1789. Printed for Mr. Williams, No. 11, in the Strand.

frequently

Trust not to beauty or to youth;  
 The mirror, fam'd for honest truth,  
 When thoughtlessly I hop'd I bore,  
 Th' engaging form I bore before,  
 Told me, the rose of youth was gone  
 And all my boasted colour flown,  
 And while its language rais'd my rage  
 Shew'd me the haggard *traits* of age.

ANONYMOUS.

But there is one circumstance which it would be extremely difficult satisfactorily to account for. His fable of the Ant and the Grasshopper, appears to be, nearly word for word, the same with La Fontaine's fable on the same subject. Some of the lines in one of these fables seem to be exact translations of the corresponding lines in the other. The description of the Ant's comfortable winter abode, in consequence of her industry

during the summer months; the misery of the Grasshopper, shivering with cold, and forced to have recourse to the provident insect's charity; his answer to the latter question of, "how he had spent the summer?" that "he had consumed it in singing and amusing himself:" and the prudent and sagacious insect's reply, that now then, he might go, and dance; correspond exactly with the French,

He bien ! dansez maintenant, &c.

LA FONTAINE.

Llamma weithiau, llammau dda, &c.

DAFYDD AP GWILYM.

In singing ! ha ! my friend, how gay !  
 The pastimes of thy summer's day !  
 Then leave my door, and skip along  
 Dancing to thy *sweet* summer's song.

ANONYMOUS.

It is not possible, that the Welsh bard should have perused the Fables of La Fontaine who lived two centuries after him, and it is not very probable, that the French Fa-

bulist should have borrowed any thing from the works of Dafydd ap Gwilym. The only probable solution of this difficulty is, as both authors were evidently fond of Boccace, that  
 both

both of them derived the fable from the same Italian source; and as congenial souls will sometimes be betrayed into a coincidence of taste, that they both happened in drawing the same portraits, to choose the same drapery. From the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to the present period, the allusions to classical authors observed in the works of the Welsh bards are very frequent\*. Rys Prichard, in his book, called *Llyfr Ficar*, has the following lines,

Dechreu ddysgu trech yn blentyn,  
'Nabod duw a'th brynwr purwyn,  
Tempra 'th lestr tra fo'r newydd  
A'r gwin gwynn o dduwiol grefydd.

RYS PRICHARD.

which are an exact translation of a passage in Horace

———— nunc adhibe puro  
Pectore verba puer, nunc te melioribus offer,  
Quo semel imbuta, recens servabit odorem  
Testa diu.

Lib. i. Epist. ii. 6.

Let thy pure mind imbibe in youth,  
The wine of uncorrupted truth,  
And thy untainted cask will taste  
Of this first seas'ning to the last.

ANONYM. from RYS PRICHARD'S Poems.

Fel y damsang meirch rhyfelwyr  
Tan eu traed bob math o filwyr,  
Felly damsang angyd diriaid,  
Y brenhinwedd, fel begeriaid.

RYS PRICHARD.

As steeds in battle rudely rush,  
And troops of all descriptions crush,  
Death treads on subjects as on kings,  
And cots and courts to ruin brings.

ANONYMOUS.

\* He is mentioned in Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, as a man of great abilities, he adapted his language to the capacity of the vulgar, and did much good by the purity of his doctrine, and the excellency of his moral sentiments and was capable of writing with great elegance.

Pallida

*Pallida mors equo pulsat pede, pauperum tabernas  
Requunque turres.*

*Hor. Lib. i. Od. iv. v. 13.*

These lines were written by Rys Prichard about the reign of Queen Elizabeth or King James Ist.; from that period the Welsh Bards appear to have kept up a very close correspondence with the poets of Greece and Rome, and to have enriched their works with excellent translations from the Greek and Roman originals. Translations of several of the Odes of Horace

and Anacreon, have been published in the *Diddanwch Teuluaid*, and versions in the ancient British language may be found, in manuscript, of every author of eminence, whether ancient or modern; and, to use the words of a popular writer, "the Welsh make at least as good a figure in literature, as any of their neighbours."

# HISTORICAL ANECDOTES

RELATIVE TO THE

ENERGY, BEAUTY, AND MELODY,

OF THE

*WELSH LANGUAGE,*

AND ITS

AFFINITY TO THE ORIENTAL LANGUAGES, AND THOSE OF THE  
SOUTH OF EUROPE \*.

**I**T is an extraordinary circumstance, studied as the Ancient British Language has been for centuries, admired by those who understand it, and despised and vilified only by those who are ignorant of it; that its beauties have not been asserted, nor its force and energy fairly appreciated. The attacks so violently made upon it, and the censure so unjustly thrown upon it, have induced its friends occasionally to undertake its defence; but they have defended it so injudiciously, and opposed its foes so feebly, that they have aided its enemies, rather than supported the cause they espoused; and by the awkward position they took, trampled on the prostrate body of the language of their country, while they affected to hold up the shield of literature in its defence. Ignorance has affirmed, for what will not ignorance affirm, that it is a language abounding in consonants, and that it is a rough language. To these assertions, at first ignorantly advanced, and afterwards maliciously supported, it has been injudiciously said, that its alliterations and other peculiarities compensate for the number of its consonants, and its strength of expression for its harshness. But whatever its pleasing peculiarities or its energy may be, there is no necessity of admitting that they can be only considered as bare compensations for faults, of which it cannot be

\* Extracted from a series of letters on the subject, by a Member of the University of Oxford.

justly accused. Where for instance are the proofs that it abounds with consonants? If compositions can be pointed out in it, where not only there appear a less number of consonants than in compositions of the same number of lines in any other language, but where there are no consonants at all, the charge will prove evidently to be as unjustly made by its ene-

mies, as it is injudiciously admitted by its friends. In most of the modern Welsh Grammars, stanzas of four or five lines are inserted as exemplifications of the rules of prosody, which contain no consonants at all, of the same nature is the following epigram on a spider, inserted in Jones's *Relics of the Bards*,

O'i wiw wy i weu e â, ai weuau  
 O'i wyau e weua,  
 E weua ei we aia,  
 A'i weuau yw ieuau ja.

From his own eggs the busy worm  
 Attempts his hasty webs to form,  
 Like rings in ice, they seem to view,  
 Beauteous like those and brittle too.

From these examples, which every person, not totally ignorant of the ancient British language, knows might be multiplied without number, it will appear evident, that to reproach the Welsh with the number of their consonants, is as absurd as it is unjust. For what can be more ridiculous, than to find authors ignorant of the language preferring the charge of multiplicity of consonants against compositions, which upon examination prove to be totally devoid of consonants. In what other tongue, can stanzas of

thirty or forty syllables be written in an easy elegant style, consisting entirely of vowels and a few occasional diphthongs. But if it be thought too difficult an enterprise to produce in any other language, so many complete stanzas, entirely destitute of consonants; let any advocate for any modern favourite tongue, produce if possible any number of lines, in any other language, which shall be able to cope with an equal number of Welsh lines, with regard to the paucity of the consonants, that occur in the following example,



and many instances of a similar nature might be adduced, where only two consonants appear,

Un wên Helen anwyla \*  
 A wna ava i ni'n ha',  
 A'n hoyw ha oni weni  
 A a yn aua i ni,  
 Un ael i'n ni lawena  
 Ni wên haulwen ein ha'.

Helen, one gracious smile will bring  
 In winter all the charms of spring,  
 And when thou smil'st not, spring appears  
 In the dark garb that winter wears,  
 And sorrow every visage shrouds  
 And summer suns are lost in clouds.

In the following example only four consonants occur, and those four are what are generally deemed liquids,

Meinwen ry eiriau mwyna  
 A'r wên o liw haulwen ha'  
 A'r iâl wen, a'r ael winau,  
 A unir nien yr hên iau?  
 Alenuir i ni leni,  
 Ran lawen meinwen a mi?  
 Mae'n horiau yma'n hwyro,  
 Rhyw wiw air ar ryw awr rho.

Fair maid, whose gentle accents please,  
 Whose smiles the storms of wrath appease,  
 With fairest hair, and nut-brown brow,  
 Shall we the vow of lover's vow?  
 Shall this year's circling seasons prove,  
 The wish'd completion of our love?  
 Our fleeting hours pass fast away  
 Shall we, my fair one, still delay?

\* y and w are considered as vowels, and sounded as such in the above examples, w is pronounced like the *ou* in French, in the word *oui*, yes.

Many instances are given in the works of the different grammarians, who have attempted at different periods to elucidate the language, of whole stanzas composed in the most difficult measures known to the bards, in which no consonant occurred but the letter *r*; but as that letter is thought by many to have a jarring sound, those stanzas are not here inserted. It is justly considered by Addison as a mark of false wit, to waste time in compositions which can admit of only certain select letters, and which carefully reject all others. But the instances that have been given were not intended as proofs of wit, but as apt examples chosen from poems written in a very difficult measure, to demonstrate the paucity of the consonants generally used in the Welsh language, especially, in works on tender and amorous subjects. These instances might have been easily augmented, and if examples had been added, where the remaining liquids or semi-vowels, and a few of the softer consonants occur, the proofs would have been so numerous as to obscure rather than illustrate the subject. These proofs however are not necessary.

The alphabet itself demonstrates that the charge of a multiplicity of consonants is fallacious. There are, strictly speaking, only \* twenty-two letters in the language, seven of which are vowels; there can remain therefore only fifteen consonants, which is a more inconsiderable number than most of the European languages are obliged to admit. It is true that some of these consonants, according to this arrangement, must represent two different sounds, but that is no more than is usually practised in most languages. In the Hebrew for instance, which the ancient British language greatly resembles, a point or daggesh inserted in a letter, or placed over it, is considered as an indication, that it bears a sound very different from its usual pronunciation. And in French, a cerilla placed under the letter *c*, indicates that it is to be sounded like an *s*, though its general pronunciation is like a *k*. In a similar manner in the Cambro-British language, a small point placed over the letter *d* when to be sounded like the softened *th*, over the letter *L* when aspirated, or over *C* when to be sounded like a gut-

\* Twenty-four however is a favourite number with the Welsh, as may be seen in their games, their music, their poetic measures, and they generally esteem the letters of the alphabet twenty-four.

tural, would answer every purpose of various pronunciation, and render the absurd practice of doubling the letters superfluous and unnecessary. For, to persons ignorant of the language, what can have a stranger appearance, or give a more erroneous idea of the sound intended to be conveyed than our dd and ll, and ch, &c. That we have, in fact, but few consonants is demonstrable; but the absurd mode of doubling the characters leads to the origin of the error, relative to the ancient British characters. In the infancy of printing, no types\* were cast for the language of the principality of Wales. Welsh books were printed therefore with English types. And the casual variation in the sounds of the consonants, was distinguished by the reduplication of the letter. The first bold critic who deigned to examine this orthography, having assumed his spectacles and narrowly inspected the new printed page, hazarded an opinion, though totally ignorant of

the language, that it had a great number of consonants; (because from the unnecessary redoubling of the characters, the consonants naturally appeared twice as numerous to him, as they really were.) An opinion which has ever since been bandied about from critic to critic, and traveller to traveller, till at length without examination and without inquiry, it has become fashionable to assert, that the Welsh abounds in consonants. The thoughtless flock of authors on philological subjects blindly follow their precursors. The first that rushes into error, immediately attracts the attention of the whole race, and is instantly followed, let the path into which he has strayed, be ever so devious or ever so dangerous, by all who have an opportunity of treading in the same steps, or of pursuing the same track. Nothing could be more foreign from the truth, than the remarks echoed from author to author on the number of the Welsh consonants, except the observations made on

\* Cæsar observes, that the Britons or Gauls used the Greek characters, they were probably Celtic, and only resembled the Greek. When the Romans prevailed in Britain, the Roman character was adopted, and only a few of the old characters retained to express sounds peculiar to the Welsh. This was the character in use at the Saxon invasion, which the Saxons, who were illiterate, borrowed, hence this mixed Roman and British alphabet has been called the Saxon alphabet, though it is used in Irish and Welsh manuscripts written before the arrival of the Saxons.

the roughness of the language, by those who are unacquainted with it. The censure had been passed, and it was implicitly believed, and studiously propagated, without any inquiry into its justice, or any doubt of its consistency. But it has happened that the same writers who have mentioned the harshness of the language, have likewise noticed the sweetness of its melody, the variety of its harmony, and the generosity of the passions it never failed to inspire among the people. Effects which every historian acknowledges, when he relates that at one period, from a jealousy of the Welsh spirit, bardism had been interdicted, and the bards prevented from the exercise of their art. If its effects were so great when combined with the powers of music, it will not appear probable that it should be remarkable for its harshness. No observation could be more unfortunate, or more inconsistent with truth. The authors who first hazarded these opinions, and those who blindly adopted their sentiments, could never be more erroneous in their judgement. The language is remarkable for its variety of powers, and is not to be surpassed in softness, is not

exceeded by the Italian in the tenderness of its expressions and the sweetness of its sounds, and if any appearance of roughness should ever occur in its pages, it must be attributed to the amazing extent of the language, which contains in its sounds of every kind, and expressions of every species. It at least equals the language of Italy in the softness of its sound, is often taken for it, by those who are but imperfectly acquainted with both, and frequently exceeds it in the beauties of its phrases, and the peculiar felicity of its sentences. That it equals the language of Italy in the softness of its sounds, will appear evident to every one who will examine the poetry of both. The following stanzas are not selected for the beauty of their poetry, nor for the mellifluence of their sound, but because plain and inelegant as their language might appear, they happen to abound, in common with a thousand others that could have been cited, in words that seem to bear a strong resemblance to the Italian, and the whole collectively considered, will hardly be adjudged inferior to it, in mellifluence of sound, or softness of expression.

Cara' cara, 'r lodes lana,  
 Cara 'r tecca, caral 'r salua,

Buisti

Buistl blin, a dil mêl arno,  
 A ga'r galon l'on a garo.  
 Let love but once possess thy breast,  
 Thy heart can never be at rest ;  
 Whether the brown nymph or the fair ;  
 Or the plain maiden prove thy care,  
 Love will present thee oft with gall,  
 But his own sweet<sup>s</sup> correct it all.

The following extract from an artless pastoral boasts an excellence of poetry, and bears no appearance of studied attempts at softness of sound, yet it would be difficult perhaps to find, even in Italian writers, so many lines devoid of unmusical expressions,

Dere 'n nes fy lodes lân,  
 Gywirlw, gâd dy gorlan,  
 Mae o lysiau melusa  
 'Naml o 'd 'ôl, ynyml y da,  
 A rhês o flodau rhosau,  
 A hynny'n dew, i ni 'n dau  
 Ewn law, law cymm'rwn lili,  
 A'u blodau 'n rhannau i ni  
 A bysedd rhwymwn basi,  
 Ffel at hyn nid ffol wyt ti,  
 Rhoet yn glôs, fel ar rosyn,  
 Gwlw'n da ar galon dyn, &c.

Come, gentle Shepherdess, divinely fair,  
 In these sweet meads forsake thy fleecy care,  
 Here are sweet plants, and ev'ry herb they love—  
 Here let them brouse while we at pleasure rove,  
 And cull the lily and the blushing rose,  
 And the pale pink, and ev'ry flow'r that blows ;  
 O'er ev'ry field in quest of flow'rs I'll haste,  
 While thou shalt bind them with thy usual taste,  
 For these seem, Shepherdess, thy fav'rite arts,  
 To bind up *boquets*, and imprison hearts.

Should the instances that have been given be considered as composed in some measure on amorous subjects, and for that reason be regarded as intended to convey sounds possessed of greater softness than the works of the bards in 'general may be able to boast, the following stanzas (extracted from

from a poem addressed to Parry, at least to shew, that soft sounds,  
 the late celebrated Harper, a in this beautiful language, are  
 little before his death), if not not confined to love subjects.  
 very musical, will be sufficient

Wâs tecca para Parri, i hwylio,  
 Ar wyliau 's cwmpeini  
 Mal los y melusi,  
 Swn dannau 'n telynanau ni  
 Mae dy delyn wen leni, i voli,  
 Ar fil yn rhagori  
 Wel etto, mae hwyl itti  
 A dawn net i'n denu ni  
 Y bŷs fel yn cwrlo, dwylo  
 Ar delyn yn dawnsio  
 Dwrn weile, a'i fawd arno,  
 A i lais draw, melusei dro, &c.

Leave us not, Parry, for thy skill  
 Improves our tuneful efforts still,  
 As the sweet Nightingale improves,  
 The native music of our groves.  
 Thy lyre o'er ev'ry lyre prevails,  
 Thy praise resounds thro' all our vales,  
 Thy talents fascinate the throng—  
 All are enchanted with thy song,  
 Thy fingers struggle with the strings,  
 Till thy tried hand indignant rings  
 Such magic peals, that ev'ry ear  
 Wonders, and listens still to hear, &c.

But composed on a subject the following stanza therefore  
 bearing some alliance to music, is adduced as an unobjection-  
 these stanzas may still perhaps able example, as it is part of  
 be considered as more har- a poem on the gout, a subject,  
 monious, and abounding in it will readily be acknowledged,  
 softer sounds than may be neither gentle in its manner,  
 usual in general, in composi- nor possessing any thing pleas-  
 tions on less tuneful subjects; ing or harmonious in its nature,

Poen \* ima blînd in blîno, poena,  
 Itacca in teccio,

\* In this example as y and w are letters not often used in Italian, i is placed  
 for y, and u for w, for the difference of pronunciation is hardly perceptible.

Poen drùd lân, i Pen, i droed lanno,  
 Poen ir aelodau pan hêr lèdo, j  
 Poen ir in dala pena duilo,  
 Poen ir hel i penna c'uilò,  
 Pui ber i gesti gostio, questa,  
 Panranna poen arno, &c.

The heaviest pain that haunts us here,  
 Is a pain the fair may bear,  
 A pain the rich may often know  
 When Fortune's fav'ring breezes blow,  
 Too well they feel, that human bliss,  
 Is dearly bought, who suffer this,  
 From head to foot it swiftly flies,  
 And every joint and member tries ;  
 Then on the foot or on the hand  
 Unsparingly it takes its stand,  
 Severely on its victim bears,  
 And melts the stoutest heart to tears.  
 If this pain be the Glutton's guest,  
 Who would not fly the splendid feast ?  
 If such the portions pleasures give,  
 Who would in vicious pleasures live ?

In this passage, though from the nature of the subject, much softness of sound could not have been expected, yet many of the words are Italian, several others bears a strong resemblance to those of that language, and the stanza in its structure, number of lines, and identity of rhyme, appears extremely similar to the Italian stanza, at present in frequent use. It is one of the four and twenty measures, anciently in fashion among the earlier inhabitants of the British Isles, but

rendered considerably more difficult, by the stricter rules needlessly adopted in subsequent ages. It bears considerable resemblance to the stanza used by Tasso in his *Gierusalemme Liberata*. The measure in which the *Gododin*, a British epic poem of the sixth century, is written, bears a still stronger resemblance to the measure chosen by Tasso. Very little doubt can be entertained that the stanza, which distinguishes the *Gierusalemme Liberata* is of Celtic origin, and that its parent

rent is that which is still admired by the lovers of the Muses among the Cambro Britons. Not that the Italians derived it immediately from the bards of the Principality of Wales, but that they inherited it from the *Longobardi*, a Celtic tribe, that issued from the German forests, and depopulated a considerable portion of Italy, during the decline of the Roman Empire, and gave its name to Lombardy, that part of the country which borders upon the river Po. This tribe was esteemed very powerful, and occupied a part of Germany in the time of Tacitus. He describes it, as an inconsiderable tribe as to population, and as owing its weight in the Germanic scale to its daring and enterprising spirit, rather than to the number of its forces, or the extent of its territories.—When possessed of the fertile regions washed by the Po, they still persisted in their ancient customs, and preserved their original habits, their love of poetry, and their enthusiastic ardour for music, and in a short period the soft infection of their manners spread itself over the neighbouring country. The introduction of the harp on all festive occasions, the general

partiality for it which was observable soon after that period, and the prevalence of the custom of accompanying it with the voice, are strong marks of a Celtic original. The impromptu, poetical effusions, and their musical accompaniments, prevalent in Italy in the middle ages, have their source, no doubt, in the Pierian spring of which the *Longobardi* or the tall bards so liberally quaffed. \*Lord Lyttleton remarks, that when he first passed some of the Welsh hills, and heard the harp, and the beautiful female peasants accompanying it with their melodious voices, he could not help indulging himself in the idea, that he had descended the Alps, and was enjoying the harmonious pleasures of the Italian paradise.

Howel, the author of the Dictionary of the principal Languages of Europe, observes that he was forcibly struck with the similitude of features which he at least imagined the peasants in some districts in Italy bore to the inhabitants of some parts in the principality of Wales. An observation in which he is countenanced by the subsequent remarks of Mrs. Piozzi in the course of her

\* Vide Lord Lyttleton's Letters from Wales, &c.



travels through Italy. The little intercourse they have had with foreign nations, and their original descent from the same Celtic origin, are the principal reasons assigned for this fancied similitude. The identity of their origin is imagined to be in a great measure demonstrated by the similarity of their customs, their love of music,\* their attachment to the Muses, the liveliness of their disposition, and the simplicity of their manners. The resemblance the favourite measures of the ancient British bards bore to the Italian stanzas hath been remarked by several critics, particularly by Dr. John David Rhys, in his elaborate Latin treatise on the grammar of the Welsh language. He analyzed several of the corresponding stanzas of both nations, descanted on the similarity, and accounted for the occasional difference observable between them. Few men ever possessed a greater critical acumen, or from his great pro-

ficiency in both languages, could be better qualified to state their comparative merits. He was educated at the university of Sienna, where he resided several years, and he was so well versed in the Italian, that he was chosen Professor of the language. He adduces several instances, particularly in the earlier and middle centuries, where a strong resemblance is observable in the prosody, and the poetical taste of the two nations. In the most common colloquial phrases in the modern Welsh, a strong resemblance to the Italian language is observable to every discerning ear; nothing is more usual than to hear the peasants accosting each other in some such expressions, as † *Sutt yrwyd ti Deio? Ble mae Gutto? Sutt mae Nelli yn tyccio?* &c.

Strangers to both languages frequently mistake the Welsh for the Italian. Three Templars, natives of the principality,

\* Jack Owen having gone to London to see an opera, while a student of Oxford, was so agitated at the performance, (which he always was at fine music) that he drew the attention of an Italian gentleman in the pit, who addressed him first in Italian, then in broken English, "Seigneur, Sir, Sir, be you von Italiano?" "No," said Jack, (not liking to lose a note of the music), "don't tease me, I am a *Welshiano*."

† *How dost thou David? Where is Griffith? How does Ellen now go on?* Let this be translated into any other European language, and the superior softness of the Welsh will be admitted. The familiar appellation of every name in Welsh terminates in a vowel, which is the case likewise with the plural of most nouns, and the first person of the present tense, and imperative of most verbs.

on their return from Vauxhall, exhilarated with the juice of the grape, had a dispute with an equal number of citizens in a similar situation, which was decided on the spot, by an appeal to their respective pugilistic powers. Two of the Cambro-Britons proved victorious, but the third appeared to have met with a doughtier antagonist; his companions thought it ungenerous to give him assistance, but they gave him advice, exclaiming *Dal atto, dal atto, at i volo! adhere to him, adhere to him, aim your blows at his breast.* He took the hint, changed his mode of attack, and brought his opponent to the ground; who, seated in the dust like Dr. Slop in the mire, scratched his head, and cried out, *Hang that Italian, and his outlandish lingo; what business had he to give his advice, if he had not interfered,*

*I believe I should have mastered my man.*

The Welsh in common conversation often use Italian words. Two young Gentlemen at Oxford were amusing themselves at the old school play of caping Latin verses, where one cites a line beginning with the same letter which terminated his opponent's. A third person accidentally coming into the room, asked if they did not consider it as degrading in collegians to waste their hours in an amusement only calculated for the third or fourth form at school. *Oh! da capo,* replied one of the poetical combatants, and continued the contest.

The following specimen of words used in both languages will demonstrate how near they approach to each other:

ITALIAN.		WELSH.	
Capella,	a chapel,	Capêla,	chapels.
Cantara,	to sing,	Cantwr,	a singer.
Campione,	a champion,	Campio,	to act the champion.
Dio,	God,	Duw,	God.
Ecelsia,	a church,	Eglwyn,	churches.
Finestra,	a window,	Fenestri,	windows.
Fossa,	a ditch,	Ffosdu,	ditches.

\* They were natives of the principality of Wales; *da capo* in the Cambro British language implies, *it is good to cape verses.*

ITALIAN.		WELSH.	
Mele,	honey,	Mêl,	honey, mela, to gather honey.
Mare, <sup>1</sup>	the sea,	Môr	the sea,
Penna,	the top,	Pennau,	heads.
Penna de Monta,		Penmau } Mynyddau, }	tops of moun- tains.
Ponte,	a bridge,	Pontau	bridges.
Picca,	a sharp beak,	Picca,	sharp beaked.
Pescata,	fishing,	Pysgotta,	fishing.
Pasqua,	Easter,	Pasq,	pasga, to ob- serve Easter.
Rhosa,	a rose.	Rhosan	roses.
Spiritolo,	spiritual,	Ysbrydoli,	to spiritualize.

These few words may serve to demonstrate the resemblance the modern Italian bears to the ancient British; to collect every corresponding word, would be to form a lexicon rather than compose an essay. In the arrangement of words in composition, the construction of phrases, and the formation of sentences,\* the similarity is discernible, but the Italian having arrayed itself after the fashion of the modern languages, much of the elegant simplicity of the eastern style is lost, and though the materials of which the habiliment is manufactured is the same with the Welsh, the fantastical manner in which it has been fashioned, and the superfluity of unnecessary ornaments with which, in con-

formity to modern customs, it has been loaded, render the alliance between the two languages less suspected, and their mutual resemblance less striking. The ancient British will not, however, suffer from the comparison, when examined together with this or any other modern language, for it is capable of every ornament which the others can boast, while it possesses, from its eastern construction, which it still retains, a softness and an expression in tenderness of diction, when the subject renders it necessary, that modern tongues attempt to imitate in vain. Very little doubt can remain that the modern Italian owes its melliflence of sound to the manners and the language of the Celtic tribe of the

\* Whole Italian sentences are sometimes met with that are perfect British, as *Acene di Balaam*, Ital. Balaam's Ass, *d'Assenna di Balaam*, &c. British.

Longobardi,

Longobardi, who being all enthusiastically attached to the musical and poetical pursuits of bardism, adapted their language to the rules of poetry, and to the sound of their harp, and rejected most words that did not terminate in a vowel, or could boast a melodious cadence. They lost, however, in process of time much of their own language, and adopted many terms from the Latin, and not a few from the language of the barbarous nations that at different periods over-ran and depopulated Italy. Hence it is that in poetical compositions, where melliflence of sound is attended to, the Welsh in masterly hands, is capable of a greater degree of softness, and tender felicity of expression than the Italian. It is a circumstance well known to those who are acquainted with the inexhaustible resources of the ancient British language, that whole poems, or treatises in prose of considerable magnitude may be composed in it, without admitting any but the softer consonants, or adopting any word but what boasts a musical and harmonious sound. And from the astonishing native powers of the language, a person well versed in it, and possessed of a talent for composition, may produce a tract in it, either in verse

or prose, of no inconsiderable size, where no words shall appear but such as are of acknowledged Italian extraction. The powers of the ancient British have in fact never been fairly tried, a few fugitive pieces have been circulated in verse, where an attempt appears to have been made, at elegance of style, and softness of expression, as in Richard's pastorals, and some others, which seem to possess considerable merit. But very little of late years in prose, that appear to merit any attention, as elegant classical compositions, except, perhaps, *Bardd Cwsg*, or the *Visions of the Bard*, and one or two more. Justice to the abundant resources of the language, however, renders it necessary to observe that more may be done in it, than has ever yet been attempted. But we have had no munificent patrons, no *De Medicis*, no *Leo the Xth*, to foster our youthful poets, or shelter and cherish the rising genius of Welsh literature. All that has been effected in it, has been done to gratify the taste of a few patriotic individuals, or to indulge a spirit of emulation raised between rival provinces, by trifling attempts to recover some pieces of antiquity, and point out a few beauties, in a language

guage of remote origin and singular construction, and to demonstrate the unnatural prejudices of those who can discover innumerable beauties in foreign languages, while they are strangers to the elegance, and unacquainted with the persuasive softness of their own. During the reign of some of the most liberal of the Welsh princes, several instances occur of men who raised themselves to eminence, by the beauties of their compositions, and who placed in a most conspicuous point of view, the superior charms and expressive tenderness that mark their language. Literature was then in some measure encouraged, and genius protected, but the taste of that period was so defective or so vitiated, the progress that had been made in the sciences so inconsiderable, or so obstructed by the tumults and dissensions of the times, that the best productions of those ages, though confessedly marked with many beauties, are such as cannot be expected to be the haunts of the Graces, that smile on the chaste and classical labours of the present day. In simplicity, in bold and sublime conceptions, in an animated and expressive diction,

they are justly and deservedly admired. But in correctness of style, in smoothness and elegance of language, they are very different from the classical compositions of a more modern period. Even then, however, from the native beauties of the ancient British language, in spite of the homely dress in which she was clad, innumerable pleasing traits were discernible, and notwithstanding the harsh sounds that age delighted in, many soft and melodious passages occur, in the compositions of the best authors, some as soft and mellifluous as any of the most admired pieces that Italy can boast. Petrarch did not celebrate the beauties of his Laura, in more numerous or more admired compositions, than the British bard did the charms of his lovely Morfudd, and Petrarch can hardly be said to have surpassed him in harmony of periods or mellifluence of verse; on one occasion Gwilym describes his happiness in being permitted to converse with his beautiful mistress, and compares the pleasing softness of her language to a vernal shower of honey-dew falling among the leaves of the forest.

A dîl mêl ar y dail mân.

Her gentle accents as she spoke,  
Seem'd dew-drops on the vernal oak.

On another occasion he describes her head-dress, and the beautiful colour of her hair, and asks with his usual naïveté if it was fabricated of ripe hazle nuts, or thread composed of the finest ductile gold.

Ai plisg y greuen wisgi?  
Ai dellt aur yw dywallt di?

Did the ripe hazle lately shed  
Its envied honours on thy head?  
Or did kind Nature's hand enfold,  
Thy hair in slend'rest threads of gold?

Juvenile indiscretion had involved the bard in inextricable difficulties. A legal process had loaded him with debt, and an enormous fine which he was condemned to pay, completed his apparent ruin, when the men of Glamorgan generously joined to pay the fine, discharge his debts, and restore him to happiness, and the unmolested enjoyment of his Muse; the first effect of his gratitude was a poetical address to the sun, praying it might for ever shed its choicest lustre, and its benignant influence on the men of Glamorgan, and that a pernicious blight, or an unfavourable season might never be known in that paradisiacal country. The whole poem is admirable, and is one of the finest compositions in the Welsh, or perhaps in any language. It is not so much a studied piece of poetry, as a rapturous burst of gratitude from the heart. In allusion to the fair cause of his difficulties, he addresses the Fountain of light as a female, and among many other beautiful expressions, he has

Em loynqef aml oleuni,  
Ymmerodres tês wylti, &c.

Fair Empress ! whose resplendent sway  
Rules the bright confines of the day,  
To the rich gems that deck thy brow,  
Summer's celestial light we owe, &c.

Gwyddno, a celebrated chieftain of Ceredigion, lost the whole of his extensive territories by an unexpected inundation of the sea. His son Elphin, from the highest expectations, was reduced to the necessity of supporting himself and family by the produce of a weir, erected on a part of his father's ruined estate; having a considerable sum to discharge,

he sent his men to the weir; they toiled the greatest part of the night, and towards morning instead of a valuable load of fish, they returned with a leathern coracle that had been turned adrift, and a little boy they had found in it. He afterwards proved the unrivalled *Taliesin*. While Elphin lamented his disappointment, the almost infant bard exclaimed—

Elphin dëg taw a'th wylo,  
Ni welwyd yngored wyddno,  
Eriod cystal a heno, &c.

Grieve not, Elphin, grieve no more,  
Heaven shall bless thy little store,  
And what this night's Fortune found,  
Shall with choicest gifts be crown'd, &c.

The Welsh critics are profuse in their praise of this first effort of *Taliesin's* muse; and the Welsh historians add, that Elphin's protection of the poetical orphan proved the renovation of his fortune, and the restoration of the former splendour of his family.

It is evident that whatever beauty \* this and most of the preceding extracts can have,

they spring neither from the toil of literary labour, nor from the effects of poetical judgement. They were the effusions of the heart, and art hardly afforded any aid in adding any ornaments to their native dress. Whatever ease or elegance of language they possess must therefore be attributed to the natural softness and harmony of the Celtic tongue, the musical tendency of which is such,

The reader is referred to the first volume of the *Cambrian Register*, and to *Walters's Dissertation on the Welsh Language*, for observations on other beautiful lines, and the celebrated musical couplet,

Mil o leisian meluson,  
Mel o hŷd s'ymmola hon, &c.

tendency

hat the poet must be peculiarly unfortunate, who does not enliven his toil with some tuneful lines. Let his ear be ever so inharmonious, or his mind ever so uninfluenced by the charms of poetical numbers.

In prose the same felicity of expressions frequently occurs, though few instances can be given of a laboured attempt at elegance or softness of language. Roberts, a member of the University of Sienna, in his admirable Welsh Grammar, published in the fifteenth century, hath given a successful translation of Cicero's *Dialogue de Senectute*, &c. in which are some beautiful periods, though he seems to attend more to the sense of his author, than the harmony of his periods. Perry, in his *Treatise on Rhetoric*, in the Welsh language, printed about the conclusion of the seventeenth century, occasionally has several very musical periods. Lewis of Caio, the father of the late vicar of that parish; and the editor of a collection of Welsh poems, called *Flores Poetarum Britannicorum*, published an excellent *Treatise on Natural Philosophy*, in the language of the principality, which he modestly called, *Briwsion*

*oddiar fwrdd y dysgidigion*, or *Fragments from the Table of the Literati*. It is an admirable epitome of every thing that is valuable in the philosophical discoveries of the last and preceding century, and is as much admired for the beauty of its language, as the compendious fecundity of its pages, while its style seems as artless, as its contents are useful. Theophilus Evans, in his historical treatise, called *Drych y prif oesoedd*, or a *View of the Earlier Ages*, has several beautiful periods, though from the general negligence of his manner, they seem the production of chance, rather than the effect of any regular design. In several theological, scientific, and miscellaneous productions, which have lately made their appearance, many passages occur, that seem not to have been composed with much attention to elegance of diction, or softness of sound, and which yet hardly appear inferior in smoothness of language and tunefulness of periods, to any thing the most elegant Italian authors can boast. The third *Vision of Bardd Cwsg*, or the *Visions of the Bard*, opens with a beautiful period which has been deservedly admired, and frequently imitated. But this evidently was the effect of labour, and



a correct and cultivated taste. It is a description of spring. The scene is placed near the banks of the Severn, and the author seems to have called forth all the powers of his pen to paint the brilliancy of the prospect, the verdure of the meads, the music of the groves, and the genial warmth of the season. But to display the native beauties of the ancient British language, a less laboured period, will give a juster though a simpler representation of the softness it possesses, and the uncultivated charms it is endowed with. Near the beginning of the first vision the author describes himself as having been surprised by the resistless influence of the soporific powers, and humourously adds "ae ynghysgod  
 "blinder daeth fy Mr. Cwsgyn  
 "lledradaidd i'm rhwymo, ai  
 "di agori adau plwm fe gloes  
 "ffenestri fy llygaid, a'm holl  
 "synwyran craill yu dynn  
 "ddiogel. Etto gwaith ofer  
 "oedd iddo geisio cloi'r Enaid,  
 "a fedr fyw a thrafaelio heb y  
 "corph."—"Under covert of fatigue, Morpheus slily approached, and bound me with his usual expedition, and with the leaden power of his keys, he closed the windows of my visual chambers, and effectually locked up all my faculties. But he found it a vain attempt to

endeavour to confine the soul, which without the assistance of the body knows well how to enjoy itself, to change its situation, and expatiate at pleasure." In this sentence, which certainly was written without any attention to harmony of words, the expressions *agoriadau*, *synwyrae*, *rhwymo*, *travailio*, &c. are as musical as any expressions the Italian can boast, while had the intention been to avoid every inharmonious sound, *llygaid* might have been changed for *golygon*, and *daeth fy Mr. Cwsgyn lledradaidd*, d for yna deuar Dwiau'r Cysgu, dan ddistawi, rcwbl o'u deutu." For so copious is the language, that for every object several different expressions present themselves, and a writer who is attentive to the strength or beauty of his style, may at pleasure render his sentences expressive as the Greek, rough as the German, lively as the French, or soft and harmonious as the Italian.

But here it may be naturally asked if the Cambro-British language be so remarkable for the smoothness and harmony of its periods, by what unfortunate concurrence of circumstances has it happened, that most of the critics who have had occasion to mention it, have

have generally conspired to represent it as a rough and inelegant language. To this it may be answered, that too many persevere in maintaining the opinions of their predecessors, without examination and without reflection, while others presume to judge of a language without acquiring any knowledge of it; and because to adapt the sound to the English characters, several letters may sometimes be used to express a single syllable; they hastily conclude, that the ancient British must be rough and its periods inharmonious. But the fact on the contrary is, that no language can naturally be softer or more musical, and that it has cost the exertion of the first-rate talents for many centuries, to give it the roughness it now apparently wears, in some modern compositions. From the number of words terminating in vowels, the formation of the plural, by the addition of another syllable with a vocalic termination, and the graceful fall of the accent in most words on the penultima, the natural tendency of the language seemed to be to tenderness and harmonious cadences. The bards of a martial people, therefore, that effeminate sounds might not weaken the warlike energy of their youth, laboured to give

their composition all the force and masculine expression in their power, and for many centuries to produce a soft and tender period among some of the Celtic tribes, would have been deemed as disgraceful, as it would have been considered among some ancient states to have added another string to the lyre. Tacitus describes the whole line while rushing forward to action, as repeating in concert some martial composition of their divinely-inspired bards, and as forming their opinions of the success of the battle, from the thunder of its sound, and the rapturous lightening it shot through their bosoms. — “Ituri in prælia canunt, sunt illis hæc quoque carmina, quorum relatu quem *barditum* vocant, accendunt animos, futuræ que pugnæ fortunam ipso cantu augurantur, terrent enim, trepidant, prout sonnit aises, nec tam voces illæ, quam virtutis consensus videntur, affectatur præcipue asperitas soni, et fractum murmur, objectis ac os scutis, quo plenior et gravior, vox reperiussa intumescat.” “When they march to battle, they rouse their souls to valour, by singing as in general concert, some verses composed by those whom they call bards; and they conjecture the success of the day, from the  
force

force and energy of their warlike song. And they strike terror, or are seized with trepidation, as the musical thunder of the line sounds feebly, or echoes tremendously; nor does that concert seem so much an exertion of their voices, as an essay of their valour, and a prelude to the battle. They particularly affect asperity and roughness of sound, a broken and frequently interrupted murmur, and they apply their shields to their mouths that the reverberation of their rough notes, may cause the natural force of their voices to seem louder and more terrible. The same extraordinary partiality for asperity of language, has continued from that period to the present, and in a tongue remarkable for its harmonious expressions, and tuneful periods, to produce compositions distinguished for their energy, their terrific cadences, and heroic and enthusiastic spirit, was considered as a proof of genius and an indication of a correct taste. Gwilym's celebrated Ode, at the repetition of which by a datgeiniwr or rhapsodist, his poetical rival Rhys Meigen, fell down and instantly expired, is as remarkable for the roughness of its verse, as for the extravagant sublimity of its fancy. It has generally been known by the name of the Test of So-

briety, because it was deemed impossible that any person unless he were perfectly sober, and capable of correctly exerting all the organs of speech, could ever accurately rehearse it. The late Rees Jones, Esq. of Blaenau, who was much admired for his bardic compositions, and who, a few years since, died at a very advanced age in the mountainous parts of Caernarvon, published a quarto volume of what he called, the Achievements of the Bards, in which are some poetical pieces of great antiquity, remarkable for the asperity and studied difficulty of the composition. *Rhymm*, in the Celtic language, meant to grow stiff, as from the effect of cold or dreadful horror, and the Runic or Rynnic verses of which so much has been said, were some of these difficult poetical compositions, deemed impossible to have been achieved by human art, and therefore attributed to the powers of magic, the rapid repetition of which was considered as an incantation, and was supposed to strike those against whom they were directed, with stupefaction; or to petrify them with horror. But these extraordinary efforts of the bards, a race of men that dedicated their whole lives to the arts of composition, cannot surely be regarded

garded as proofs of the native roughness of the language. It is an evidence of its versatility, and not of its asperity or natural harshness. Though from its copiousness it is capable of contending in roughness with the less polished of the northern tongues, it is calculated also to vie with the Italian or any of the most admired southern languages in smoothness of sentences and elegance of sound, circumstances which forcibly speak in favour of its musical resources, and its aptitude for poetic compositions. To be able to sink with ease into the lowest and deepest notes, and rise when necessary to the highest and the most pleasing, is a stronger proof of a musical capacity, than only to possess skill enough to excel when allotted a treble part.

The astonishing extent of the Celtic tongue, and the pleasing variety it justly boasts, can only be known to those who are well acquainted with it, and are conversant in the best authors, whose works have so many centuries since, contributed to its improvements and to its honour. The copiousness of the fountain may be known in some measure by the number and the profundity of the streams that owe to it their origin. The

southern tongues are no less derived from the Celtic, than the northern; though the latter having flowed to a remoter distance from the source, have been more affected by external circumstances, by change of climate, and the influx of streams from other fountains. That most of the languages of the north were of Celtic origin, and at no very remote period, were intelligible to the inhabitants of the principality of Wales is evident from a proclamation of one of the Welsh princes, who appointed a public session of the bards, to regulate the laws of poetry and of music, to which harmonic convention, the bards of the Isle of Man, of Ireland, of Scotland, and of Scandinavia were respectively invited. Soon after that period the Welsh became a fixed language, from the number of lexicons and grammars constantly published in it, by the most learned men of their time, and the circumstances of having the sacred Scriptures translated into Welsh, and divine service regularly performed in the churches in that country for more than two centuries and a half, have greatly contributed to the stability and the general diffusion of the language. From the earliest dawn of literature, and the invention of printing, the

the Welsh students in the universities of Italy, and different seminaries of learning on the continent, had several useful books published in their native language; which prevented its fluctuation, and so firmly established it, that very little alteration hath been observed in it for the last four centuries. Some of the other northern languages have hardly been committed to writing at all, and very few books have been printed in any of them till within these two last centuries. Still the identity of the language is discernible to every scholar. Many words in the languages still spoken in Sweden and Norway correspond with the Welsh. In the Erse and the Irish the pronunciation is a little different, as the English is among the peasantry in some of the counties of England, in other respects the language is radically the same, and the inhabitants of the mountains of Wales, and of the hills of Scotland, after a few months converse, are mutually intelligible.

Soldiers of highland regiments that have settled in the principality have been known to acquire the language so completely, that they could not be distinguished from the natives; and several Irish gentlemen have noticed that their Welsh servants, when resident in a remote part of Ireland, have acquired the Irish language, in a very short period. The difference in fact is very immaterial, between the two dialects of the Celtic tongue, and is rather occasioned by the various pronunciations of certain words, from the want of frequent intercourse, and the fluctuation of the Irish language, from the decay of literature, and the sterility of popular publications, rather than any essential diversity. The words *Ysgybor*, a barn; *Tarw*, a bull; *Ysgadan*, herrings, for example, are the same in both languages, but the Irish place the accent on the last syllable, and the Welsh on the penultima. The celebrated antiquary \*, Edward Llwyd, in his *Archaiologia Bri-*

\* See *Vindication of the Celts*, 8vo. 1803, published for E. Williams, Strand, p. 144. In a conversation on the subject with a well-informed Irish gentleman, the words in both languages were allowed to be the same, for instance he called a cock *ceiliawg*, and a turkey cock, *ceiliog twrci*, and *ceiliawg ffrenig*; both which are used in Welsh, for in that language *Ffrenig*, is used for any thing large, as *cnau nuts*, *cnau Ffrenig*, French nuts, or walnuts. more words have been lost in Ireland than in Wales, from their want of books. *Cloch* a bell, is hardly known there at present, but it was formerly, for clock. *Badrig*, Patrick's Bell, is a hill of a conical form near Dublin.

Llwyd,

tannica, has from a visionary design to form a system of his own, endeavoured to point out a distinction between the two languages, but it is a distinction without a difference; for, the words he mentions as only preserved in the Irish, are Celtic words still understood in Wales, and some of them are used in common conversation in some parts of the country. The Erse, the common language of the Highlands of Scotland, appears to be less corrupted, and to bear more affinity to the Welsh, than the common Irish, as *Craig*, a rock, *môr*, for *mawr*, great; *Llong*, a vessel; *Ystraeth*, a plain or vale near the sea. The principal difference is in the mode adopted in the Highlands, of converting the Celtic P into H, as *Hib*, for *Pib*, a pipe; or more generally into a C, as *Cen-mawr*, the name of one of the kings of Scotland, for *Pen mawr*, great head, *Centire* or *Canteri*, for *Pentir*, Land's End, *Mac*, for *Mab*, a son, *Clan*, an abbreviation of plant, sons, as *Clan Mac Leod*, *Plant Mab Llwyd*, &c. At the revival of Highland literature, had the translators of the New Testament, and other authors who have published books in that language, been versed in the Cambro-British, and consulted

the Welsh dictionaries, their works would have been better understood, and would have appeared less unlike the publications on the same subjects that have appeared in the principality of Wales. The Erse translation of the sacred Scriptures, from want of attention to this circumstance, though well understood in some parts of the Highlands, is almost unintelligible in others. A sensible minister in one of the Western Isles, used to declare, that he found reading the Erse Testament to his congregation, was of little service to them, and that he could make, by taking the Greek Testament in his hand, an extempore translation that was better understood, and had a much greater effect on them. Of what service to the rest of England would a translation of the Old and New Testament be, were it to make its appearance in the vernacular dialect of Westmoreland? As there were neither books nor manuscripts in the Erse, till of late years, the first authors in that language, wrote down the words by rote from the pronunciation of those they conversed with. Let the experiment be tried, from the pronunciation of an ignorant peasant, in any living language, and it will appear a different dialect,

calculated

calculated to baffle all etymology, and bid defiance to all criticism. A piece of music taken down by a person not very well versed in the science, from the mouth of a country singer, will make a very different appearance, and have a very different effect from the same air taken from a correct scientific copy. The Erse still boasts several pieces of composition that are very deservedly admired. The language is so beautiful, that it is difficult to write in such a manner what has been well composed in it, that it shall not retain some of its original charms. But every thing in it would be more generally admired, and the language would be less censured by strangers, were compositions of this nature offered to the public eye with less attention to particular dialects, and with more liberal views of contributing to the improvement of the Celtic tongue in general, removing its corruptions, and clearing up its obscurities. But the ruin of the Gallic tribes, was their division among themselves, and the same error, and a similar fatality seems to attend the patrons of their re-

spective dialects. Less narrow-minded jealousy, and more generous efforts towards the general knowledge of the language, might tend to render it a more favourite object of inquiry, and might materially contribute to the development of the antiquities, the elucidation of the languages, and the illustration of the History of Europe. The language of the Isle of Man does not differ very materially from the Welsh. The Norwegians during their residence in this island left some vestiges of their dialect, in other respects the Manks greatly resembles the Erse; in the course of a late Tour through the Isle of Man, the names of places were found to be the same in general with those in Wales, as the town of Pyle\*, corresponding with Pyle in Glamorganshire, &c. The common names of most things appeared to be Welsh, with a very trifling variation. A shepherd employed in raising a turf fence, was asked what he called the spade he held in his hand, answered *pheil*, *pâl*, is the Welsh word, which by mutation becomes *phâl*, as *eiphâl*, her spade. A literary gentleman in the island,

\* Douglas town, is from *Dou* or *dú*, black, and *Glds*, dark blue, a name given the Douglas family from their dark and black complexion, from whom the town had its name.

engaged in composing a dictionary of their language, was at a loss to discover the etymology of *Cencote* their term for Whitsunday, and of *Wilie Nollig*, their phrase for Christmas; he had written to Smith of Campbell Town, the translator of several pieces from the *Erse*, and to several other critics in that language, and had had no satisfactory answer. It was suggested to him that *Cencote*, might be only a corruption of *Pencote*, the *P* being changed into a *C*, as is commonly the case with many of the Celtic words; and *Pencote*, (by syncope and the effect of a rapid and careless pronounciation) for *Pentecost*, the proper name for that festival; and that *Wiliau Nollig*, might be a corruption of *Wiliau* or *Gwiliau* y \* *Nadolig*, the Welsh name for the Christmas Holidays, in which language, *Gwiliau*, (by mutation *Wyliau*) implies vigils or holidays, and *Nadolig*, belonging to the Nativity, which by syncope might be easily abbreviated into *Nollig*, the term

used in the vernacular language of the Isle of Man. He was struck with the force of these observations, acknowledged his sense of their propriety, lamented his ignorance of the language of the principality, and expressed a wish to be furnished with a dictionary and a grammar of that copious dialect of the Celtic, which he was persuaded would materially contribute to the illustration of the language of his native island.

At the end of Martin's Voyage, into the Western Isles, a list is given of *Erse* words corresponding with the Welsh, and an explanation of the mutation of consonants generally adopted in the northern dialects of the Celtic, which has occasioned the languages of different districts to appear remoter from each other than they really are.

The Cornish dialect is at present nearly extinct. Two manuscripts in this language are still preserved in the Bodleian library at Oxford, and

\* *Nadolig*, is derived from the verb *geni*, to be born; from whence *genedigol*, about to be born, and *genedigolig*, belonging to what may be about to be born, are formed; *Genedigolig*, is by Syncope, converted, *euphonie* *Gratid*, into *Gennadolg*, and *genadolg*, by Aphæresis into *nadolig*; these mutations are mentioned, because if properly attended to, they will prove a clue that will, through the labyrinth of modern etymology, lead to the derivation of many northern words, that through ignorance of the Celtic are frequently falsely interpreted and erroneously written.



Lluwd in his *Archaiologia* has given a dictionary of the language. He has likewise inserted in the same work a pretty copious dictionary of the Armoric dialect, or the language of Bretagne, in France, which with the exception of the obtrusion of the letter Z into the place of dd, and some other trifling variations, can hardly be said to differ from the dialect of the Celtic prevalent in the principality of Wales. The inhabitants of this part of France frequently trade to South-Wales for coals, &c. and are able to converse with the natives with a considerable degree of facility, they often humorously claim kindred with them, and consider them as the same people with themselves. In the course of the expedition to Belleisle in the year 1759, the Welsh soldiers in the English army were understood by the natives of Brittany, and of the neighbouring islets, and experienced several instances of friendship and humanity from them. Gascoigne is called *Gwásgwynn*, by the Welsh writers, which suggests a very plausible etymology; and the ancient British historians assert, that most of the army that attended *Cassivelaunus*

to France, consisting of sixty thousand men, settled in *Gwásgwynn*. The characteristic dialect of the province is now in a great measure vanished; or at least dwindled into a *patois* of vulgar French, but sufficient vestiges of it remain to prove that it was anciently of Celtic origin. Languedoc is a Welsh name, as are many names of families and places in that part of the country; the *Cevennes* mountains in that province evidently derive their appellation from the Celtic word *Cevn*, a back or ridge of hills, Provence retained, till of late years, much of the Welsh or Gallic language, and many of the Celtic customs. The *Troubadours* or Provencal and Spanish bards, were unquestionably the descendants of the Cimbri and Celtic bards, and like them courted the sister arts of music and poetry. Among the hills which separate France from Spain, are several remains of Celtic tumuli, and druidical altars, and in the dialect of the inhabitants may be discovered evident traces of the Celtic language. But before we pass the \* *Pyrenees*, we may take a short view of France, and regard the vestiges of a Gallic origin, which still distinguish that na-

The Pyrenees, derive their name from the Celtic words, *pur*, clear, and  
tion.

tion. Many of the words used at present in France, were introduced into that country by the Franks, many were left there by the Romans, who during many years resided in the Gallic provinces, but more than one third, perhaps one

half of the language was a legacy left them by their ancestors the *Gauls*; the near affinity it bears to the language of the principality of Wales, may be discovered by the following short specimen of the dialect of both countries,

FRENCH.		WELSH.	
Argent,	silver,	Arian,	
Baston, (now		Pastwn, ei	
<i>Baton</i> .)	a staff,	Bastwn	his staff.
Cheval,	a horse,	Ceffyl, ei	
		cheffyl,	her horse,
Chevre,	a goat,	Gafyr or Gavr.	
Corn,	a horn,	Corn.	
Corp,	a body,	Corph.	
Couronne	a crown,	Coron.	
Courir,	to run, to wander,	Crwydro.	
Ecrivain,	a writer,	Ysgriven,	a writing.
Glaive,	a knife, or sword,	Glaiv.	
Lait,	milk,	Llaeth, by	
		mutation,	Laeth,
Livre,	a book,	Llyvr, ei	
		Lyvr,	his book.
Mois,	a month,	Mis.	
Moulin,	a mill,	Melin.	
Muet,	dumb,	Mûd.	
Payen,	a Heathen,	Pagan.	
Pelerin,	a pilgrim,	Peverin.	
Pescè,	weighed,	Pwysau,	weights.
Puttain,	a courtezan,	Puttain,	
Taureau,	a bull,	Tarw.	

ne, skyorair; Dionysius the Geographer describes the Celts as dwelling on the Pyrenees, near the source of the river Po, as he expresses it,

Τοῖς δ' ἔτι Πυρρήναιον ὄρος καὶ δάματα Κελτῶν,  
 Αγγλὸν Πηγάνον καλλιρρόον Ἡριανοῖο, &c. v. 288, &c.

Many

Many more words might have been selected, which appear to be nearly the same in both languages, but the advantage, in point of harmony and sweetness of sound, is universally admitted by those who are esteemed good judges of the subject, to be decidedly in favour of the Welsh, as may be observed by comparing words of a similar import, such as,

## FRENCH.

Merchander, to merchandize,  
Faire voile, to sail,  
Veiller, to watch,  
Benir, to bless,  
*Un boucle*

*d'argent, a silver buckle,*  
*Allez chercher Guillaume pour*  
*veiller cette nuit, Send for*  
*William to watch this night.*

## WELSH.

Marsianda.  
Hwylio.  
I wyllo.  
Bendittio, bendithio.  
Bucletrian, un buclazian.  
Halu i hô l Wili wyllo hemo.

In the following example from the divine poems of the celebrated \* Vicar of Llandovery, written about the year 1600, every word almost is French,

Sonied marsiand am varsianda,  
Sonied morwr am yr India,  
A sonied cybydd am ei gist,  
Ond sonied Cristian byth am grist.

Of their rich merchandize let merchants boast,  
Let sailors boast of either India's coast,  
Let misers boast the countless sums they hoard,  
Yet, let not Christian's boast, but of their Lord.

\* This example is chosen, because the late Rev. Evan Evans, author of *Dissertatio de Bardis*, Specimen of Welsh Poetry, &c. who certainly must be allowed to have been a good judge of poetic compositions, used to repeat these lines with rapture, and then clench his fist, after his manner, and exclaim, "There is poetry, Sir, you will not shew me four such artless and yet poetic lines together in all Pindar, nor indeed in any of your bards, nor in any of your boasted Grecian authors." It is extraordinary that the Vicar of Llandovery, the Rev. Rees Prichard, M. A. should not be mentioned in the Cambrian Biography. No book has ever been so popular as the Vicar's Poems, every peasant in Wales has them by heart. They were translated into English about 1776, but the adoption of the quaint title prefixed to them in Oliver's time, spoiled the sale.

It is impossible in any language to give the force and beauty of the original within the compass of four lines, the French however will admit of almost a literal translation, as, *les soins d'un marchand sent de marchander*, &c. but in point of softness and melliflence of sound, it will not admit of a comparison with the Cambro-British. The French affect to despise every antiquated expression, and to condemn it as *gaulois*, or Gallic; but it appears that the best and most harmonious part of the language is Gallic, and that it has not improved much by the verbal importation made by the Franks, nor by the abbreviation of words borrowed from the Latin; and that the stock of words left them for their portion by their Celtic ancestors, forms the best part of their

philological stores. Voltaire did as much injury to the language, as he did to the morals of the country, though otherwise a man of genius. The absurd practice of writing every word as it is pronounced has obscured the etymology, and barbarized the sound of half the language, by giving the words borrowed from the Latin and other sonorous languages that minced curtailed form, resembling the broken imperfect speech of French children of the last age. It is difficult for this reason to trace at present the derivation of many words, *mouton*, for instance, was anciently written *moulton*, a sheep, which is evidently a diminutive from the Celtic word *moult*, or *mold*, a sheep or *weather*. Gwilym in one of his poems has,

O gron mollt i grino mys,

Nor shame my fingers with a sheep-skin glove.

Still, however, (notwithstanding these modern revolutions in orthography,) manifest marks of the effects of a Celtic descent may be observed in the *patois* of every province, especially towards the Pyrenees and the Cevennes Mountains. Many of these provinces retain the

Gallic language, particularly on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees, where the Celtiberians once resided. The common language of Galicia, and of Biscay, is in a great measure Celtic, and whatever difference of tongue may be observed to prevail in those districts, is more occasioned

occasioned by ignorance, and a corrupt vicious pronunciation, than the admixture of any foreign dialect. The Spanish language itself, is to a considerable extent Celtic, a few words in it are derived from the Arabic, a great number from the Latin, and nearly all the rest of the language from the Celtic; the same may be observed of the Portuguese, with the exception,

that there is a less admixture of Moorish and Arabic words in the language of Portugal.

The following short specimen may serve to shew the similarity the modern Spanish bears to the ancient Celtic, and the manifest superiority of the latter, in point of softness and melliflence of sound.

## SPANISH.

Acea,	hither,
Cavallo,	a horse,
Escala,	a ladder,
Estrada,	a street,
Estudar,	to study,
Espiga,	an ear of corn,
Guaye,	woe,
Ladron,	a thief,
Llena,	filling,
Llamar,	to call aloud,
Luvia,	rain,
Lluevo,	to rain,
Nocke,	night,
Pala,	a spade,
Pared,	a wall,
Peccador,	a sinner,
Pella,	a ball,
Pescador,	a fisherman,
Quescar,	to make cheese,
Rueda,	a wheel,
Truhan,	a buffoon,
Estender cas velas,	to spread sails,
Pella a la pared,	the ball to the wall,
una noche es pade Pec- dores,	the night is the cloak of sinners,

## CELTIC.

Acew.	
Ceffylau,	horses.
Ysgol.	
Ystradau.	
Astudio.	
Ysbigau,	sheaves.
Gwae.	
Ladron,	thieves.
Llanw,	to fill.
Llavaru,	to speak aloud.
} Glawio,	to rain.
Nôs.	
Palau,	spades.
Pared.	
Pechadur.	
Pelau	balls.
Pysgodwyr,	fishermen.
Cawsu,	to turn to cheese.
Rhodau,	wheels.
Truan,	a poor fellow.
Ystymu'r hwyr liau.	

*Pelau at y pared.*

*Y nôs wisg gopa Pecaduriaid.*

From

From these examples it will appear evident that the Spanish bears great resemblance to the ancient Celtic, and that it still retains the Celtic sound of the Ll, which is not now preserved in any other European language, except in the Ll of the Welsh, and the Gl of the Italians. The similarity is very striking in several other respects between the Spanish and the Welsh, and no cultivated modern language retains so many Celtic words, or so much of the Celtic style and manner, unless perhaps the Italian. The poetic compositions of Spain

evidently bear a greater resemblance to the ancient British poems, than those of any other nation, except the productions of the Italian muse. The species of poetry called romance among the Spaniards is not dissimilar to the style adopted in the *Pennillion*, and the most popular metres current among the inhabitants of Wales. Some of the Vicar of Landover's poems, though on religious subjects, are, many of them, precisely in the Spanish style, as the celebrated song on the Nativity—

Awn i Veth'lem, bawb dan gânu,  
Neidio, dawnsiaa divyru, &c.  
Awn bob Cristion i' gyvlwyno,  
Ac i rod-di golwg arno, &c.

To Bethlem's precincts let us throng  
With sacred joy, and dance, and song,  
To see the Saviour of the earth  
To whom this happy morn gave birth.  
Thither their hearts, let Christians bring,  
As offerings to their heavenly king, &c.

In traversing the coast from the Spanish territories towards the confines of Italy, many places and objects present themselves, which recal to the mind the transactions of former ages, the residence of the Celts, or the Celtiberi, in Spain, and in the south of France, the monuments that remain of their

power, and the vestiges still discernible of their customs and of their language. The etymology of several places in these provinces hath long puzzled the geographers. The name of the people called *Arverni*, has not been satisfactorily accounted for, but the Celtic offers a ready explication in *Ar ærni*, the

tribes residing on the swamps and marshy grounds; the name of the river Rhone has been supposed to be derived from a Greek word implying agitation. A Greek colony it is true, once settled at Marseilles, but is it probable that they should give name to a river, whose source was at so great a distance from them, *pursued the tenor of its way* through many nations, and most probably had its name long before it reached their vicinity? And does not the derivation itself, of Rhone from *ῥοδαῖος*, appear forced and unnatural? Does it not seem more probable from its rapidity in some places, and meandering course and circling eddies in others, that it received the name Rhoden, or Rhodanus, that is the circling river, from this circumstance, especially when we find a town called Rhodau, or the Meanders, (in latin Rhoda,) mentioned by \*Pliny, as having been built on its banks.

Very high hills, as those of Scotland, were called Alban by the Celts, from ban, a hill, and al, very high, or elevated. The Alps probably derive their name from this source, as the Appennine hills, may from the Gallic word pen, a head, or the sum-

mit of a mountain. But of the names of places in this part of Europe derived from the Celtic, Pezron is very plausibly ingenious, and what may have escaped his diligence may be found among the fruit of our countryman, Baxter's Researches. Many of their derivations however may be only the productions of a warm imagination, for what so uncertain as etymological conjectures? But the extent of the Celtic possessions in these districts, and their long residence in them, give to the derivations from their language more consistency and verisimilitude. The descent of much of the language of these parts from the Celtic, though like the Rhone it may have been enriched by other streams in its course, appears to be a very probable and rational conjecture, and that the observation has not often been made, is because the ancient British language is not so much studied, or so well understood, as from its copiousness and its beauties, it appears amply to deserve.

A considerable portion of the languages of the southern parts of Europe, may be more immediately derived from the La-

\* Vide Pliny's Natural History, Book iii, chap iv.

tin, but it is not certain but that the Latin itself may be descended from the Celtic. We have the testimony of the best Latin authors themselves, that many words in their language are of Celtic or Gallic origin;

Bardus is mentioned by Lucan as if taken from the bardd or bard of the Celts, basgauda, a basket, is acknowledged by Martial to be borrowed from the British.

Barbara de pictis veni bascauda Britannis,

Sed me jam mavult dicere Roma suam. MARTIAL.

Baskets were first in happier Britain found,

But vain Rome claims what naked Briton's own'd.

Essedum, a chaise, from *cis-edd*, now pronounced eistedd, to sit, is considered both by Cæsar and Virgil as a Gallic or Belgic term, Belgica—feret esseda collo, and bear the Belgic chariot on his neck. VIRG.

Caballus, from *ceffyl* a horse; carrus, from the Welsh car, a carr; covinus, a waggon, from *covain*, to carry as in a waggon; cerevisia, from *cwrw*, ale; Druides, from Derwyddes, Druids, mentioned by Cæsar and Pliny, and several others; and rheda, a swift travelling chariot, from *rhéd* or *rhedeg*, to run, are words universally acknowledged to be of Celtic origin. It is a circumstance well known to those who are in the least acquainted with the Latin classics, that the catalogue of Latin words derived from the Celtic might be swollen to a considerable magnitude. These words and many

more occasionally mentioned by Latin authors, are still used in the language of the principality of Wales, precisely in the sense in which they were applied in the days of Julius Cæsar, a proof that the language has continued at least eighteen centuries, without any visible alteration. And as there are no profane historical records that ascend above eight or nine hundred years higher, and as nothing occurs in them that tends to contradict the account the Celts generally gave of their origin, it is presumable that their history is founded in truth, and that their language is at least of as great antiquity as any European language; and that certainly can be considered as no other than a copious source, that could enrich the Latin, and give birth to almost all the languages of Europe.



The \*Cimbri at a very early period, were a very powerful Celtic tribe, and in the time of Metellus and Marius nearly overran all Italy. And in a still remoter age the Gauls endangered Rome, at which period one of their principal leaders was Brân, or Brennus, a name still not uncommon in the principality of Wales, as *Glan Brân*, &c. and frequently mentioned in the historical collections of the country. In the time of Tacitus, the Cimbri, the Longobardi, the Bori, the Boreini, &c. and the other Celtic and Gallic tribes occupied a very considerable part of Germany. It is not improbable therefore that most of the languages of the north were derived from the same source, and had flowed for a long period in the same channel, till by diverting to the regions of the north, and traversing a different climate, and being removed to an immense distance, the language in process of time became vitiated, and the manners of the people who spoke it varied and estranged. Bronhornius was so fully convinced that many words in the Dutch language were derived from a

Celtic source, that he some years since published in Holland a quarto edition of Dr. Davies's Welsh and Latin Dictionary, with the intention had he lived, of promoting enquiries after Gallic antiquities, and creating a taste for Druidical researches. And Dr. Johnson was so fully persuaded that a considerable portion of the English language is derived from the Celtic, that prior to his great literary enterprize of compiling his English Dictionary, he resolved to acquire a competent knowledge of the Welsh language, and was so far a master of it, that, during his tour through North Wales, when a person hesitated, and blundered in attempting to translate a Welsh epitaph to him, the doctor observing his confusion, said mildly—"Yes, Sir, I perceive clearly what you would say," and gave himself a very correct and elegant version of it.

What has been said of the English and the Dutch may be applicable to the Saxon and the German, many words are of Gallic origin, and many of their customs betray a Celtic connection. The Teutonic dia-

\* The Cimbri, says Tacitus, occupy that part of Germany which borders on the ocean, they form at present no very extensive state, but the glory they have acquired is immense, and many vestiges of their ancient fame and ancient prowess still remain. *Tacitus on the Manners of the Germans.*

lects may be remoter than most of the southern languages from the common Celtic source, they may have, while so long exposed to the cold regions of the north, have received some external impressions, which may have given them a different appearance, but the nature of the stream is the same, and the qualities it possesses are not dissimilar. Whoever, that is at all conversant in the ancient British language, carefully examines the Gothic Gospel, or any book written in the languages considered as derived from the Gothic, will be surprised at the number of \*Celtic words that perpetually occur, and will be convinced of the truth of Tacitus's assertion, whatever some modern system-mongers may have dreamed to the contrary, that the Goths were of Gallic origin, "*Gothnios Gallica lingua coarguit non esse Germanos.*" But the lively Gallic stream seems frozen in its course, the words no longer terminate in vowels, no vocalic terminations distinguish the plural number of nouns, or the infinitive of verbs. Every word

is abbreviated, and divested of every ornament, and neither in their inflections, or usual grammatical variations do they admit of any harmonious modulation. Nothing but what bare necessity requires is attended to. It is no more the language of men basking in the sunshine of plenty, indulging themselves in luxury, and amusing themselves with the harmony of numbers and the melody of sweet sounds, but the †dialect of men driven by their enemies to the dreary forests of the north, where fatigued with the labours of the chase, and harrassed with the vicissitudes of war, they find it difficult to provide themselves with the necessary articles of subsistence, and constantly occupied, they seldom speak, but when imperious necessity requires, and then but in few words, and in the roughest and most uncultivated manner. The body of the language in point of substance is still the same; its rougher dress, and total neglect of all ornament, renders its appearance certainly different, still its prominent features betray its Cel-

\* For a proof that many words in the Gothic Gospels are of Celtic origin, let any person, conversant in both languages, consult Junius's Glossary at the end of the Gothic Gospels, and he will be convinced of the truth of this observation.

† The Russ language has several Celtic words, and many names of men and places bear a striking resemblance to the Welsh. A Russian Prince, nearly related to the Emperor, was called Ivan, and one of the Admirals in favour with the Empress Catherine II. was Taliezin.

tic origin, and its alliance to that found in request among the different Gallic tribes. The Gothic, the Teutonic, and all the languages derived from them were late ere they were committed to writing, had they been systematically studied and correctly written at an earlier period, the dissimilarity between them and the Celtic, would have been less perceptible, and the difficulties attending the investigation of their origin less considerable.

The Saxons on their arrival in Britain in the sixth century, were totally ignorant of letters. They acquired in process of time much of the learning, as well as most of the possessions of the Britons; and the alphabet they adopted was that anciently in use among the Welsh, and still preserved among the Irish. Most of the Welsh \*manuscripts, till the invention of printing, were written in what has been very erroneously called the Saxon character. In descending from the forests of the north towards the mountains of Thrace and Thessaly, many vestiges of the Celtic language

are discernible, as the *bastarnæ*, from *bâdsarnau*, oescus from *wysg*, water; *toui*, from *tovi* or *towi*; the name of a Celtic or British river. Pella, the furthest town of Macedonia on the bay of Thessalonica, from *pella*, furthest. Rhæsus, mentioned by Homer as a Thracian prince that had marched to the aid of the Trojans, seems to have been a prince of the Celtic name of Rhÿs; Troy itself is derived from *Troi*, to turn, or from *tro* a turn. It is remarkable that the shepherds on the mountains of Wales †, still form with their knives on the turf a representation of the streets of Troy, full of windings and various turnings. The names of many places in Thessaly and Greece are of Celtic or Gallic origin. Some Grecian tribes were anciently called *Gallo Graci*. The Greek language seems to be either a derivative from the Celtic, or to have sprung originally from the same stock. A list of Greek words, bearing a near affinity to the Welsh, may be seen at the end of the Vindication of the Celts. The list however might have been ren-

\* See Ed. Llwyd's *Archæologia Britannica* on this subject. An ancient copy of Ovid's works in Latin, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, has an explanation of the difficult words in Welsh, written in this character. An old Welsh manuscript, called the Red Book of Hergest, is partly written in this character.

† See *Cambrian Popular Antiquities*, 8vo. p. 212.

dered much more copious. There is an extraordinary circumstance relative to the derivation of several Greek words, which if the language be not a dialect of the Celtic it will be difficult to account for. Most of the Greek primitives correspond with words of a similar sound, and of the same import in the Celtic language. The Greek language admits of no further derivation, while the radix may always be found in the Celtic; for instance, ὕδωρ water, Celtic, ydwr, the water. In the Celtic it is derived from dwfyr, by syncope dŵr, in Owen's Dictionary, dwfr is said to be derived from dwf, *to glide*, from whence is formed dwfyr, the glider, or the gliding element. But in Greek ὕδωρ has no certain radix. Βραχίαις, an arm, seems to be derived from the Celtic *braich*, an arm, which Mr. Owen derives from *bar* a branch, *baruach*, a high branch, plur, breichiau, branches, or arms; γαργαλίω to tickle, corrupted from the Celtic, i'gog-leisio to tickle, which is derived from the root *clais* a bruize, *cleisio*, to handle roughly, to bruise, to leave a mark; og-leisio, in construction, *gogleisio*, to handle gently, to tickle. ἔχθης, heri, yesterday, the day before yesterday, the time, from the Celtic, echdoe, the day be-

fore yesterday, which is derived from ech or uwch, prior to, and doe, yesterday, and *doe*, is formed from *do*, it is past, it is *done*. Πῦρ fire, from the Celtic *púr*, and epithet of fire, as *púr dân*, or *tân púr*, an intense fire, from *puro*, to purify. It would be too tedious to enumerate all the Greek words that appear to correspond in their import, as well as to assimilate in sound, with those in the Celtic language. The Gallic student in perusing the Greek primitives, finds his memory assisted, by recollecting the meaning of words that bear the greatest resemblance to them in his own language; and is surprized to find that they can be traced no further in the Greek, but that the root is almost always to be found in the Celtic. Etymologies may be sometimes uncertain, and may at other times be pursued beyond the verge of probability, but the correspondence between the Greek primitives, and their *radices* in the Celtic language appears so natural, and is so well connected, that it recalls to mind the remarks of ancient historians relative to the *Galligræci* in Europe, and the *Gallati* in Asia Minor. Nor are the remarks new that have been made in the preceding pages relative to the beauties of the Welsh language,

guage, its softness has been shewn to be not inferior to the Italian, and its comprehensive energy said to be not inferior to the Greek. The author of the Letters from Snowdon observes of the ancient British language, that *notwithstanding the multiplicity of gutturals and consonants with which it abounds, it has the softness and harmony of the Italian, with the majesty and expression of the Greek.* The prejudice that has unaccountably prevailed, relative to the number of gutturals and the multiplicity of consonants, it is presumed has been removed by the observations in the preceding pages; the justice of the other remarks of the author of the letters, with regard to the energy and harmony of the language, is evident from the concurrent testimony of every scholar conversant in other languages, and not ignorant of that of the principality of Wales.

From this cursory view of the history, the topography, and the different dialects of Europe, it would appear probable that the Celts, the Gauls, the Longobardi, the Cimbri, and

the other Celtic tribes, under different denominations, at some remote period overran almost all Europe. The Greeks call the Cimbri *Κυμρίοι*, and the Welsh still distinguish themselves by the name of Cymry. In construction the initials of words are known to be mutable as *i Gymry*, which Pezron and some other etymologists derive from Gomer, the son of Japhet, and contend that he was the father of *Holl Gymry*, or all the Cimbri, and that from them, when divided in process of time, into different sects and tribes, using the same language, but for want of intercourse, varying considerably in its dialects. Whatever truth there may be in this hypothesis, it is remarkable that the *radix* of most words in every European language may be found in the Welsh, while though a considerable similarity subsists between it and the Hebrew, the roots of no Hebraic words are to be found in it, but the roots of most of the ancient British, or real Welsh words, may be regularly traced in the Hebrew, as may be instanced in the few following examples:

## WELSH.

Ysu,	to burn,
Tân ysol,	consuming fire,
Mam,	a mother,

## HEBREW.

{	שם	fire.
	אם	a mother.

## WELSH.

WELSH.		HEBREW.	
Pori, i bori,	to graze,	כָּעַר	to graze.
Iwbwb,	a cry of distress	יָכַב	to cry aloud.
Bara,	bread,	כֹּרֶחַ	pure wheat.
Dodi,	to place, to thrust,	דָּדַ	to thrust forward.
Chwalu,	to pierce after, to bruise,	חָלַ	to pierce.
Cesail,	the arm pit,	סָסַל	the flank.
Neges,	a business, a task,	נָגַשׁ	a task-master.
Sidan,	silk,	סִדָּן	loose dresses.
Obru,	below,	עָבַר	beyond.
Palu,	to separate the earth, to dig,	פָּלַח	to separate.
Pared,	a partition	פָּרַד	to divide פָּרַד.
Yspio,	to overlook a prospect,	עָפָה	to overlook, to view.
Saer,	a carpenter,	יָעַר	to form, to fashion.

To increase this catalogue would have been an easy task. Scarce a Hebrew root can be discovered, that does not boast its corresponding derivative in the ancient British language. A list of these words would be too uninteresting, many of them may be found in Rowland's *Mona Antiqua*, in Dr. Davies's *Welsh and Latin Dictionary*, in Richards's *Welsh and English Dictionary*, printed at Bristol about the year 1750; and in several other philological Works, in which the affinity the Welsh bears to the Hebrew language is strenuously contended for. But is not only the words

themselves that indicate a similarity between the two languages; their variations and inflexions afford a much stronger proof of affinity. In the Celtic as well as in the Hebrew the cases and gender of nouns are distinguished by affixes and prefixes, as פֶּה a head; רִאשִׁי, my head; Celtic, *pen*, a head; *peni*, or *wheni*, my head; שָׂק, a sack; שָׁקִי, my sack; שָׁקוֹ, his sack; Celtic, *sack*, a sack; *sachi* or *vy sachi*, my sack; *ei sacho*, his sack, &c. The Welsh (like the Hebrew) often distinguishes the genders, by a change of the prefixes, as Hebrew, חֵצֶה, a portion; Welsh, *forcyn*,

forcyn, ei thoccyn, her proportion, ei docyn, his proportion, &c. The plural number of nouns likewise is formed often in a similar manner in the Celtic, by adding in (a contraction of *en*) to the singular, as *deri*, oaks; *cewri*, giants, &c. In the formation of the different tenses and conjugation of verbs the same similarity is still observable. The Welsh in conformity with its prototype, the Hebrew, has no present tense. So rapid is the motion of time that the moment that was represented as future, may often be regarded as passed, while we are yet speaking of it. It is remarkable that at the commencement of the apostolical creed in the Celtic or Welsh language, the future tense is used instead of the present, *credaf yn nuw ddad*, &c. I *will* believe in God the Father. When absolute necessity requires that the present tense should be used, it is not unusual to have recourse to a circumlocution, and to introduce the auxilliary verb, *yr wyf*, I am, *yr wyfi fi yn credu*, *yrwyti*, *yn credn*, I am in believing, thou art in believing, or in the action of believing. The paragogic syllable *wn*, as in Hebrew and the oriental languages, is frequently added in Welsh to words to convey an

idea of intensesness or energy, as *caru*, to love; *carwn*, I would love ardently. To form passive verbs *n* is likewise prefixed to the active, as *curo* to beat, *ve nghurwyd*, I was beaten. The conjugation *hithpael*, or *etpol*, as it is denominated by some grammarians, though represented by many critics as peculiar to the Hebrew, is likewise used in the ancient British, and is formed in a similar manner by prefixing a syllable to the theme of the verb, as *golchi*, to wash; *ymolchi*, to wash one self, to bathe; *blino*, to vex; *ymflino*, to vex one's self; the prefixed syllable communicating to the verb a reflective force, not dissimilar to the middle voice of the Greeks. In the formation of sentences, and the government of words in construction, the agreement of the adjective with the substantive, the precedence of the latter, the usual exceptions to this rule, and to that of verbs plural governed by nominatives singular, the Welsh so exactly corresponds with the Hebrew that the same syntax might serve for both. From these circumstances, and the general affinity observed to subsist between the two languages, the sacred Scriptures appear with greater felicity and more unaffected beauty in the Welsh than

than in any modern translation. The similarity to the original is so remarkable, that the Hebrew idioms are without violence retained in the ancient British version. In the passage in Gen. ii. 17, rendered in English *thou shalt surely die*, the Welsh preserves the oriental idiom, *dying thou shalt die*. In all other instances, the eastern phraseology appears with all its native ease and elegance in the Celtic dress, as in Gen. vii. 13. the Hebrew phrase, *within the body of that day*, is in Welsh literally rendered, *o vewn corph y dydd hwnw*, which the English idiom not admitting of, has been translated, *in the self-same day*. In Kings, xiv. 5, where the wife of King Jeroboam is represented disguising herself, the Welsh in conformity with the Hebrew, having recourse to a reciprocal or reflective verb, not dissimilar in sound to the original uses, only one word, *hi ymddieithra*, to express which the English version is under the necessity of expending seven or eight words, *and she shall feign herself to be another woman*. To enumerate all the beauties of the ancient British version, would be an almost impracticable task, and the appearance of Walter's Essay on the Welsh language, in which many of them are very happily dis-

played, has rendered it in a great measure unnecessary. From the affinity of the languages, the closeness of the translation, and the number of manuscript copies consulted in the course of the work, the ancient British or Welsh version may well be esteemed as by far the most valuable that has appeared in any European language, and might be advantageously consulted by the biblical critic, even when access may be had to the Arabic, the Syriac, and the other oriental versions. For as the idioms of the original are all preserved, the translation, though literal, appears easy and unconstrained; it often displays great felicity, and almost always betrays vestiges of great labour and intense application. It seems faithful, and even elegant, but differs not unfrequently, on less momentous occasions, from most modern versions. It throws a light on many obscure passages of Scripture, which the faint lustre of other translations has left as abstruse as ever. It is a western luminary, a splendid evening star, which though late in its appearance, illumines the hemisphere deserted by more glaring lights. It is a light which still shines with splendour, and may be approached without danger, and its friendly aid



aid requested without apprehension of its leading the enquirer after truth astray. It borrows its splendour from the original, and reflects on it again with peculiar felicity the light that had been borrowed from it, and therefore is a better medium through which to view obscure passages, than dead languages now rarely spoken, and but imperfectly understood.

In Ames' History of Printing, a remark from ignorance of the language, is injudiciously made, which, if true, might tend much to the discredit of the Welsh translation of the sacred Scriptures. In the first folio edition of the Welsh Bible, published in Queen Elizabeth's reign, 1588. The expression, Rev. v. 8, having *each of them harps and golden vials full of odours*, is rendered *a chan bob un o honynt yr oedd telynau, a chrythau aur, yn llawn o arogl dardh*; as *crwth*, in the plural *crythau*, often in Welsh implies a crowd, or ancient violin; it is satirically hinted by Ames, in a note, that the translators of the Welsh Bible were incapable of rendering it immediately from the original, but that it was effected through the medium of the English version, and that the word *vials* being mistaken

for *viols*, the Cambro British critics rendered it at once *crythau*, or *violins*.

Dr. Llywelyn in his elaborate Essay on the different editions of the Welsh Bible, very feebly endeavours to repell the force of this sally, by representing *crythau* as a typographical error, and discovers much ingenuity in attempting to show how naturally the compositor might have been led into such a mistake. Had the doctor been a profounder critic in his own language, he might with less ingenuity have found a more satisfactory apology for the translators of the Welsh Bible.

In the first volume of Tom Warton's History of English Poetry, the note inserted in Ames' History of Printing, is copied verbatim. It appeared too curious an anecdote to be omitted by the facetious Laureate; but willing to represent himself as a man of extensive erudition, he wished to have the credit of being deeply versed in the Celtic language; and therefore took care not to mention the source from whence he drew his observation, but passed the information on his reader as his own. His ignorance of the language however marred the whole plot.

For

For *Ames* in his note having erroneously written the word *crythan* instead of *crythau*, Tom Warton (though he did not quote his author) in copying the note, copied likewise the literal error. The laugh he has attempted to excite will, therefore, be found to be only raised against himself. Had the facetious attempt proved ever so successful, its effects could not have long prevailed; for, when the laugh had subsided, and the voice of truth was permitted to be heard, no vestige either of incorrectness or of ignorance of the original, could be justly imputed to the translators. For it is not unknown to any Welsh scholar, that *crwth*, in its primary acceptation, implies any thing concave on one side and convex on the other, and as it is not decided, what were the precise forms of the *Vials*, which St. John describes, *crythau* was considered as the most unexceptionable translation, because it implied any vessels of a concave form. The feminine of *crwth*, is used in different acceptations, as *croth y goes*, the calf of the leg, from its concavity, *croth*, the womb, &c. *crwth*, the masculine derivative, is still more extensively construed, as *crwth* a musical instrument, *cefn crwth*, a ridge of hills, *crwth pysgota*,

a small fishing vessel. In Henry Salisbury's Welsh and English Dictionary, printed in Henry VIII.'s time, a salt box is rendered *crwth halen*; the translators of the Welsh Bible most probably consulted Salisbury's Dictionary, and *crythau* appeared to them the most correct version they could give of the original. And to those who are profoundly skilled in the Celtic language, the translation will not appear incorrect, for the radical word *crwth* will undoubtedly convey the idea intended in the original expression *φιάλι*.

One of the translators of the Welsh Bible, was the celebrated Dr. Richard Davies, Bishop of St. David's, who was so eminently versed in the ancient British language, that in his youth, he contended for the poetical prize with the Welsh bards; and some stanzas on the prize subject, (the Nightingale) produced by him at an *eisteddfod* or Bardic synod, were thought to equal any of the compositions of the most esteemed writers. He was so conversant in Greek, and so much distinguished for his knowledge of the oriental languages, that Queen Elizabeth engaged him to assist in the English version of the Bible.

Another

Another of the authors of the Welsh version was Dr. William Morgan, successively Bishop of Landaff and St. Asaph, a man for his extensive erudition, and critical skill in the Oriental languages, caressed by all the literati of the time. When Vicar of Llangammarch in Caermarthen-shire, his talents attracted the attention of Dr. Goodman, then Prebendary of Westminster, who invited him to pass a few months with him at his house in London. During his visit he took an opportunity of shewing his friend and patron a translation of the Pentateuch, which he had attempted in the country. It was critically examined by competent judges, and when satisfied of its merits, Dr. Goodman had it presented by some of his literary friends to the Bishop of London. The circumstance was at length mentioned to Queen Elizabeth, who rewarded his merit (for in those days merit was rewarded) with a bishopric; and the patronage of the queen, his labours, and the assistance of his learned friends effected in process of time that wonder of Celtic literature, the elegant Welsh version of the sacred Scriptures.

Against men so highly distinguished in the ranks of liter-

ature, the shafts of ridicule are aimed in vain, they will only fall on the head of the rash assailants. Dr. John Davies, the author of the Welsh and Latin Dictionary, is said to have assisted in the correction of this edition of the Welsh Bible. The word *crythau* could not, therefore, have crept through error into the translation, but must have been chosen as the most correct construction of the original, which is evident from the circumstance of its having been rendered *phialau*, in the first translation of the New Testament, by the learned and patriotic brothers William and Henry Salisbury. But Dr. Morgan and his coadjutors thought this, apparently, an adoption of the original term, rather than a translation.

Bishop Parry, however, considering the word *crythau* as liable to a misconstruction, and as not familiarly known to the vulgar in its primary signification, how well soever the literati, and the readers of the works of the bards, might be acquainted with its radical import, determined to alter the translation in the edition of the Welsh Bible printed in the reign of King James I., and accordingly, restored the word  
*phialau*

*phialau* as more nearly allied to the Greek *φιαλαί*, and more generally understood by the inhabitants of the principality.

The error, therefore, was not in the translators of the Welsh Bible, but in the misconception of some prostituted critic,

who communicated the observation to *Ames*, to be inserted in his *History of Printing*; from whom it was copied without inquiry, and very undeservedly honoured with a place in the first volume of Warton's *History of English Poetry*.

## BIOGRAPHY.

**R**EMAINS of the lives of eminent characters have ever been considered as a most interesting part of national history. In them we read the manners, and the science, and opinions of the age in which they lived, with a precision which the larger scope of general history is frequently obliged to omit, or mark but faintly in the delineation. The experience of individuals often furnishes useful lessons to private life, and the record of talents that have done honour to a nation is a just tribute to deceased merit, and a stimulus to rising genius in successive generations. Nor is such a record less a duty of justice to the nation from whence celebrated men derive their origin, that the worth of which it has to tell may be known and felt with patriotic warmth and approbation.

In this view the memoirs of Welshmen distinguished by their genius and erudition will, we are persuaded, be acceptable to our countrymen. They will shew, that however unfavourable the remoteness of situation may appear to be to literary pursuits, and however in some cases real merit may not have been sufficiently known or encouraged, Wales may justly boast of men illustrious in every department of literature, and that their labours have in general been decisively marked by the national characteristic of benevolent and beneficial purpose.

In times of difficulty, when the liberty of the nation was at stake, learning could not be much cultivated, yet it was not lost. The nation unsubdued, however for a while oppressed, with better times resumed its  
ancient

ancient love of learning, and it was pursued with success. Its antiquities were naturally the first object, and in a knowledge of these, its history and its language, the men of learning have been profound. In later times other branches have been cultivated no less with advantage, and the names of a Pennant, a Kenyon, and a Sir W. Jones, will adorn its annals with illus-

trious memorials in the more ample page of history.

The intent of these Memoirs is to give some account of characters, the particulars of whose lives are less generally known, but which we hope will be found interesting, and excite the youth of the present day to add new names to the celebrity of ancient Britons.

## MEMORIALS OF HU GADARN.

**T**HE principal notices, respecting HU GADARN; or, *Hu, the Mighty*; are to be found in the Historical Triads, printed in the Archæology of Wales, vol. ii. and are to the following purport:—

*Triad 4. p. 57.*—The *three pillars* of the nation of the isle of *Britain* (*ynys Prydain*). First, *Hu the Mighty*, who conducted the nation of the *Cymry* into the isle of *Britain*; and from the *summer country*, which is called *Defrobani*, was their progress; that is to say, where *Constantinople* is situated; and it was over the *hazy sea* (German Ocean) that they arrived in the isle of *Britain*, and in *Bretagne*, (*Llydaw*) where they continued. Second, *Prydain*, the son of *Aedd the Great*, who established social compact and monarchy first over the isle of *Britain*; for, prior to that period, there was no right, except what might be done through amenity, nor order, but the strongest taking by force. Third, *Dyennal Moelmud*, who was the first that reduced the laws,

ordinances, customs, and privileges of country and nation to a system; and on account of those things they were called the three pillars of the nation of the *Cymry*.

*Triad 5. p. 58.*—The three *social tribes* of the isle of *Britain*: The first was the nation of the *Cymry*, that came with *Hu the Mighty*, of whom it is noted, that he would not obtain dominion and lands through fighting and pursuit, but through equity and peace; the second was the stock of the *Loegrians*, that came from the land of *Gascogne* (*Gwasgwn*), who proceeded, as to their origin, from the primitive stock of the *Cymry*; and the third were the *Brythi*, and who came from the land of *Bretagne* (*Llydaw*), originating from the primitive stock of the *Cymry*. They were denominated the three peaceable tribes, on account of their coming with the consent of each other, in peace and tranquillity; and those three tribes originated from the primitive nation of the *Cymry*; and

and of one language and speech were the three tribes.

*Triad 54, p. 67.*—The *three guardians against oppression of the isle of Britain: Hu the Mighty*, conducting the nation of the *Cymry* out of the *summer country*, called *Defrobani*, to the isle of *Britain*; *Prydain*, the son of *Aedd the Great*, bringing the Britons under policy and law; and *Rhitta Gawr*, who made for himself a robe of the beards of kings, whom he made vile ones (shaved) on account of their tyranny and profligacy.

*Triad 56, p. 67.*—The *three benefactors of the nation of the Cymry*: the first was *Hu the Mighty*, who first instructed the *Cymry* in the way of ploughing land, when they were in the *summer country*, (that is, where *Constantinople* now stands), before they came into the isle of *Britain*; *Coll*, son of *Collvrewi*, who first introduced wheat and barley into *Britain*, where there were only oats and rye before that time; and *Elltred the Knight and Saint*, of the society of *Theodosius*, (*Tewdws*), who improved the manner of ploughing land, superior to what was known before, among the *Cymry*, and gave them the system and art of cultivating

land that is now in use; for prior to the time of *Elltred* the land was only cultivated with the mattoq and *over-tread plough*, in the manner of the *Gwyddelians*.

*Triad 57, p. 67.*—The *three primary systemists of the nation of the Cymry*: *Hu the Mighty*, who first devised the method of movement and unity of array among the *Cymry*; *Dyncmal Moelmud*, who first brought the laws, privileges, and customs of country and nation into a regular code; and *Tydain, Father of the Muse*, who first made order and system of the memorial and preservation of vocal song and its attributes; and from that order were invented the original systematic privileges and customs of the bards and bardism of the isle of *Britain*.

*Triad 92, p. 71.*—The *three improvers of song and intention of the nation of the Cymry*. *Gwyddon Ganhebon*, the first in the world who composed vocal song; *Hu the Mighty*, who first applied vocal song to the preservation of memorial and invention; and *Tydain, Father of the Muse*, who first introduced art into vocal song, and system into works of invention: and from what those three



persons performed originated bards and bardism, and the forming of those into a system of privilege and custom, by the three primitive bards, namely, *Plennydd, Alawn, and Gwron.*

*Triad 97. p. 71.*—The *three principal achievements* of the isle of *Britain*: the *SHIP of Nerydd Nav Neivion*, which carried in it the male and female of all living, when the *Lake of Floods* broke out; the *PROMINENT OXEN of Hu the Mighty*, that dragged the tortoise (*Avanc*) of the lake to land, so that the lake broke out no more; and the *STONES of Gwyddon Ganhebon*, whereon were to be read all the arts and sciences of the world.

The poets of Wales make frequent mention of *Hu Gadarn*, from the foregoing Triads, and from some other memorials, which are now lost. *Jolo Goch*, a bard of the fourteenth century, applies to him the attributes of deity, “*being the supreme and active protector, having the elements at his command, lightning the chains of his oxen, and whose abode is in the splendid sun.*” This and *Huon*, another ancient name for the Deity, are to be identified with *Hesus*, who was worshipped in *Gaul*. The abstract meaning

of the word *HU* is *what is subtle, or penetrating; intellect, or intelligence*; and from this root the word *HUAD*, a *hound*, is formed: as also *HUAN*, the *sun*: and may not this be the origin of *Anubis*, the god of Egypt, as being represented with the head of the same animal, by considering it an emblem of *intelligence, or providence*, from its superior faculty of tracing by scent?

Upon that curious sarcophagus in the British Museum, which was brought from Egypt, there is evidently a hieroglyphic representation of the *Noachida*, repeated in five or six places, wherein the identity of *Hu, Huon, or Hesus, and Anubis*, appears very remarkably: there we see a group of eight persons in a boat, and another standing up, out of the group, at one end of the boat, encircled by a ring, and having the head of the *hound*, emblematic of providence or the guide.

*Triad 6. p 3.*—There appears so very singular a coincidence between *Hu, Huon, or Hesus, and Hoshea, or Osea*, king of Samaria, and the secession of the ten tribes having taken place at about the era of the probable colonization of the

part of Europe described by ancient historians as the seat of the *Cimmerians* and *Celti*, that it well merits being exhibited to the reader's view.

By *Triad 5*, it is seen that *Hu the Mighty* came to Britain, because the *Cymry* would not obtain dominion and lands through fighting and pursuit, but through equity and peace.

The ten tribes were carried away out of their own land in the time of *Osea*. "They took counsel among themselves, that they would leave the multitude of the heathen, and go forth into a further country, where never mankind dwelt, that they might keep their statutes, which they never kept in their own land."—2 *Esdras* xiii.

*Triad 97* shews that the OXEN of *Hu* drew the TORTOISE out of the *Lake of Floods*, so that it broke out no more. These OXEN are found in other accounts to have been two in number, called *Nyniau* and *Peibiaw*.

"Thou didst ordain two living creatures, the one thou callest *Enoch*, and the other *Leviathan*; and didst separate the one from the other.—Unto *Enoch* thou gavest one part, which was dried up the third day. — Unto *Leviathan* thou gavest the seventh, namely the moist."—2 *Esdras* iii.

By the last quoted *Triad*, it may easily be imagined, from what is said to be performed by the OXEN of *Hu*, that these two animals might have also been objects of worship among the ancient *Cymry*. Indeed, the many tales about them, still recited in every part of Wales, prove in what great veneration they were held, even in Christian times: Several lakes are pointed out as the scene of

"The children of Israel left all the commandments of the Lord their God, and made them molten images, even two CALVES, and made a grove, and worshipped all the host of heaven, and served Baal."—"The children of Israel walked in all the sins of Jeroboam, until the Lord removed all Israel out of his sight, as he said by all his servants the prophets; so was Israel carried away out of

of

their drawing out the terrible *Avanc*; and there is a curious piece of music preserved, wherein is imitated their lowing, the noise of their chains, and other things connected with that feat. They were also separated, and they roamed in search of another.

There were vast horns kept as relics till a late period in the church of *Llan Dewi Brevi*, or *St. David's of the Lowing*, and shewn as the horns of these oxen. There is the *Lake of the Two Oxen* on *Hiraethog* Mountain, out of which it is said that the *Avanc* was drawn.

of their own land to *Assyria*." "The Sepharvites burnt their children in fire to Adrammelech and Anammelech the gods of Sepharvaim."—"They feared the Lord, and served their own gods, after the manner of the nations."—2 *Kings*, xvii.

"They have made them a molten CALF, and have worshipped it, and have sacrificed thereunto, and said, *These are thy Gods, O Israel*, which have brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." *Exodus xxxii*. "The king took counsel, and made TWO CALVES of gold, and said unto them—*Behold thy Gods, O Israel*."—1 *Kings xxii*.

It would be a most desirable addition to the Archæology of Wales, if the various traditions concerning the *Ychain Banawg*, the oxen of *Hu Gadarn*, and the *brindled cow*, were carefully collected together, by any person that had opportunities of traversing the principality in search of them, as in them is preserved a very interesting and singular branch of mythology, which would throw much light on our ancient history.

W. OWEN PUGHE.

## ASSER, OR ASSERIUS.

**JOHN ASSER**, a native of St. David's, was a man of so uncommon an erudition for the age in which he lived, as to have been sent for from thence by Alfred the Great, to assist him in his studies. So much was this sovereign pleased with the manners and learning of Asser, that he resolved, if possible, to retain him near his person, an honourable though a delicate situation, which the attachment of Asser to the monastery of St. David's made him wish to decline, nor was it without much persuasion that he was at length prevailed upon to accept of it. Alfred was attached to learning, of a liberal and enlarged mind, Asser was learned and his mind congenial to that of his patron, communicating to him the learning and laws of his own country, he promoted these objects in the Saxon dominions. At the suggestion of Asser, who had himself been educated at a se-

minary of learning in Wales, Alfred founded the University of Oxford, and sent for John D'Erigena to read lectures there. From him also Alfred received Gildas's translation of the laws of Thœlmutius, and of Marcia, the wife of Guiteline, and translated them into the Saxon tongue. From such a prince distinguished merit could not fail to receive a recompence suitable to the dignity of the giver. Asser had first the monastery of Amersbury in Wiltshire conferred upon him, and afterwards successively the bishopricks of Exeter and Sherburn. He died in the year 909. Of the works attributed to him, the Annals appear to be so, with the greatest probability. These have been published by Gale. The fame of Asser will not, however, rest on these Annals, it has a monument more worthy of it, the University of Oxford.

## D'ERIGENA.

**T**HE claim of Wales, as the birth-place of this celebrated character, has been opposed upon the ground of the word *Scotus* having been added to it, and that at a time when on the continent all who were not Saxons were probably called *Scoti*, as all the natives of Great Britain and Ireland are now indiscriminately called Englishmen. By the Welsh writers he is said to have been of St. David's; which is the more probable, as he was sent for at the instance of *Asserius*, also of the same monastery, to teach in Oxford. The place of his birth was, probably, *Ergind* on the borders of Wales. If it depended on a derivation merely, there would be no difficulty in finding several, easily reconcilable with the word *Erigena*. Such derivations prove nothing.

D'Erigena having accomplished his course of studies at home, undertook an enterprise hazardous and bold for the ninth century. He determined to visit Athens, once the flourishing seat of arts and science,

and still retaining some remains of her former celebrity.

Upon his return so conspicuous were his abilities, that he was invited to France, by Charles the Bald. Here, equally admired for the extent of his learning and the liveliness of his wit, he became the favourite associate of his royal patron, and the object of envy and resentment to his courtiers. Upon the death of Charles he returned to England at the instance of King Alfred, and having been appointed to preside over his new University, gave lectures in geometry and astronomy, for three years; then, on the occasion of some disputes, he retired to Malmesbury, where again he gave lectures, and where his scholars are said to have assassinated him with their steel writing pens, about the year 884. The cause of their resentment is differently related. By some it is attributed to his severity, by others to his wit and raillery; and again, by others, to the instigation of the monks, irritated by something heterodox.

heterodox in his opinions. There may be some truth in each of these accounts. When learning lends its force to wit, the sharp weapon is weighty as it is keen; and however playfully it be wielded, where it strikes the wound is irresistible. The satire which cannot be retorted is often severely retaliated; and such was the fate of Eri-gena. In the scholastic disputes of the times, he threw no small share of ridicule on his opponents, and displayed a dexterity in those distinctions, with which the subtlety of the Greek schools had overwhelmed religion and good sense. In France he had maintained, that St. Dennis was not Dionysius the Areopagite; and had denied the real presence in the sacrament. How then could

he hope to be forgiven. Petavius has favoured him so far as only to say he was *suspected* of heresy, Baronius struck him out of the list of martyrs. He was, however, considered as a martyr, though it could not be easy to discover why. In his great work *De Divisione Naturæ*, he has shewn so astonishing a degree of information, of acuteness, and of metaphysical subtlety, that it is not surprising he should have gained so eminent a degree of reputation in his own age, when so little comparatively was known. In deviating from a common opinion, he was sure of attracting censure and enmity. In assisting his own he provoked them. and was, at last, himself the victim.

## GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS.

**S**YLVESTER GIRALDUS usually known by the name of Cambrensis, grandson of the celebrated Gerald de Windsor who built Pembroke Castle, was born at Kanarpis, near Pembroke in South Wales, in 1145. His uncle, then Bishop of St. David's, perceiving an early turn for literature in the young Giraldus, bestowed great care upon his education, at home, and when his attainments there had qualified him for a further progress, sent him to Paris, to study theology under Peter Comestor. Having finished this course, and travelled over a great part of Europe, he returned to Paris, and read lectures there on the Belles Lettres and Rhetoric in the English College, of which he became the head. Returning to England with great reputation about the year 1172, he was invested by Richard, Archbishop of Canterbury, with an extraordinary commission to collect neglected tithes and to reform abuses in Wales, which he executed with great credit to himself. In 1176, being nominated to the Bishoprick of St. David's, he with great modesty

declined it, and went once more to Paris, where he spent three years in the study of the canon law. Being offered the professorship he declined it intending to go to Bologna in order to acquire a farther knowledge of this science, but was prevented by a proposal which he thought it preferable to accept of. His character now stood high in the literary world as a man of genius and learning, and distinguished worth, and deservedly so.

So great was his fame, that Henry the Second sent for him and entrusted his son John to his care and instruction, with whom he was sent to Ireland. He appears, while there, to have been active and curious in his researches, and has given an useful and interesting memoir concerning that country. After his return he was made Archdeacon of St. David's and Brecon, and resided chiefly at the latter place. When Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, went into Wales, to levy men for a Crusade, Giraldus accompanied him through all Wales, and with the same spirit which actuated

actuated him in Ireland, wrote a memoir of all he learned or saw worthy of notice, and which is no less valuable than the former; and it is very probable that he was induced as much (if not more) by his curiosity as by any other motive to go with the archbishop to Syria. After his return, the remainder of his life was principally engaged in defending the rights of the see of St. David's, as metropolitan, against Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and in defending himself against the adversaries he had the misfortune to create; probably by his defence of such rights. To judge of the nature of their reflections upon him from his own memoirs, they appear to have been principally upon his country and language, and his manner of speaking English, and he repels them in several instances as one who felt them and especially the latter. When such are the resources of animosity, it must be driven to an extremity, and he might have despised it safely. From his memoirs he appears to have been more anxious as to the quantity than the real value of information, and to have lent rather too ready an ear to relations of miraculous narrations. For this, however, a great allowance ought to be

made on account of the general persuasions or ignorance of the time in which he lived; and it must be confessed, that the miracles appear to have been performed with no small degree of skill, or if they failed, the failure seems to have been accounted for adroitly. Of the latter, the following given by Giraldus is an amusing instance. "The host having been brought to a *dæmoniac* (says he) the *dæmon* laughed at those who brought it, and cried out, the host has power only over the soul, and it is not *the soul*, but *the body*, of this man which is given over to me."

In his person Giraldus was handsome, tall, and well formed. He lived to the age of seventy, and was buried at St. David's. The sentence with which he concludes his description of Wales, is worthy of being noticed, as we enjoy the happiness which Giraldus could only mention as to be desired.

"*Felix itaque gens et fortuna, si prælatos habinet bonos et pastores unoque gauderet principe et illo bono.*"

"A nation happy and fortunate, had it good prelates and pastors, and one prince and he a good one."



## JOHN OWEN,

## THE EPIGRAMMATIST.

**T**HIS celebrated writer was born at Armon in Carnarvonshire, according to Wood, and having been educated at Winchester School, he was thence chosen scholar of New College, Oxford, and became fellow in 1584 and H. B. in 1590. The accounts of his life hitherto published, do not point out any particulars of the course or success of his studies whilst in Oxford, nor does it appear that he was as yet much noticed.

In 1591 he resigned his fellowship and removed to Tryleg in Monmouthshire, where he engaged in the laborious occupation of a schoolmaster, and from thence about three years afterwards he was chosen to be master of the Free-school at Warwick. This laborious employment seems not to have been agreeable, or perhaps very compatible with the temper and genius of Owen; for some years later he was in London, and supported principally by the

liberality of Archbishop Williams. As several of his epigrams are addressed to Prince Henry, the son of James the First, he was probably patronised by that amiable and excellent prince. Having in his epigrams been severe upon the church of Rome, he is said thereby to have sacrificed his good fortune to his wit (a rich uncle who was a papist having disinherited him on this account) and to have died in poverty in London, A. D. 1622.

His liberal patron the archbishop erected a monument to his memory in St. Paul's Church where he had been buried, that did equal honour to both. In person Owen appears to have been of very small stature from the first line of the epitaph.

*Paron tibi statua est quia pasua statura.*

As an epigrammatist, his merit has been universally acknowledged, and he was qualified for the character by uncommon endowments of his mind. A quick

quick and happy perception, a lively imagination, and just discrimination. In the subjects the variety is unconfined, and his epigrams have that point and terseness, which at once please and impress them on the mind. If Martial be considered as superior, still it will be remembered, that Owen had alone since his time acquired the same title, which the judgment of more of than a century has confirmed.

## EDWARD LLWYD,

## THE ARCHÆOLOGIST.

**I**N a nation which traces back its annals to a remote antiquity, and has for ages preserved the purity of its language, the study of its history and language must have peculiar allurements, and has accordingly been cultivated with more zeal than any other department by the natives of the principality. To several names this study has given celebrity, but to none in a more eminent degree or more justly than to the learned and indefatigable Edward Llwyd. This able Archæologist was the son of Charles Llwyd, Esq. of Llanvorde in Cardiganshire. Of the earlier part of his studies nothing farther appears than that being of Jesus College, Oxford, he took his degree of M. A., July 21, 1701. Here, under Dr. Plot, his studies are said to have been cultivated, and it may be ascribed to this connection that he made so eminent a progress

in natural history. After Dr. Plot's death he succeeded him as Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, a place which he retained while he lived. In this situation his study of Welsh literature became deep and extensive, and his application close and unwearied, and so high was the general opinion of his knowledge and abilities, that a public subscription was raised to enable him to travel several times over Wales, which he did for three years, and then in Ireland, Cornwall, Scotland, Armoric, and in Brittany, to collect information for his great work, which was intended to treat of the antiquities of Wales in general. Of this, however, he lived only to publish that part which relates to the language.

Previous to the commencement of his travels, he had collected a cabinet of fossils,\* which

\* Reference will be made to many of the fossils collected and named by Edward Llwyd, and to their localities in the strata, in a *Stratigraphical System of Organized Fossils*, by W. Smith, which will shew the great utility of his accurate observations. This Work is now in the press, and will shortly be published by E. WILLIAMS. Strand.

his journey enabled him to enlarge considerably, and on his return he published his *Ichnographia Lithophylacii Britannici*. Of this work only one hundred copies were printed. The expense of printing was defrayed by nine persons. Lords Sommers, Dorset, and Montague, Sir Isaac Newton, Drs. Lister, Robinson, Sloane, Aston, and Gèoffray; an honour as singular as it was well deserved. In his travels he collected amply for his *Antiquities*, and acquired so great a proficiency in the Irish language, and Cornish and Breton dialects of the Welsh as to have been able to write long prefaces in each in the several parts of his etymology. To this, as to most great designs some obstacles were opposed. The access to libraries was sometimes refused, perhaps through fear of disclosing their real value, or ignorance of their real use. In Italy, when some celebrated astronomers were engaged in measuring a degree of the meridian, a parish priest absolutely refused to permit them to go upon the steeple roof to take measurements, till compelled to it by an order from Rome. In all places, that which is not within the common apprehension is liable to suspicion or neglect. The la-

bours of Llwyd have however facilitated the inquiries of others, and British manuscripts are no longer suffered to lie in obscurity.

When in France, he is said to have been taken up upon suspicion of his being a spy, but to have been soon released. In his temper and manners he is represented as cheerful and pleasing. Desirous of obtaining and willing to communicate information; particularly that which related to British antiquities. Of his manuscripts the greater part are in the Seabright collection, and it is much to be wished that they may be examined, and what can be collected from them arranged and published. His death is said to have been occasioned partly by his lying in a damp room at the museum, and partly by too close an application to his studies. It is certain that while the body is inactive, it is more sensibly affected by cold or damp than otherwise, and therefore, both might have contributed to deprive the world of one who was an ornament to the age in which he lived, and will be highly esteemed, while genius and learning are respected. He died in July, 1709.

The Etymological Dictionary is so well known, that it would

would be superfluous to discuss its merits as it is vain to hope to add to its celebrity. Of his other work which is less known, it may not be improper to take a short review.

Till the time of Llwyd, though fossils had been collected and a few general names applied to them, they had not become the object of scientific arrangement. Of this department, as a science, Llwyd is the father. It is to him we owe the original nomenclature by which they are divided into classes and species. In his collection he enumerates 1766 specimens, adding to each the reference to the places where they were found. He appears to have been the first who remarked, that the impressions of plants and fishes upon stones found in Great Britain, are those of such as are not to be found at present in this island,

or the seas immediately surrounding it, which is now well known to be the fact, and evinces his great accuracy of observation. Of the estimation of the work, the great names so honourably prefixed to it will be a perpetual testimony. Nor is it less valuable as conveying the sentiments of a liberal and candid mind, a sound judgment, and a grateful heart, qualities that avail when all earthly judgments cease, and when the applause of man is valuable only so far as it is confirmed by him whose approbation alone is finally to be desired. In the Philosophical Transactions, the following numbers, treating partly of natural history and partly of Welsh antiquities, were written by Mr. Llwyd, viz. Nos. 166, 200, 208, 213, 229, 243, 269, 291, 334, 335, 336, 337, 462, and 467.

## SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF THE

### REVEREND DAVID TURNOR, A. M.

VICAR OF PEMBRYN, CARDIGANSHIRE; RECTOR OF MANORDIVY,  
PEMBROKESHIRE; AND ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S JUSTICES  
OF THE PEACE FOR THE COUNTY OF CARDIGAN.

**A**MONG those, who, by their talents, have promoted improvement in any art, or, by their example and instruction, maintained the dignity of virtue and religion, the late Vicar of Pembryn, in Cardiganshire, had a claim to distinction. As an active promoter of agricultural improvement, that county is much indebted to him.

For, in establishing in it the Society for the Encouragement of Agriculture and Industry, he took an active part; and since the period of its first establishment till the day of his death, he devoted his time and abilities to carry into effect its beneficial views. His labours for the society, as their secretary, though gratuitous, were marked with zeal as well as with ability. They were not confined to the duties of the office, but were

exerted either in communicating information, or in diffusing a spirit for improvement, both by advice and encouragement.

Being himself an active agriculturist, he convinced by success that land of a boggy and heathy nature can be brought into good cultivation. So ignorant of the beneficial effects of draining were many in the county, that they considered no other advantage could be derived from attempting to improve such land than to furnish the neighbouring poor with employment. Nor was their opinion more favourable concerning his plantations. As his estate was exposed to the westerly winds, they judged the situation unfavourable to any kind of trees. Beholding, however, the land gradually improving, and seeing the plantations advancing annually in growth

growth, they became sensible of the fallacy of their opinion. By degrees their prejudices yielded to conviction; and, instead of indulging their disposition to condemn, some availed themselves of his example. Spots were enclosed, and where formerly nothing was to be seen but a wild waste, the eye is now delighted with pleasant fields, and sometimes with a flourishing plantation.

Agricultural improvement has not a greater enemy to encounter than prejudice, which even conviction can hardly conquer. To him therefore, who, by a judicious and cheap system, weakens its power, and, by ultimate and complete success, overcomes it, the public are under many obligations.

And as a clergyman his loss will be severely felt. For teaching no precepts, which he did not practise, he enforced, by his conduct, what he delivered from the pulpit. Humility he did not recommend without being humble himself, nor shew the amiableness of benevolence and candour without performing benevolent acts, and thinking and speaking well of others.

But more particularly as a magistrate will his loss be felt.

For hearing the complaints of the injured, or giving counsel to those who sought his advice, he was always ready. Considering every person's time of value to him, he studiously avoided keeping any one waiting. All found immediate access, and all received an impartial hearing. Those, whom trifling disputes had made inveterate enemies, were observed to leave his presence without their animosity, and to return to their homes reconciled friends.

By his patience in hearing each relating his wrongs, and impartiality in redressing them, he endeared himself to opposite parties. While one considered him as the redressor of his injuries, the other viewed him as a friend, who had saved him from the ruinous consequences of an expensive law suit. The good, indeed, he did in allaying animosities, maintaining order, encouraging industry, and checking dishonesty, can be better conceived than described.

Magistrates, who discharge their duty with ability, justice, and strict impartiality, are a blessing to their neighbourhood. It is, therefore, to be regretted that, in the county of Cardigan, there are many extensive parishes without

without even a single magistrate. In the commission, the list, composed chiefly of young men, may be long; but as for active magistrates there are very few.

For some years Mr. Turnor was the only resident magistrate in the parish of Llangranog, wherein was his residence, called Wervilbrook. His usefulness, therefore, was extensively felt in that part of the county, and his death was universally lamented. As his remains were conveying to their last home, crowds attended to pay their last testimony of respect, and by the time they had reached the parish church of Llangoedmore, a distance of about twelve miles, they had increased into a multitude. It was an interesting sight, and particularly heightened by the general expression of sorrow that strongly marked every face. When the grave received his remains, hardly any could suppress their grief. The tear escaped from most, and shewed

that real worth makes a deep impression.

At the time of his death, he was in the prime of life, being about forty-nine years of age. Though his health had been some time declining, his death was nearly sudden. As he was administering the sacrament to a poor man on his death-bed, his voice faltered, and he fell speechless into the arms of one of the persons who were present. He was conveyed home in a state of insensibility, in which he continued for several hours, and died in March, 1799, leaving a widow and four children, two sons and two daughters, to lament his loss.

Mr. Turnor was one of eleven children, and was the eldest son. His father, a most worthy and respectable man, was John Turnor of Crugmawr, whose paternal property was such, as to enable him to give his two eldest sons, the others when he died being very young, a most liberal education.



## JOHN TURNOR, ESQ.

**JOHN TURNOR, Esq.**

third brother of the Reverend David Turnor, a post-captain in the royal navy, died in the forty-second year of his age, unmarried, between the evening of the first and the morning of the second of January, 1801, off Prince of Wales' Island, in latitude five degrees forty minutes, north, and longitude ninety degrees forty minutes, east, on board His Majesty's ship the *Trident*, a sixty-four, of which he was commander. When a midshipman, he was in the action which Admiral Byron, whose fleet consisted of twenty-one ships and a frigate, had with that of the French, consisting of thirty-four ships of war, off St. George's Bay, Grenada, on the sixth day of July, 1779, and in the action which the British squadron, commanded by Admiral Parker, had with the Dutch on the Dogger Bank, on the fifth day of August, 1781; when lieutenant, after having been at the capture of Toulon, and sharing in the active service that took place there. He

was in the memorable action of the first of June, 1794, and in the following year, was at the capture of the fortress of the Cape of Good Hope, with its dependencies, on account of which event he was, by the commander-in-chief, the Hon. Sir George Keith Elphinstone, appointed master and commander of the *Star*, armed brig, one of the captured Dutch ships; and, when captain, he was, being commander of the *Echo* sloop of war, at the capture of Columbo, and of the Dutch fleet in Saldanah Bay, on the seventeenth day of August, 1796, when he was, by Sir George Keith Elphinstone, whom, for his eminent services, His Majesty soon after honoured with a peerage, made post into the *Tromp*, a fifty-four, one of the captured Dutch squadron. His conduct and merit no language can represent with as much energy as the high patronage of *His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence*, with which he had the happiness of being distinguished from the period of his entering as midshipman on board  
His

His Majesty's ship Pegasus in March, 1786, commanded by *His Royal Highness*, then *Prince William Henry*, till he fell a victim to the sultry climate of the east.

And Mrs. CATHERINE TURNOR, widow of the Reverend David Turnor, whose death we have announced, and

daughter of the late Reverend William Haygarth, A.M. Rector of Enham and Upton Grey in Hampshire, both in the gift of Queen's College, Oxford, of which society he was Fellow, died on the twenty-fifth day of August, 1802, leaving two sons and two daughters to lament their early deprivation of their only parent.

## HOWEL HARRIS.

**H**OWEL HARRIS was born at Trevecka, in the parish of Talgarth, in the county of Brecknock, on the 23d of January, 1714; his parents were of Caermarthenshire extraction, in low circumstances; they however contrived to give him a classical education, and he was kept at school until he was eighteen years of age, at which time his father dying, he was obliged to employ himself in instructing a few boys in the neighbourhood in reading and writing, in which situation he supported himself for some time, intending at a proper age to take holy orders.

In November, 1735, he went to Oxford, and entered at St. Mary's Hall, under the tuition of a Mr. Hart, but here he did not remain long, as we find him in the following year keeping a school at Trevecka, which he afterwards removed to the parish church; he now seems to have given up every idea of the established church, and to have adopted the opinion of a sect since called Methodists,—and

which were then in their infancy.

About this time a man went about the country instructing young persons to sing psalms; on these occasions he first appeared as a preacher, in which he met with no opposition, but being sent for by a gentleman in Radnorshire, who had heard of his rising fame, to preach before a large congregation, either his doctrines or his conduct gave offence to some of the clergy or magistrates of the county, and he was turned out of his school. This, however, did not discourage him, and he continued from thence forward to preach publicly, sometimes twice or thrice a day, being supported by several who became converts to his opinion.

In 1739, while Mr. Harris was in the exercise of what he no doubt conceived to be his duty, and holding forth to a congregation in Merionethshire, he was charged by some magistrates with a breach of the Conventicle Act (a law made  
in

in the reign of Charles II. for the suppression of *sedition* assemblies). Mr. Harris observed upon this occasion with great propriety, that he was not within the purview of this statute, that he was a Conformist, and that neither he or his hearers entertained any seditious intentions; upon which, and upon consulting with some lawyers, the prosecution was dropped;\* but notwithstanding this he met with considerable opposition in some places; at Machynlleth, in Montgomeryshire, a pistol was fired at him; at Pontypool, in Monmouthshire, his congregation was dispersed by a magistrate, who read the Riot Act to them, and Mr. Harris was bound over to appear at the assizes, where, however, upon further consideration, it was not thought expedient to pursue the business. He also met with very rough treatment in several other places, and once or twice narrowly escaped with his

life from the fury of a bigoted and ungovernable populace.

In the month of March, 1739, he became first personally acquainted with Mr. Whitfield, though he had previously received a letter from him, approving of his conduct, and encouraging him to proceed in his itinerant exhortations. Mr. Whitfield in his journal describes the pleasure he received in the interview with his *brother*, Howell Harris, at Caerdiff; he says, that "he generally discoursed in a field, from a wall, or table, but at other times in a house, or any thing else; and that he had established near thirty societies in Wales." The friendship formed between these two extraordinary characters, from the unanimity of their sentiments upon religious subjects, and particularly as to free grace and election, in which they differed in some points from the fol-

\* It will hardly be believed, though it is certainly true, that in the present reign, convictions upon this statute have been drawn, and the penalties levied upon persons whom there was no more pretence to accuse of sedition than of manslaughter. If the noisy ebullitions and ravings of these itinerants should occasionally *frighten the passenger's hour*, or if the frantic gestures and contortions of the sect called Jumpers should sometimes disgrace our streets and highways, let the Legislature provide a remedy to meet expressly the mischief, but let it not be said to the disgrace of our laws, that to suppress the irregular indecorous effusions of the zealout, we must convict him of intentions to disturb the order of Government.

lowers of Mr. Wesley, continued during their lives.

In 1744 he married Anne, daughter of John Williams, of Skreen, in the county of Radnor, Esq. by whom he left issue only one daughter, Elizabeth, who married Charles Prichard, of Brecon, Esq. by whom she has several children.

After preaching in different parts of England and Wales for upwards of seventeen years, a wish probably to enjoy a home occasionally, and domestic felicity, induced him to lay the foundation of the present buildings at Trevecka, which was begun in April 1752. At this time his funds were very inadequate to the undertaking, but the subscriptions of many who wished well to the undertaking, and of some who being fond of Mr. Harris's manner and style of preaching, desired to reside in what was afterwards called the *Family* of Trevecka, enabled him to complete the work. Here he established a small manufactory in wool, and in 1754 there were settled under the same roof with him 100 persons, the profits of whose labours were applied towards a general fund for their support. This community or family, still con-

tinues, but since his death the members have considerably decreased.

Soon after the breaking out of the war with France, in the reign of George II. the Breconshire Agriculture Society offered to form themselves into a troop of horse to serve in any part of Great Britain, without pay; on this occasion Mr. Harris engaged to furnish ten men and horses, with their accoutrements, to attend them at his own expence; for some reasons which do not now appear, Government did not think it expedient to accept of their services, but on his recommendation five young men, who were settled at Trevecka, entered into the 58th regiment of foot, and fought for their king and country at the sieges of Louisbourg, Quebec, and the Havannah.

In the year 1759 the loyalty of Mr. Harris becoming generally known and approved of, he was solicited to accept of an ensign's commission in the Breconshire Militia; this, after some consideration, he agreed to do, and having taken with him from Trevecka twenty-four men, twelve of them at his own expence, as to cloathing and arms, he joined the regiment

ment in 1760, and some time afterwards he was advanced to the rank of captain in that corps. The first year of their services they were ordered to Yarmouth, whither Mr. Harris accompanied them, sometimes joining his men on their march, in signing hymns and psalms, and at other times, and in most towns through which they passed, preaching to them in his regimentals, a sight at that time perfectly novel, and not very common at this day.

In 1762 he returned from Plymouth, upon the conclusion of the war, to Trevecka, after having served three years in the militia. In 1767 Selina, the late Countess Dowager of Huntingdon, came to reside at Trevecka, where she established what was called a college, for the education of young men of this persuasion who were intended for preaching, to which several resorted during her life time, but it is now nearly if not totally deserted.

In the year 1770 he lost his wife, and in the year 1773, upon the 21st of July, an attack of the stone and gravel, to which he had been then lately subject, put a period to his existence. He was buried at Talgarth, and over his grave

in the church there is a long epitaph, on the merits of which readers will probably differ.

His character, like most of those who have made warm friends and bitter enemies, has been variously represented, with one set he was an angel, with the other a knave. Charity, though it may not inspire us with the raptures of his admirers, will induce us to hesitate before we admit either his hypocrisy or roguery; to his only daughter he was hardly just, and by his will it appears that he was extremely anxious that the whole of his property should go in the first place in discharge of his debts, and the remainder to those to whom he conceived himself obliged for assistance, in money or otherwise. He was a strong robust man, though not tall, his voice was loud, and by some thought sonorous. He was, when preaching, always completely clothed in sulphur, fire, and brimstone, which he dwelt out liberally, and with no inconsiderable effect. The terrors of hell, which he painted with almost a poet's fire, contributed, no doubt, frequently to frighten men from their vices; but it is submitted, (without the least idea of blaming those who may differ with the writer in opinion), though  
it

it would be much more conducive to the cause of Christianity, and consequently to the advancement of virtue and true religion, to address the reason, rather than the passions, of mankind. The old gentleman with his horns and his hoofs sometimes terrifies, but like the scare-crow in the garden, the

intended effect is lost by his frequent introduction, and atheisms ometime sfollows; whereas if man can be convinced that it is his *interest* in this, as well as in a future world, to lead a virtuous life, he will feel benefits more immediately, and yet they will certainly be more durable.

T. J.

## SIR WILLIAM JONES.

**W**ILLIAM JONES, father of Sir William Jones, was the son of Sion Siors, and was born in the parish of Llanphiangel Tre'r Beirdd in Anglesey; his father removed from thence to a small tenement in the parish of Llanbabo, belonging to Lord Bulkeley's family, and the son was sent to a charity school in the adjoining parish of Llanfechell, from whence he went about 1714, with the Bulkeley family to London.

The following account in the hand writing of the late Mr. William Morris, Comptroller of the Customs at Holyhead, was taken from an indorsement

of a map in a Welsh Bible printed in 1746, which was placed opposite to the Acts of the Apostles, and entitled Rhodd William Jones, Esq. F. R. S. iŷ Cymry. "The donor, William Jones, Esq. Fellow of the Royal Society, one of the greatest virtuosi of the age, was a person of great skill and knowledge in most parts of learning, as appears by the works he published, and the rank he bore among men of letters. He was born in the parish of Llanphiangel Tre'r Beirdd in Anglesey, and died much advanced in years, at his residence in London, in the year 1743."

William Jones, Esq. died June 3, 1749, who was F. R. S. and Vice President of the Society and deeply versed in mathematics, &c. as appears in one of the volumes of Transactions. Mr. Pennant suspects him not to have been the same with Sir William

Jones's father, for had he been 20 when he went to London, he would have been only 55 when he died, which cannot be called a very advanced age.—Mr. Pennant has a print of the above, and of another William Jones, styled Esquire, born 1746.



TO THE  
MEMORY OF OWEN JONES,

LATE OF THAMES-STREET, FURRIER.

**A** LITTLE while previous to the publication of this volume I received the account of the death of my highly esteemed friend, Mr. Owen Jones, a gentleman, to whom the literature of Wales has been so much indebted, that I could not resist the wish to pay some portion of that respect to his memory, to which his zeal for the preservation of the remaining records of his country is entitled. From the period in which the revival of ancient learning commenced in Europe to the present, there have been few instances of a zeal more actively or so liberally exerted in such a cause, or in which the merit was more conspicuous. His assiduity in collecting manuscripts, frequently at a considerable expence; his care in having transcripts made, and the publication of three thick royal octavo volumes from them, with, I believe, a conscientious

fidelity, at his own cost, the amount of which was a thousand pounds and upwards, which he devoted to the purpose, will best speak his merits. In his attachment to his native country and its interests he was warm and steadfast; in disposition, friendly and sincere, and having laudably acquired considerable property by industry, he sat a noble example of a patriotic spirit in the dedication of so large a share for the benefit and to the honour of his country. To the memory of such a man respect is the spontaneous effusion of the heart, however the expression may fail to do it justice, and perhaps the most where it is the most deeply felt. Some mark of it, however, I wished to accompany this publication, and the triplet being the most ancient form of Welsh poetry, I have adopted it in the following lines :

At

At Owen's birth thy Genius, Cambria! smil'd,  
Prescient of future worth, she hail'd the child,  
Her favour'd son, amid the mountains wild.

On Owen's birth the spirit of the bard  
And Druid skill'd in Destiny's award,  
From their high seats look'd down with fond regard.

Owen, 'twas thine to rescue and restore,  
In pristine tongue their venerable lore,  
And give their treasures to the world once more.

Owen, 'twas thine to give to future fame,  
The records of the men of glorious name,  
And let the generous deed thine own proclaim.

Owen, thy Cambria mourns, her ample lyre,  
Erst wont the song of gladness to inspire,  
Echoes the sorrows of the Bardic choir.

Owen, thy Cambria mourns, and as the lays  
Of ancient time descend to future days,  
Shall waft with them thy mind of honest praise.

Owen, farewell, to happier realms consign'd,  
Blest peace and joy eternal to thy mind,  
Few are the nobler it has left behind.

He died at his house in Thames-street, the 26th of September, 1814, aged 73, and has left a widow, one son, and two daughters, to lament his loss.

## REVEREND JOHN WILLIAMS, LL.D.

**O**N Sunday, April 1798, died the Reverend John Williams, LL.D. aged seventy-one years. He was born at Lampeter, Pont Stephen, a market town, in the county of Cardigan, South Wales, the 25th of March, 1727. His father, a respectable tanner, placed him at the free school of that town, where he acquired a competent knowledge of the classics. Having, early in life, expressed a strong inclination for the Christian ministry, when he had attained the age of nineteen, he was entered a student at the Cambrian academy, at Caermarthen, superintended by the Reverend Messrs. Thomas and Davies. Here he assiduously employed his time, and made considerable improvement in the sciences, particularly the mathematics, directing his principal attention to those studies that would qualify him for the office of a minister.

On the completion of his academical course he accepted the invitation of the Reverend Mr. Howell, of Birmingham, to assist him as classical tutor

in a very large school. In 1752, at the unanimous request of a congregation of Protestant Dissenters, he removed to Stamford, Lincolnshire. Being desirous of a situation near London, in 1755, he accepted the pastoral charge of the Dissenting Church at Wokingham, Berks. During his residence here he completed a work to which he had devoted many years study, and which is of considerable use to students. It was published in 1767, under the title of "A Concordance to the Greek New Testament, with an English Version to each Word; and short Critical Notes." In pursuance of his plan of living near the metropolis, and in consequence of his intimacy with several of the most eminent Dissenting ministers, he succeeded the Reverend Mr. Baron at Sydenham, where he officiated as minister upwards of twenty-eight years.

In July, 1768, he married Mrs. Martha Still, the widow of a very respectable member of his late congregation at Wokingham.

Wokingham. On her decease in 1777 he was chosen curator to Dr. Daniel Williams's library in Red-cross-street: a library, from its situation, little known to the public, but which contains a large collection of scarce and valuable books, and almost all the works of the Non-conformists. The advantages of this situation enabled him to procure the requisite information on a subject that had much engaged his study; the result of which he published under the title of "A Free Enquiry into the Authenticity of the 1st and 2d Chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel," 2d edition, 1789.

In January, 1781, he married Miss Elizabeth Dunn, one of the daughters of John Dunn, Esq. of Newington Green, formerly an eminent merchant of London, and one of the most useful laymen among the Dissenters.

From the fluctuations which frequently take place in villages near London, the number of Dissenters having much decreased, and the lease of the chapel expiring in 1795, the Doctor resigned the pastoral office, and spent the remainder of his life at Islington.

At the time of his decease he had almost finished the printing of a translation of a scarce work of M. P. Cheilomeus, entitled, "Græco Barbara Novi Testamenti, &c." Thus completing his literary labours on a subject nearly connected with the duties of a minister, and of the same tendency with his first publication, viz. to explain difficult passages of the New Testament. He was the author of "Critical Dissertations on Isaiah, 7th chap. 13th and 16th verses."—"Thoughts on the Origin of Language."—"An Address on the Protestant Dissenting Ministers Application to Parliament in 1773."—"Remarks on a Treatise by William Bell, D. D. on the Divine Mission of John the Baptist and Jesus Christ, &c."—"An Enquiry into the Truth of the Tradition concerning the Discovery of America by Prince Madog, son of Owen Gwynedd, about the year 1170, in two Parts;" and some Sermons.

As a man he was ever ready to promote the best interests of humanity; as a Christian his conduct was exemplary; and as a minister and pastor he approved himself a workman, who rightly divided the word of truth.

ANTIQUITIES.

# ANTIQUITIES.

## A SHORT HISTORY OF BARDSEY,

COLLECTED BY EVAN RICHARD,

*Of Brynacroes, Llyn, Carnarvonshire.*

ALIAS

EVAN LLYN,

IN THE WELSH LANGUAGE,

AND

*Translated, with a few additional Corrections.*

**T**HE Welsh name of Bardsey is *Enlli*, that is, (as is generally supposed) *Yn-y Llif*, in the current, which is very appropriate and peculiarly applicable to this island; for in the narrow strait between it and the main land, called *Bardsey Race*, there is a most furious torrent, and a severe conflict and a violent struggle between two contending tides, particularly during the flux and reflux of the sea. *Bardsey*, or the Island of the Bards, was thus denominated by the English, on account of its being the retirement of a great number of that description of men, particu-

larly *Myrddin ap Morfryn*, or *Myrddin Wyllt*, or *Merlinus Sylvestris*, or the Wild; a Caledonian bard, so called on account of his having unfortunately slain his nephew by accident, and having become deranged in consequence of that circumstance. This island is situated nearly opposite the village of *Aberdaron*, in *Llyn*, on the west side of the promontory, called *Penycil*, and by Ptolemy *Canganum*; or perhaps more properly, *Langanum Promentorium*; and the island itself is by the same author styled *Limnos*. Its distance from the main land is about a league,

or

or three miles, of very deep sea, in most places not less than sixty fathoms. In this small strait, called Bardsey Race, are several small rocks, rendered more dangerous on account of their being nearly parallel with the surface of the water. The length of the island is about a mile, its breadth half that distance, and its circumference about three. It is the property of the Right Honourable Thomas Wynn, commonly called Lord Newborough, of Glyn Llifon, in this county. It is now inhabited by about twelve or fifteen families. This little spot was celebrated in former times, on account of its being the retreat and a place of refuge, to all the reputed saints, hermits, and religious devotees of the age. Bishops laid aside their mitres, and warriors their swords, and sought repose in this holy isle, the former from the fatigues of office, and the latter from arduous campaigns, and the noise and din of battle. In this calm and secure retreat, all those who were oppressed by insatiable and blood thirsty tyrants, or persecuted on account of their religion, found a peaceful asylum, and dedicated their time to the service of God, and fitted and prepared themselves for another and a better world, by meditation and

prayer. Twenty thousand saints, or holy persons, are said to have been buried in this little island; for which reason it was called the Repository and Depository of the Saints. And on account of the reputed sanctity of the abbots and monks of this convent, it was denominated by the Bards—The Land of Indulgencies, Absolution, and Pardon; The Road to Heaven; and The Gate of Paradise; and retiring hither, and being buried in this sacred spot, was accounted the most secure method of avoiding purgatory; as the reader will presently perceive from the poems which will be subjoined to this account. But at present it is remarkable for nothing except the ruins and venerable remains of its church or cathedral, and part of the old church-yard or burying-ground.

Some writers assert that Rodri Molwynog built the church about the year 750; probably it might have been improved, enlarged, and repaired by him; but it is very probable that it was founded by Duvrig, (Dubricius) Archbishop of Caer Lleon ar Wysg; about the year 522, which was the time that the Pelagian (Morgans) Heresy, was spreading over Wales; and when a Synod

was held at Llan Dewi Brefi, in order to condemn it, and concert measures to oppose it; from this ecclesiastical council Holy Dubricius retired to Bardsey, with several other religious

persons, after having resigned his seat to Dewi (St. David). On which occasion Aneurin Gwawdrydd, the bard, composed the following lines:

Pan oedd Saint Senedd Vrevi  
Ar ôl gwiw Bregeth Dewi,  
Drwy arch y Prophwydi,  
Yn myn'd i ynys Ealli,  
Gofyorent i Gybi,  
Bwy Borthiant ary Weilgi, &c.

That is, When the Saints of the Synod of Brevi, (after the good sermon of David) were going (by the direction of the Prophets) to the island of Bardsey, they asked St. Kybi what provisions they could obtain on the ocean, &c.

Another writer informs us that Duvrig resigned his archbishoprick, and retired as a hermit to Bardsey N. Tradition says, that the church had a large tower, in which were six excellent bells. That there were several vaults and cellars under a part of the monastery, and that there was a good library there, in which were a great number of MSS. Thomas Celli, the bard, who flourished about the year 1450, speaks of its five elegant windows, and costly chandeliers. The first abbot of Bardsey was Lleudad, (Laudatus) son of Nudd, the Bountiful, of the family of Maxen Wledig his mother

was Theodori, daughter of Llewddyn Luyddog, of Edinbro, in Scotland. St. Benno, of Clynog; and Cyndeyrn Garthwys, Bishop of St. Asaph, were his cousin-germans. Several places bear his name to this day, such as Lleudad's Garden, in Bardsey; and Lleudad's Cave, in Aberdaron; Lleudad's Well, in Bryn croes Parish, &c.

It would be a difficult matter, no doubt, and perhaps impossible, to recover the names of all the successive abbots, from Lleudad to John Conway, the last abbot of that place. About the year 1460, one Jeuan, or

Evans

Evans, was abbot, of whom Howel ap Davydd ap Jeuan Rhys, the bard, says thus:—"He is my brother in Bro-dëyrn;" next after him, one Madock became Abbot, who was nicknamed *Madock the Chees*; or the Chees Madock, on account of his niggardly disposition; the reason of his having been thus first denominated was this; *Deið ap Jeuan Dû* of *Ceretia*, (*Ceredigion*, or Cardiganshire) a celebrated bard in his time, was informed that Madog, the Abbot of Bardsey,

was a very generous, liberal, and bountiful gentleman. In consequence of which report he composed a *Cywydd*, (a poem) in his praise, and hired a boat, in order to pay him a visit. But instead of being generously received, and hospitably entertained, all the good cheer and welcome which *Deið* met with at Bardsey, was stale or musty bread, maggoty cheese, and sour buttermilk; he therefore burnt his poem, and wrote a most satirical ode, beginning in this manner:

Madog Ammhadog an hynaw's a' i dy,  
Wedi ci doi a gwyngaws,  
Ac es 'lio ei nenn a hen gaws,  
A chare ei logell a chaws, &c.

Madock, son of Madock, untoward, untractable wretch,  
Whose house is thatched and ceiled with dry cheese,  
And all his cupboards filled with the most insipid sort of that commodity, &c.

We have sufficient documents to exhibit, in order to prove that Cadwallon ap Owain Gwynedd, (brother to Madock, who sailed for America) was abbot here about A. D. 1169, and some time afterwards Robert ap Meredydd of that family. But the last abbot of that monastery was one John Conway, as appears from a deed in the possession of Mr. Thomas

Williams, Surgeon, &c. of Bwlch Llan Egan, in Lleyn. This John Conway was heir of *Eodnithoedd*, in *Myll-dëyrn*.

Near the monastery in Bardsey there was a small chapel, (or perhaps this might have been a part of the old church), arched over with stone, at the east end there was an altar or



communion table of stone, and stone benches or seats on each side, the whole length of the building; it was partly under ground, and not very high, so that a tall man could scarcely walk upright in it; here one of the inhabitants used to read prayers, when Mr. Pennant visited this remote island. Not many years since a considerable part of the abbot's house was standing, which was called by the common people "*y plâs*,"

(the palace); and butter and milk, it is said, used to turn sour there, owing, as was supposed, to its too great vicinity to the church yard. There were two burying grounds in Bardsey, the *saints* and the common peoples'. The former being considered as more sacred and holy than the other, and both are easily distinguished to this day, and the whole island is full of dead men's bones; as the Poet says:

Mae 'n llawr hon, main allor ha'  
Medrodan fel modryda.

That is, its ground was as thick with graves as the cells in a honeycomb.

With respect to the twenty thousand saints, who are said to have been buried at Bardsey, history informs us, that many of them retired to this sanctuary as a place of refuge, from *Bangor is y Coed*, in Flintshire, when Ethelfred, King of Northumberland, at the instigation of Augustine the monk, massacred a great number (twelve hundred) of their brethren at that place, because they refused to recognise his authority. Nine hundred religious devotees are said to have fled hither at the above period;

and that from time to time twenty thousand holy personages were interred in this secluded spot.

We have good authority to prove that the following were buried there:

1. Lleudad, (Laudatus) the first abbot.
2. Myrddin ap Morfryn (or Merlinus Caledonius, or Sylvestris.)
3. Cadwallawn ap Owain Gwynedd, Abbot.
4. Hywyn ap Gwynda Hên,  
a person

a person from Armoria, and steward to Cadvan, and to the saints in Bardsey.

5. Cadvan was buried there.

6. Thomas ap Gruffudd Nicholas, of Dinevor, in South Wales, who was killed in a duel at Penal, was buried there.

7. Gruffudd ap Thomas, nephew of Gruffudd ap Nicholas.

8. Beuno, to whom Clynog Vawr is dedicated.

9. Padarn of Llan Badarn Vawr, in Cardiganshire.

10. Deyrdan, who lived, as it supposed, at Bodwrda, or Bod Deyrdan.

11. Dervel, St. of Llan Dervel, Merionethshire.

12. Daniel, first bishop of Bangor.

13. Huw ap Risiart ap Sion ap Madog, of Bodwrda, was buried there in the time of Queen Elizabeth, as appears by the following englyn, or stanza, written by the bard, Wm. Lleyrn.

Hir yr wyd brophwyd a briant yn eulli,  
Union-llwybr y *cwaint*,  
Modd yw i gael maddeuant,  
Mae 'ch bedd lle on senedd saint.

'Mongst saints and heroes long you will remain,  
Within the bosom of the raging main ;  
On Bardsey's isle, resounding with the wave,  
With holy abbots you have made your grave.

It is very probable that Porthy Mendwy, or as it is commonly called Porth y *Neudwy* was the creek or harbour from whence they usually took boat for Bardsey in former times, as the bard, *Thomas Celli*, informs us :

Mudais i Borth y Mendwy,  
Aber mawr heb arhoi may.

To Porth y Mendwy creek I then in haste repair,  
And soon I reach its harbour great and fair.

Mr. Pennant informs us, on the authority of the Seabright MSS. that the Sheriff of Caernarvon imposed a fine of 68s. and

and 6d. on this monastery, but the King having ordered Roger de Mortimer, Justiciary of Wales, to enquire into the matter, upon which it was discovered that the abbot held his lands "*in puram & perpetuam eleemosynam*;" and therefore this fine was remitted.

Its revenues, according to Dugdale, were £46 1s. 4d. and *Speed* says £58 6s. 2d. Tradition says, that Aberdaron, Bryncroes, and Nevin, originally belonged to Bardsey, but at present the tythe of those three parishes is the property of the family of Cevn Amlwch. It is very probable that this family purchased the tithes of the above parishes from King Henry VIII. at present they are more than ten times the value they were at that time.

This island was granted by Edward VI. to his uncle, Sir Thomas Seymour, and afterwards to John Earl of Warwick; and the present proprietor, Lord Newborough, purchased it from Dr. Wilson, of Newark.

A tenement, called Court, in the parish of Aberdaron, was united to Bardsey, and was granted, and purchased with

the island as above described. Part of Lleyn is to this day called the Lordship or Manor of Bardsey; and a kind of leet court is still held, either at Aberdaron, Bryncroes, or Tydweiliog; which is called the Court of the Lord of the Manor of Bardsey. The present Lord of the Manor of that island is the Earl of Uxbridge; Mr. John Edwards is the Recorder; and there is also a constable and bailiff belonging to it. This court was probably held formerly at the above-mentioned farm, called Court, as it seems there was a prison, or jail there, and a hill near it is called Gallows Hill, in Welsh *Bryn y Grog-brenn*.

Some few persons used to be buried of late years at Bardsey, either from choice, or the severity of the weather, when they could not bring the corpse over to Aberdaron. Some time between the years 1700 and 1720, when this island was uninhabited, three young men went there from Tydveiliog, when they were out at sea, a thick fog or mist surrounded them, and they lost their course, and at last landed in the county of Wicklow, in Ireland. Some years after when  
some

some of the inhabitants of Bardsey had been to the mill at Aberdaron, a great tempest arose on their return, and they were blown on shore near Aberystwith, in Cardiganshire: no lives were lost.

The present inhabitants subsist chiefly by fishing. They

have a number of small boats, well trimmed for sailing, in which they carry crabs, lobsters, and herrings, to Liverpool every week. *Dories* are also taken near the coast of this island. This would be an excellent spot for bathing in the summer.

**A POEM,**  
 CELEBRATING THE  
**TWENTY THOUSAND SAINTS**  
 INTERRED AT  
**BARDSEY ISLAND.**  
 WRITTEN IN WELSH  
 BY HYWEL AP DAVYDD AP JEVAN AP RHYS,  
 IN THE YEAR 1460,  
 AND TRANSLATED FOR THIS WORK.

I WILL go to seek a grave,  
 Near *Vendotia* in the wave ;  
 In the isle near Gwynedd's coast ;  
 I would wish to yield the ghost ;  
 Seek the isles from pole to pole,  
 That's the best to cleanse the soul,  
 There I'll keep my conscience pure ;  
*Jenan's* isle, like Troy secure,  
 As was Hoywyn erst you'll find,  
 Abbot *Jenan*, good and kind.  
 Search that twenty thousand train,  
 Scarce you'll meet with such a twain ;  
 Those the boist'rous billows bore  
 O'er to Bardsey's happy shore.  
 Hermits twain this isle had sought,  
 And their griefs to *Lleudad* brought.  
 Hoywyn and a brother saint,  
 Then had lodg'd this grave complaint,  
 That their dues had been detain'd,  
 And unpaid their rents remain'd ;  
 These offenders were struck dumb,  
 And to Bardsey now were come,  
*Hoywyn* too had cross'd the wave,  
 God and *Lleudad's* aid to crave.

Straight the bless'd assembly there,  
 Sought the Lord with earnest pray'r;  
 Then ordain'd, without delay,  
 That these men their dues should pay,  
 And besides they should allow,  
 To these monks a fruitful cow.

From their sins to be absolv'd,  
 These transgressors soon resolv'd,  
 To comply with this demand,  
 And obey the saints command;  
 Soon the cow along the mead,  
 To the holy well they lead;  
 There when now they'd brought her safe,  
 Soon she drop'd a charming calf,  
 Which increased more and more,  
 As in Galilee of yore.  
 There offenders had laid by,  
 Near the hill both steep and high;  
 All their crutches, and each sees,  
 Them grow up, as stately trees;  
 Like to *Moses'* rod of old,  
 And their blossoms to unfold;  
 This was God's Almighty will,  
 His own purpose to fulfill,  
 When a solemn vow they'd made,  
 Never more these rights t' invade,  
 And their dues would gladly pay,  
 Then the saint began to pray,  
 And restor'd them all their staves  
 Back, to row them through the waves;  
 And to save them from hell pains,  
 The Pope's pardon he obtains.

Those who'd have a conscience clear;  
 Soon for Bardsey let them steer,  
 If on heaven you've set your mind,  
 That's the shortest way you'll find,  
 For in Bardsey should you die,  
 There in safety you will lie,

Neither men nor devils dare,  
Touch the soul or body there ;  
Search the spacious world around,  
None like Bardsey can be found.  
'Mong the islands of the sea,  
Where's the spot so blest as she ?  
God hath bade it rise its head,  
Nor the torrents rage to dread ;  
That's the temple of the just,  
In its *choir* is laid their dust,  
No uncleanness can defile  
That most pure and holy isle ;  
Land of pardons and of grace,  
To reform the human race,  
There deliverance may be found,  
By the captives sin hath bound,  
Like a cultivated field,  
Ev'ry blessing it doth yield,  
Where such holy seed is sown !  
What a harvest will be mown ?  
Bones of saints will prove a charm,  
To protect you from all harm,  
For if these you daily wear,  
Then no danger you need fear ;  
See its rich and fertile meads  
Where the friars count their beads,  
T'is a garden God hath made,  
Which no robber dare invade ;  
All the images behold  
In its abbey deck'd with gold ;  
As you enter at the door,  
View the tessellated floor,  
And its marble altar spread,  
Thick with off'rings for the dead ;  
Then survey its burying ground,  
Checker'd all with graves around,  
At the tolling of the knell  
Each was laid within his cell ;  
See in coffers wrought of stones,  
Relics old and holy bones,

To their convent I would bring,  
This small tribute which I sing,  
And will offer at their shrine,  
This poor humble verse of mine.  
*Abbot Jenan's* just and true,  
His example let's pursue ;  
Twenty thousand saints of yore,  
Came to lie on *Bardsey's* shore ;  
Nor will old good *Jenan's* name,  
To that number known to fame ;  
*David, Durdan*, void of guile,  
Both were patrons of this isle,  
Like to these or *Daniel* bright,  
*Jenan* sets us in the right,  
In *Brodëyrn* him I've lov'd,  
He my faithful friend hath prov'd ;  
*Beuno* too great praise hath won,  
And *St. Dervel, Howel's* son.  
These were of that sacred band,  
Who lie buried in this land ;  
Kindred tribe of great renown,  
Whom the Lord, as song doth own.  
If in malice I have said,  
Ought against the quick or dead,  
May these Saints with God prevail,  
To forgive what I bewail ;  
And grant me pardon and release  
From all my sins, to die in peace.



A TRANSLATION OF ANOTHER  
**P O E M,**  
 ON THE SAME SUBJECT OF CELEBRATING THE  
 TWENTY THOUSAND SAINTS,  
 THAT WAS BURIED AT  
*BARDSEY ISLAND,*  
 WRITTEN IN WELSH  
 BY THOMAS CELLI  
 IN THE YEAR 1480.

COME, to Bardsey let us go,  
 That sweet paradise below,  
 To the garden, Britain's pride,  
 On the bosom of the tide:  
 Hourly thither let us flee,  
 All its miracles to see;  
 Twenty thousand saints we boast,  
 Who were buried on its coast;  
 There my days I mean to spend,  
 There my crimes and sins shall end,  
 In that mansion of the blest,  
 Let my aged body rest,  
 Near the Saints within its cell,  
 Where our Saviour loves to dwell,  
 In that sanctuary's bound,  
 Sacred relics oft are found,  
 There the chand'liers give us light,  
 And its windows five most bright;  
 Patron saints of mighty fame,  
 Four in Bardsey we can name:  
*Lleudad* first our abbot made,  
 Then comes *Padarn's* holy shade,  
 Next we boast St. David's dust,  
*Durdan* last, surnamed the Just.

Blessed

Blessed James from hence arose,  
Here again he sought repose.  
In its crowded ports behold,  
Pilgrims bringing gifts and gold,  
And the Abbot like the dove,  
Gentle, meek, and full of love ;  
And the Prior, in his cell,  
Reads and speaks the Latin well ;  
Angels both, or sons of light,  
Come to bless our mortal sight.  
God, in mercy, grant that I  
On the ocean may not die,  
Nor in *Abardaron* rest,  
Where *St. Hoywyn's* name is blest.

'Twas from *Porth y Mendwy* Creek,  
That I sail'd this isle to seek,  
When but scarce got under weigh,  
Waves demand me as their prey ;  
And the wind and briny flood,  
On each tack our boat withstood ;  
Storms and tempests now unite  
To oppose us, with their might.  
Seas in deaf'ning clamours rise,  
And assail the falling skies.  
Bless me ! with what thund'ring roar,  
Waves on waves against us bore ;  
*Saxon* coursers of the deep,  
Mountains wild and vastly steep,  
Moving walls, immensely high,  
Curtains black, that reach the sky ;  
Castle huge, with spiry tops,  
Dancing pillars, heavenly props.

Backward now we shap'd our course,  
Nor would dare the triple force,  
Of the *Dead* and *Grecian* main,  
And the *Monville* with the twain,  
When not far from *Bardsey's* shore,  
Down the boat the billows bore ;

Then for *Durdan's* aid I call'd,  
And to *Lleudad* out I crawl'd ;  
Holy *Durdan*, on the wave,  
Sav'd me from a wat'ry grave ;  
Thus to *Lleudad's* blessed land,  
I was cast upon the strand ;  
In this isle I'll wait my death,  
In this convent yield my breath.  
For the honours of my song,  
To these Saints and holy throng,  
I no other boon would crave,  
Than that Christ my soul would save.

THE  
BRITISH TRIADES,  
OR THE  
TRIADES OF THE ISLE OF BRITAIN,

TRANSLATED BY

LEWIS MORRIS,

FROM MR. VAUGHAN OF HENGWRT'S COPY, IN HIS OWN HAND, IN  
THE YEAR 1745; AND NOW TRANSCRIBED FROM THE LATE  
REV. EVAN EVANS'S COPY, BY THE REV. PETER WILLIAMS,  
RECTOR OF LLANRUG AND LLAN BERIS,  
CAERNARVONSHIRE.

No. 1. **T**HE three names of this island; first, before it was inhabited, it was called Clâs Merdin. Secondly, after it was inhabited, it was called Y Fel Ynys, that is, the Honey Island; or according to others, Bell's Island. Thirdly, after it was conquered by Bryt, he called it, Ynys Bryt, that is, Brut or Brutus's Island.

In some other books thus, and after it was conquered by Prydain, the son of Aedd Mawr, that is, Aedd the Great, he named it Ynys Prydain, or Prydain's Island.

No. 2. The three principal parts or districts of the Isle of Britain, Lloegr, Cymru, and Alban; that is, Loegria, or England; Cambria, or Wales; and Albania, or Scotland.

The length of this island from the promontory of Blathaon, in Prydyn to the promontory of Penwaeth in Kernyw (Cornwall) is 900 miles; and its breadth from Crŷghyll in Anglesey to Shoreham 500 miles, and it is held under one crown. The crown is worn (i. e. he resides) in London; and one of the coronets (princes)

is at Penrhyn Rhianedd (the Virgin's Promontory) in the North; the second, is at Aberfraw, in Mona; and the third in Cornwall.

No. 3. Its principal adjacent islands; are Ork, (the largest of the Orcades) Manaw, or the Isle of Man; and the Isle of Wight. It has likewise sixty-seven other adjacent islands, and fourteen principal wonders.

No. 4. The three principal rivers of the Isle of Britain, are the Thames, Severn, and Humber. And it contains one hundred and forty-three Abers (or falls of small rivers into large ones; or of large rivers into the sea.) And fifty-four chief ports or harbours; and twenty-eight fortified towns or walled cities, which are the following. 1st. *Caer Alclud*. 2. *Caer Ewrawc*, York. 3. *Caer Geint*, Canterbury. 4. Worcester. 5. London. 6. *Lirecester* or Leicester. 7. *Coln Chester*. 8. Gloucester. 9. *Ser Chester*. 10. Winchester. 11. *Venta Silurum*. 12. *Canterbury*. 13. *Dorchester*. 14. *Caear Laydcoet*, Lincoln, q.

15. *Caer Vyrnack*, supposed to be Wroxeter. 16. Chichester. 17. *Caer Grgyrn*. 18. Chester. 19. *Caer Salemin*. 20. *Caer Gorgern*. 21. *Caer Mugit*. 22. *Caer Lisidet*. 23. *Porchester*. 24. *Caerlleon*. 25. Warwick. 26. Salisbury. 27. *Caer Widawlwic*. 28. Exeter. Some copies reckon seven *Caers* more, 1. *Caer Lun*. 2. Hereford. 3. *Caer Gei*. 4. *Car-marthen*. 5. *Caernarvon*. 6. *Caer Enarawd*. 7. Bath. Some of these cities are entirely demolished, and others are at this time inhabited.

No. 5. The principal harbours of the Isle of Britain. 1. *Porth Iskewin* \* in Gwent, Monmouthshire. 2. *Porth Wigr* † in Anglesey. 3. *Porth Wyddro*; either Glasgow or Edinburgh in the north.

No. 6. The three archbishopricks of the Isle of Britain. The first is London, the second York, the third *Caerleon* on the Usk. Other books read thus, 1. *Canterbury*. 2. *York*. 3. *Menevia* or *St. David's*. And no people or nation have any

\* *Porth Iskewin*, is called by Camden, *Porth Skeweth*; and by Marianus, *Porth Sketh*. *Camden in Monmouthshire*.

† *Gwygur* River comes to *Cemmaes* in Anglesey, and is a very poor harbour; so that I take *Porth Wyggur* to be the old name of Beaumaris, and *Porth Iskewin*, may be the old name of Portsmouth.

right in this island, except the Cymri or Cambrians whose ancestors came from Troy.

No. 7. The three royal tribes of the Isle of Britain. 1. Arthur, chief of kings of Caerleon upon Usk. 2. St. David, chief of bishops; and 3. Maelgwyn Gwynedd, chief of senators. In other manuscripts thus, 1. Arthur, chief of kings, at Celliwig in Kernyw or Cornwall. 2. Betwini, chief of bishops; 3. and Caradoc Vriechvras, chief of senators. In others thus, 1. Arthur, chief of kings at Penrhyn Rhionedd in the north. 2. Kyndeyrn Garthwys, chief of bishops; and 3. Gwrthmwl Wledig, chief of senators.

No. 8. The three liberal or munificent of the Isle of Britain. 1. Rhydderch the liberal, son of Tudwal Tudclyd. 2. Mordav the liberal, the son of Servan. 3. And Nudd the liberal, the son of Senyllt the beautiful or blessed.

No. 9. The three beautiful or rather blessed princes of the Isle of Britain. 1. Rhun, the son of Maelgwn. 2. Owen, son of Urien. 3. and Rhuväon Pevyr (the fair) the son of Dëorath Wledig.

No. 10. The three whose loss occasioned the tears of the Isle of Britain; but, according to William Owen, *deivniawg* means *accomplished*, and their names are, 1. Gwalchmai, the son of Gwyar. 2. Llecheu, the son of Arthur; 3. and Rhiwallon wallt Banhadlen.

No. 11. The three pillars of battle in this isle. 1. Dunawd fyr (the short), the son of Pabo Post Prydain. 2. Gwallawg, the son of Llëenawg; 3. and Cynvelyn, the Rustic.

No. 12. The three bulls of battle of the Isle of Britain. 1. Cynvawr Cadcadwc, son of Cynwyd Cynwydion. 2. Gwenddoleu son of Ceidiaw; 3. and Urien, son of Cynvarch.

No. 13. The three princely bulls, or royal heroes, of the Isle of Britain. 1. Elmur, the son of Cadair. 2. Cynhaval, the son of Argad; 3. and Aväon, the son of Taliesin; these three were sons of bards.

No. 14. The three disinterested princes of the Isle of Britain. 1. Manawydan, son of Llŷr llediaith. 2. Llywarch Hên, son of Elidir Lydanwyn; 3. and Gwgawn Gwrawn, son of Peredur, the son of Eliver Gosgorddvawr. Thereason why they

they were so called, is, because they despised dominion when it was in their power to acquire it.

No. 15. The three princes or chiefs of Arthur's court. 1. Goronwy, son of Echel Forddwydthwl. 2. Cadreith, son of Porthawr gadw; 3. and Fleidur Flam, son of Godo.

No. 16. The three princes of Deivyr and Bryneich (Dëira and Bernicia.) 1. Gall, the son of Dysgyvedawg. 2. Difedel, son of Discyvyndod Dysgyvedawg; 3. and all three were sons of bards.

No. 17. The three bloody-speared bards of the Isle of Britain. 1. Tristvardd, the bard of Urien. 2. Dygynnelw, the bard of Owain; 3. and Avan Verddig, the bard of Cadwallawn ap Cadvan.

No. 18. The three trifling bards of the Isle of Britain. 1. Arthur. 2. Cadwallawn, son of Cadvan; 3. and Rhyhawt eil Morgant.

No. 19. The three of this isle who mutually assisted each other. 1. Caradawg, son of Brân. 2. Cawrda, son of Caradawg Vreichvras; 3. and Owain, son of Maxen Wedig.

No. 20. The three admirals of the Isle of Britain. 1. Geraint, son of Erbin. 2. Gwenwynwyn, son of Nav; 3. and March, son of Meirchion.

No. 21. The three lame ones, who went on crutches, and yet distinguished themselves for their bravery. 1. Rineri, or Ringeri, son of Tangwn; 2. and Tinwaed Vaglawg; 3. and Pryder, son of Dolor, of Dëira and Bernicia.

No. 22. The three golden fettered, or shackled, of the Isle of Britain. 1. Rhiwallon Wallt Banhadlen (or the broom-haired.) 2. Rhun, the son of Maelgwn; 3. and Cadwalader the blessed. The reason why they were so called, was because no horses could be got large enough for them, and therefore they used golden fetters or chains, about the small of their legs, which came over their horses' backs, and two pans of gold under their knees, from which circumstance the pan of the knee had its name.

No. 23. The three knights of battle of the Isle of Britain. 1. Caradawg Vreichvrag (with the brawny arm.) 2. Menwaed of arllechwedd; 3. and Llyr Lluyddawg.

No.

No. 24. The three architects of the Isle of Britain. 1 Greidiawl Galovydd, son of Envail. 2. Aedrun; 3. and Trystan, son of Tallwch.

No. 25. The three bloody warriors of the Isle of Britain. 1 Arthur. 2. Rhun, son of Beli; 3. and Morgant Mwyn vawr.

No. 26. The three crowned or laurelled warriors of the Isle of Britain. 1. Trystan, son of Tallwch. 2. Hueil, the son of Caw; 3. and Cai (Latin Caius) son of Cynyr Ceinvarvawg, and there was one crowned or distinguished above these three, namely, Bedwry, son of Pedrawg.



A SHORT ACCOUNT  
OF  
HOLYHEAD CHURCH,  
IN THE  
COUNTY OF ANGLESEY,  
DRAWN UP BY THE CELEBRATED  
LEWIS MORRIS, Esq.  
IN A LETTER TO  
BROWN WILLIS, Esq.

**T**HIS church is dedicated to St. Kebius, and called by the natives Eglwys Caergybi, and whence it had the name of Holyhead is not easily made out. Holinshed, in his Chronicle, says it was from the number of holy men buried here; but this hath scarce foundation, there being places in the county far more noted for holy men. Whether it had its name from holly trees, which might grow in plenty upon that promontory, or probably was called Hilly Head, from the cragginess of the place, is left to antiquarians to judge.

That it is not a very ancient name is pretty plain, for in an old deed upon parchment I have by me, of Edward the

Fourth's time, the whole island called Holyhead, (containing the parishes of St. Gwenvaen and Caergybi) is called Insulæ de St. Ceby, so that I should be apt to judge it had the name of Holly, or Hilly Head, from the caprice of sailors, (as several other head lands in this country, and most in America, are known to have had their names), rather than from any thing of premeditated reason, and that it was from the promontory the church had its name of Holyhead.

Of the time that this Kebius lived, there is as much uncertainty as of the name given at present to his church. Bishop Usher says, that one Kebius, son of Solomon, Duke of Cornwall, was consecrated Bishop of

of Anglesey, by Hilary, of Poitiers, and had his seat here about the year 364.

Our British genealogists say that Kybi was son of Selyv, son of Geraint, son of Erbin; (this Erbin, it is thought, married a daughter of Constantine, Duke of Cornwall, for Gerinius his son)\*, who was one of the three admirals of the British seas, took upon him the dukedom after Constantine, and is called his grandson. The †British history says, that Constantine was son of Kadwr, Prince of Cornwall, and that he succeeded Arthur in his kingdom of Britain.

According to this account Kybi lived about the year 650; if so, he could not be made bishop by either Hilary of Poitiers, nor our Eilian Ceimiad, (or Hilary the Bright), who lived about the year 440.

What corroborates very much this account of Kybi's living in the seventh century, is a very ancient tradition retained among the vulgar here to this day, viz. that Cybi and Seiriol had a punctual meeting, either weekly, or more frequently, at

a place called Cloracn, now Llanerchmedd in this county, (being about half way from Caergybi to Seiriol's chapel, in the island) where there are to this day two handsome wells of fine spring water about ten yards distant, which retain their names, viz. Fynon Seiriol, and Fynon Gybi, and where, till of late years, a great concourse of people used to resort to wash off their several diseases. Further, the common people are so particular in circumstances, that because Kybi's journey was from west to east, and Seiriol's from east to west, to meet at the wells, Kybi had the sun in his face in coming and going, Seiriol having it quite contrary, Kybi therefore had the appellation of Yellow Faced added to his name, whence proceeds that ancient adage amongst the vulgar—Seiriol Wyn a Chybi Velyn.

Seiriol, by Mr. Rowland's‡ account, lived about the middle of the seventh century, agreeing with the tradition and genealogy before mentioned.

But on the other, hand I must own I have by me, amongst a collection of ancient

\* Arch. Brit. p. 239 and 260.

† Galf Mon. MSS.

‡ Mona Antiqua. p. 189.

British poems, one fathered upon Ambrosius Telesinus, who died about the year 600, wherein there is mention of Caergybi, how genuine I cannot tell. His words are these; speaking of the complaints of the people, on account of one whom he calls the Son of Man:

Yr hwn a rydd gri dros Gaergybi Mon,  
A mwg ynmrig y Werddon, &c.

It seems by the words of the poet, that the Irish, or some foreign nation, inhabited Caergybi at that time; for he says—  
“Because of the complaints of the virgins of Britain a certain hero would burn the top of Ireland, and be the occasion of lamentable cries at Caergybi.”

Therefore, whether Bishop Usher, or our British history and traditions, be in the right, I shall not determine, but proceed to a description of the church and parish. This church was rebuilt in the time of Edward III. or after, as appears by the escutcheon, quarterly France and England, cut out of free stone on each side of the door in the porch. I find also several stones in the walls of the church, that had been in some ancient work. The church is enlightened by twenty-two windows.

The steeple was rebuilt in the seventeenth century, and the

choir entirely rebuilt about the year 1713.

The pencolar, or president of this collegiate church, was formerly one of the three spiritual lords of Anglesey;\* the prior and archdeacon being the other two; what immunities or profits belonged to it I cannot learn. The profits of the tythe of this parish, together with the parishes of Bodedern, Llanrygan, and Bodwrog, belong at present to Jesus College, Oxon.

The parish is of a very irregular form, of about three miles long, north and south, and about two miles broad.

The number of houses or families, town included, is 240, and the number of souls about 1400.

In this parish we find the remains or ruins of four cells, or chapels.

\* *Mona Antiqua*, p. 121.

1. Cappel y Lochwyd. In mynydd y Twr.
2. Cappel y Golles, near the town.
3. Cappel St. Fraid. } In the road to Ruddlan
4. Cappel Gwyngenau. } Bridge.

1. \*Lochwyd is an obsolete word, signifying a desolate place, the situation of the chapel answering the given name.

2. The word Golles implies as much as if a woman hanged herself in or near the chapel, and seems to be a late imposed name.

3. St. Fraid, or St. Brigid, was an Irish nun, living about the year 450, † one Iorwerth Vynglwyd, a ‡ poet of the 15th century, gives an account of her landing in Wales, and of the wonders she performed.

4. Gwyngenau is a proper name, quasi dicas Cenavius, *the white*. I find in our British histories mention made of one Cena, the son of Coel Godhebog, and if the same, he lived about the year 350.

So that the names and situations of these cells imply a greater antiquity than most of

our parish churches can pretend to.

This church is famous for being the burying place of Rodri ap Owen Gwynedd, Prince or Lord of Anglesey, about the year 1175, § his tomb was found at the reparation of the choir A. D. 1713, and on his coffin a small brass bell, curiously wrought through with net work. He had married the daughter of ¶ Gotherick, King of Man.

I shall not detain you with a particular description of the church, having done it sufficiently in the prospect and ichnographical projection, to which I refer you; but must note, that the whole length of the church, from the inside of the steeple to the communion table is 110 feet and a half, and the breadth at the nave 42 feet and a half; height of battlement without about 16 feet.

\* Edmund Prys's Version of Psalms, p. 78, 79.

† Galf Mon. MMS.

‡ Drych Prif oesodd, p. 215.

§ Vide History of Wales, p. 205.

¶ Godred Olavi.

The beams and ceilings on the inside very well beautified, with carved work, and the stalls and choir adorned with strange antique figures; so likewise are most of the battlements on the south side, imitating that most trivial architecture of the Goths. On the middle battlement on the south cross aisle we have this inscription, almost defaced,

S T S Kyby ora P n s.

and under it a mitred head, with labels, two women kneeling, one on each side. Amongst the romantic figures on these battlements, which seem to be scripture history, I find an escutcheon quartered, supported by a lion and a griffin, adorned with a ducal coronet. On another of the battlements there is a head, adorned with an abbot's or a prior's cap. On the middle battlement of the north aisle we have this inscription—

SANCTUS Kyby ora Pro Nobis.

This inscription seems by the character to be no antienter than the 14th century, about which time the church was rebuilt. Over the south door, in the porch, there is a small bust with a cross before it; the mitre

on its head is defaced, as most church antiquities have undergone the same fate, in that general devastation under Oliver Cromwell. On each side of this bust, which seem to be Kybi's, there is an escutcheon with these arms, a cheveron between three birds, the two uppermost combatant.

This is the only coat I ever saw thus bore, and at first took it to be a mistake, for all living creatures must be moving, or look to the right side of the shield; but since I find, that if two creatures be looking to one another, that rule is not to be respected.

I must not omit in this place, that a great quantity of Roman coins have been taken up lately\* in this parish, some of them as clear as if they had been stamped within these ten years; their heads were Constantine, Constantius, Hellena, Augustus, H. Jul. Constantius, Constantino-polis, Crispus, Caius, Licinius, Licinianus, Fausta, Augusta, Julius Crispus, and perhaps some others that are lost.

At a place called Treviorwerth in this parish, there is a cromlech, composed after a very ar-

\* A, D 1710.

tificial manner, and seems to be three monuments erected over the graves of some great men.

The wall enclosing the church-yard is a very noted piece of antiquity, being a fortification built by Caswallon, Law hir and Meilirion ap Meirchion, about the year 450, after they had defeated the Irish under Sirigus the Rover.

\*Kybi was one of the seven church patrons, or saints, that were entitled to hold lands in capite in this island of Anglesey, and had his nawddva, (i. e. sanctuary) established here.

The day celebrated in memory of St. Kybi, or their wakes, is the 6th of November, besides which there is a prodigious concourse of people from all parts of the country on the three last Sundays in July, which Sundays they call Suliau y Creiriau, i. e. Sundays of the Reliques; the primitive occasion of it is now quite forgot, and the whole design turned to intrigues of love between the country damsels and their amorous swains; except a small number of old women that come to wash their limbs in the cramp wells, &c.

which were formerly in great vogue. Here is a small market kept on Saturday, for the convenience of the town, and passengers that travel this way to and from Ireland. \* This little village being the station of the packet boats that pass between England and Ireland.

The painted glass of the church is quite demolished and confounded, there being left but these pieces of words—

utroque  
dh Pbem.

besides some pieces of faces, &c.

In the steeple there is but one small bell, but I find there hath been one more since the reparation of the church, there being two frames in the steeple.

In the north aisle, in a frame of wood, there is the King's arms painted, and also a sea quadrant hanging up in memory of a sailor buried there, below which we find the grave stone of one Edward Werden, son of Richard Werden, of Chester, Esq. 1619.

In the south aisle there is a

stately monument of alabaster,  
in memory of John Owen, Esq.

June 13, 1712,  
aged 84.

On the top of the monument,  
on one side, we find this coat:—  
Gules, a cheveron, argent be-  
tween three lions rampant of  
the second, which is a mis-  
take of the painter's, and should  
be gules, a cheveron between  
three lions rampant or. By

name of Owen being the arms  
of Hwfa ap Cyndelew, of Pre-  
vadfod, one of the fifteen tribes  
of North Wales.

On the other side, argent,  
two reynards, counter-saliant  
in bend, the dexter surmounted  
of sinister, saltire like, gules.

By the name of Williams  
being the ancient coat of Cad-  
rod Hard, or Hardd, of Boda-  
von, in Anglesey.

## THE NAMES

OF MOST OF THE

## BRITISH SAINTS,

AND

## THEIR FESTIVAL DAYS.

**S**T. Ceitho, or Geitho, Abbot and Confessor, August 5, Llengeitho Church, in Cardiganshire.

St. Ina, Knight, (Marchog) February 1.

St. Ilar, martyr, January 15.

St. David's, Bishop, March 1.

St. Nonn, mother of St. David's, March 3.

St. Caron, Bishop, March 5, Trevgaron, in Cardiganshire.

St. Padarn, Beisrudd, (i. e. Padarn with the scarlet mantle) April 16.

St. Gyrannog, Llan Garannog, in Cardiganshire, May 15.

St. Mael and St. Sylian, or Si-lien, May 13.

St. Veilig, November 12.

St. Tyssilio, or Dyssilio, November 9.

St. Llwlchaeearn, January 11.

St. Cynvil and Cynfab.

St. Dyfriog, Abbot, May 1.

St. Cynllo, King.

St. Dyssil, Bishop, February 3, in Cardiganshire.

St. Wenog, virgin, January 3, when offerings were made to her.

St. Wnnon and Gwnnws, the two sons of Brychan Brycheingog, December 13.

St. Rhystryd, or Rhystid, Thursday before Christmas, in Cardiganshire.

St. Deiniol, in Cardiganshire.

St. Avan, November 16.

St.



- St. Polin, Bishop, November 22.
- St. Anno.
- St. Degle, virgin, in Iale.
- St. Wulle, Bishop, November 1, in Cardiganshire, Llangwille.
- St. Maelog, December 31.
- St. Gyniel.
- Sts. Gallwvn and Gwenvyl, daughters of Brychan Brycheiniog, November 1.
- St. Sadwrn, martyr, November 29, in Carmarthenshire.
- St. Silin, Bishop, January 27.
- St. Cynvelin.
- St. Lwni, or Lwin, August 11.
- Sts. Padarn and Teilo, first Sunday after Michaelmas; there are many Llan Badarn's and Llandeilos in Wales.
- St. Clydau, son of Brychan Brycheiniog, November 3, Clydau, in Carmarthenshire.
- St. Clydeu, daughter of Brychan Brycheiniog, on All Saints.
- St. Cyddilig, in Llanrhystid, where there was absolution and forgiveness, from twelve o'clock on All Saints Eve till twelve on All Saints Day, and cocks offered to the Saint for the cure of the hooping cough.
- St. Wthwl, March 2.
- St. Curig, martyr, June 15.
- St. Meugan, Bishop and Confessor, November 13.
- Gwyl, or St. Vairnach, or Vyrnach, Abbot and Confessor, April 7. Llanvyrnach, on the borders of Pembroke-shire.
- St. Lyr, Llanllyr in Cardiganshire, virgin, October 21.
- St. Urw, or Wrw, Eglwys Wrw, Sir Benfro, October 21.
- St. Fred, a nun, Lleian, February 1.
- St. Cybi, Abbot and Confessor, November 5, a fair at Brecknock.
- The five Saints, on All Saints Day, and these five were brothers, and their father was Cynur Varwyn, of Cynvil Cauo Parish, in Carmarthenshire;

shire; their names were iwrth Eimion ap Gwalchmai,  
Gwynn, Gwnno, Gwnnoro, yr hwn ormes, a fuasai yn ei  
Celynin, Ceitho. ddilyn ef, saith mlynedd.

St. Wryd, a friar.

St. Gwryfarn (or Gwyrfarn)  
ar Ddydd sul y Drindod (Tri-  
nity Sunday) a gwyl fawr nos  
Sadwrn or blaen, ac ymolchi  
rhag Cryd y Ddurton.

Gwyl y Brawd Wryd ar  
Ddygwyl holl Saint, y Brawd  
hyn a yrrodd y Gormes odd-

**NUMBER OF PARISHES**  
**IN EACH**  
**COUNTY IN NORTH WALES.**

Anglesey .....	74	Montgomeryshire .....	47
Carnarvonshire .....	69	Merionethshire .....	37
Denbighshire .....	57	Flintshire .....	28

**A LIST OF**  
**CHURCHES IN THE COUNTY OF CARNARVON,**  
**WITH THE**  
**NAMES OF THE WELSH OR BRITISH SAINTS,**  
**TO WHOM THEY ARE DEDICATED,**  
*Distinguishing the several Deaneries.*

**ARLLECHWEDD DEANERY.**

1. Llan Dygai, dedicated to St. Tygai, a stipendary or perpetual Cure, the tithes being appropriated to Bangor Archdeaconry.
2. Llanlechyd, Rectory, St. Llechyd, Festival December 2. Llechyd was sister to Tygai.
3. Capel Curig, St. Curig. Festival June 16, a chapel of ease to Llandegai.
4. Aber, alias, Aber Garth Celyn, and Abergwyngregyn, Rectory, Festival June 2.
5. Llanvair Vechan, Rectory, St. Mary, Festival September 8.
6. Dygyvylchi, St. Gunning, Festival January 31.
7. Conway, a Vicarage, the tithes invested in three Trustees for the use of the poor of Conway, Llan Dudno, Eglwys, Rhôs, and Llan Iestin.
8. Cyffin, Cure, St. Benedict, Festival March 22, a Stipendary Cure, the tithes being appropriated to the Deanery.
9. Llan Gelynin, Rectory, St.

- St. Celynin, Festival November 2.
10. Llan Bedr y Cenin, Rectory, St. Peter, Festival June 29.
11. Caer Rhun V. annexed to Llan Bedr y Cenin, dedicated to St. Mary, Festival September 8, the tithes appropriated to the Archdeaconry of Bangor.
12. Trevriw, Rectory, St. Mary, September 8, villa, or a village.
13. Llan Rhychwyn, St. Rhychwyn, June 10, a Chapel of Ease to Trevriw.
14. Bettws y Coed, St. Michael, September 29.
15. Dôlwyddelen, St. Gwyddelen, August 22, a Stipendiary Cure.—This Church and Capel Curig are usually served by the same person.
16. Llan Dudno, St. Tudno, June 5, a Stipendiary Cure, the tithes being appropriated to the Archdeaconry of Merioneth; the Curacy worth about fifty pounds per annum.
17. Pen Machno, St. Tudclud,
- Festival May 30. Presentation in Sir Robert Vaughan, of Nannan.
- DEANERY OF ARVON,  
*In Bangor Archdeaconry.*
18. Bangor, Vicarage, St. Daniel, Festival December 1. —Daniel was son of Dunard, Abbot of Bangor, is coed in Flintshire.
19. Pentir Chapel, St. Cedol, November 1, annexed to Bangor.
20. Llan Ddyniolen, Rectory, St. Dyniolen, Virgin and Confessor, November 23.
21. Llan Fair Isgaer, Vicarage, St. Mary, September 8.
22. Bettws Garmon, Chapel, St. Garmon, (Germans) July 31.
23. Llan Beris, Rectory, St. Peris, July 26.
24. Llanrŷg, Rectory, St. Michael, Sept. 29.
25. Llan Bebllic, Rectory, St. Bebllic, July 4. The Bishop of Chester has two thirds of the tithes, and the Vicar one.
26. St. Mary, in Carnarvon, a Chapel,

- Chapel, originally belonging to the Castle and Garrison, February 2.
27. Celynog Vawr, Vicarage, St. Beuno, April 21.
28. Llanwnda, a Licentiate Cure, St. Beuno, April 21.
29. Llan Vaglan, a Chapel, St. Baglan. These two last are united.
30. Llanllyvni, Rectory, St. Credyw, November 11.
31. Llan Elhaiarn, or Aelhaiarn, Rectory. St. Elhaiarn, November 1.
32. Llan Dwrog, Rectory, St. Twrog, June 26.
37. Ceidio, St. Keydio, November 3, a Chapel of Ease.
38. Aber Daron, Vicarage, St. Hoywyn, January 1. In the gift of St. John's College, Cambridge.
39. Llan Vaelrhus, St. Maelrhus, January 1, a Chapel.
40. Rhiw, Rectory, St. Aelrhyw, or Delafyw, September 9.
41. Llan Dudwen, alias Capel, St. Indwen, October 27.
42. Myllteyrn, Rectory, St. Peter.
43. Bryncroes, a Stipendiary or perpetual Cure, St. Mary. Gift of Cefn Amwlch.
44. Bodhwnog, Capel St. Beuno, April 29. der. Bod Tewynog.
45. Llan Gwynodwl, Vicarage, St. Michael and St. Gwynodwl, January 1.
46. Tudweiliog, St. Gwyven, a female Saint, June 3, a Chapel.
47. Llan Engan, Rectory, St. Engan, or Encon Vrenin, February 9, worth near 300l.

#### DEANERY OF LLYN,

*In Bangor Archdeaconry.*

33. Llan Iestin, Rectory, St. Iestin, October 10.
34. Llan Degwning, St. Gwning, December 31, a Chapel of Ease.
35. Penllech, St. Mary, August 5, a Chapel of Ease.
36. Bod Verin, St. Merin, January 6, a Chapel of Ease.

48. Llan Bedrog, Rectory, St. Pedrog, June 4. The Archdeacon of Merioneth present Rector.
49. Llan Gian, Capel St. Peris, December 11. Cian was Peris's man.
50. Llan Vihangel, Bachellarth, St. Michael, September 29. These two last are annexed to Llan Bedrog.
51. Bodvuan, Rectory, St. Buan, August 9.
52. Nevyn, alias Llan Fair yn Nevyn, Vicarage, St. Mary, August 15.
53. Edeyrn, Rectory, St. Edeyrn, December 2, Edeyrn ap Paddarn ap Cunedda Wledig.
54. Pistill, St. Beuno, a Chapel of Ease, April 21.
55. Carn Guwch, St. Beuno, April 21.
56. Llanor, alias Llanvor, September 14, Vicarage.
57. Deneio, alias Pwllheli, Chapel, St. Beuno, Ty Beuno. These two are united.
58. Aber Erch, vulgo Berach,
- Vicarage, St. Cawrda, December 5.
- 59 Penrhos, alias Gynvyl, Capel, St. Cynvyl.
- DEANERY OF EIVIONYDD, In Merionydd Archdeaconry.
60. Llan Gybi, Rectory, St. Cybi, November 5.
61. Llan Armon, Capel St. Garmon, (Germanus) July 31. These two are united.
62. Llan Ystyndwy, Rectory, St. John the Baptist, June 24.
63. Cruccaith, Rectory, alias Llan St. Catherine, November 25.
64. Ynys Cynhaiarn, Capel, St. Cynhaiarn, annexed to Cruccaith.
65. Trevlys, Capel St. Michael, September 29, annexed to Cruccaith.
66. Penmorva, Rectory, St. Beuno, April 21.
67. Dôl Benman, St. Mary, August 15, annexed to Penmorva.
68. Llan Vihangel y Pennant, Rectory,

Rectory, St. Michael, September 29.

Cure, annexed to Llan Vrothen, St. Mary, August 15.

69. Beddcelert, a Stipendiary.

*All the Livings in this County are in the Bishop's Gift except the following :*

Llan Ddeiniolen, Rectory, Prince of Wales, or Lord Chancellor, Patron.

Clynog, Vicarage, Jesus College, Oxford.

Llan Bebllic, Vicarage, Bishop of Chester.

Aber Daron, Vicarage, St. John's College, Cambridge.

Aber Garth Celyn, Rectory, Lord Viscount Bulkeley.

*The following Parishes are in the County of Carnarvon, and within the Diocese of Bangor, viz.*

Eglwys Rhos, a Cure, near Conway.

Llan Gwstenin, Cure.

Llysvaen, Rectory.

Llan Drillo, yn Rhos, Vicarage

## L A K E S

or

## CARNARVONSHIRE.

1. **L**LYN Tarddynni, or Cawellyn (Quellyn), two miles long and half a mile broad.
2. Llyn Dôl Badarn, in Llanrug, Llan Beris and Llan Ddeimiolen Parishes, two miles and a half long and half a mile broad.
3. Llyn Peris, in Llan Beris, one mile long and half a mile broad.
4. Llyn Ogwen, in Llan Degai Parish, one mile and a half long and half a mile broad.
5. Llyn Cwm Cawlwyd, Llan Bedr Parish, two miles long and half a mile broad.
6. Llyn Nanhwynan (Llyn Gwynant) Beddcelert, one mile long and a quarter of a mile broad,
7. Llyn Dinas Emrys, Beddcelert, half a mile long, and a quarter of a mile broad.
- 8 and 9. Llyniau Mymbyr, or Capel Curig Lakes.
- 10 and 11. Llynian Nantlle, or Llanllyvni Pools.
- 12 and 13. Llyniau Du Weinydd, or Dôlwyddelen Pools.
14. Llyn Idwal, Llan Degai Parish.
15. Llyn y Cwn, Llan Beris Parish.
16. Llyn Dwthwch, Llan Beris Parish.
17. Llyn Cwm Dulyn, &c.
18. Llyn Cwm Silyn, Llanllyvni Parish.
19. Llyn



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 19. Llyn Cwm Ystrallwng,<br>Dôl Benman Parish.   | 28. Llyn Nanhavon, Aber<br>Parish.             |
| 20. Llyn Ystumllyn, Eiv-<br>ionydd.  | 29. Llyn Llygadych.                            |
| 21. Llyn Geirionydd, in Llan<br>Rhychwyn Parish. This is<br>the Bard Taliesin's Pool.            | 30. Llyn Llagu.                                |
| 22. Llyn Bochlywd, near Og-<br>wen Pool, in Llan Degai<br>Parish, at the foot of Tryvan<br>Hill. | 31. Llyn Ednan, or Edno<br>Dolwyddelen Parish. |
| 23. Llyn Cwm Fynnon<br>Mymb r, Llan Beris Parish.  | 32 and 33. Llyniau Cravnant.                   |
| 24. Llyn Marchlyn uchav.   | 34. Llyn Moel Siabod, Dol-<br>wyddelen.        |
| 25. Llyn Parish Marchlyn isav,<br>Llan Ddeiniolen Parish.  | 35. Llyn Pencraig.                             |
| 26. Llyn Eigiau, Llan Bedr<br>Parish.  | 36. Llyn Bodgynwyd, or Bod-<br>golwyn.         |
| 27. Llyn Dulyn, Llan Bedr<br>Parish.   | 37. Llyn Fynnonau, on Moel<br>Trevaen.         |
|  | 38. Fynnon Loer.                               |
|  | 39. Fynnon Llugwy.                             |

*The following are at the foot of Snowdon:*

NORTH-EAST SIDE.

- |                   |                 |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| 40. Llyn Glas.    | 42. Llyn Teyrn. |
| 41. Llyn Llwydaw. |                 |

SOUTH-WEST SIDE.

- |                 |                         |
|-----------------|-------------------------|
| 43. Fynnon Las. | 45. Llyn y Nadroedd.    |
| 44. Llyn Coch.  | 46. Llyn Fynnon y Gwas. |
|                 | 47. Ll. n               |

47. Llyn Du yr Arddu, in Llan Beris Parish.
48. Fynnon Vrech, in Cwm Glas, Llan Beris. This small pool abounds in rare plants.
49. Fynnon Velen, near the last.
50. Llyn Cadair, yr aur Vrychyn, near Quellyn Pool, on the road from Carnarvon to Beddcelert.
51. Llyn y Dywarchen, near the last, with a small floating Island in it; the insula erratica of Giraldus Cambrensis.

THE  
ROMANTIC TALES  
OF THE  
MABINOGION.

*Continued from Volume II. page 327.*

**Y**NA y dywawd Pwyll—"A vorwyn, er mwyn y gwr mwyav â geri, aro vi!"

"Aröav yn llawen," heb hi;  
"ac oet llesach i'r march, pei as archud er meityn."

Sevyll ac ataws â oruc y vorwyn, a gwared y rhan â dyliai vod am ei hwyneb o wisc ei phen, attalis ei golwc arno, a dechreu ymddydan ag ev.

"Arglwytes," hebai Pwyll,  
"pan doi di, a pha gerded y syd arnat?"

"Cereded wrth vy negesau," atebai hi: "a da yw genyv dy weled ti."

"Gresaw wrthyd ygenyvi,"  
heb

**P**WYLL then called out—  
"O damsel, for the sake of the man whom most thou lovest, wait for me!"

"I will gladly," she replied,  
"and it had been better for thy horse hadst thou desired it long since."

Standing still, and putting aside that part of her head-dress that should cover her face, she fixed her eyes upon him, and began to converse with him.

"Lady," said Pwyll, "whence comest thou, and what the object of thy journey?"

"I was travelling on account of some business," she replied: "and I am glad to see thee."

"Be thou welcome!" he  
said,

heb ev; ac yna medyliaw á wnaeth bod yn divwyn ganto pryd á welsai erioed o vorwyn i wrth ei phryd hi:

said, thinking within himself, at the same time, that the countenance of every damsel, he had ever seen, seemed unpleasing, compared with her countenance.

“ Arglwytes,” heb ev, á dywedi di imi dim o’th negesau?”

“ Lady,” said he, “ wilt thou declare to me no part of thy errand?”

“ Dywedav, dir yw,” atebai hi; “ penav neges vu imi ceisaw dy weled ti.”

“ I will most certainly declare it,” she replied; “ my chief errand has been to endeavour to see thee.”

“ Llyna y neges oreu genyvi dy dawed ti iddi,” hebai Pwyll: “ ac á dywedi di imi pwy wyt?”

“ That is the errand most agreeable to me thou couldest be coming upon,” said Pwyll; “ and wilt thou tell me who thou art?”

“ Dywedav, arglwyd,” y gwrtheb hi: “ Rhianon, verch Hyvairt Hên, wyv vi: ac ym rhoti i wr o’m hanvot ydis. Ac ni mynais inhau un gwr, a hyny o’th cariad ti; ac nis mynav etwa, ond ti a’m gwrthyd; ac i wybod dy ateb di am hyny y deuthum i.”

“ I will, my lord,” she replied: “ Rhianon,\* the daughter of Hyvaidd Hen,† am I: and to betroth me to a man against my will is what is intended. I have myself wished for no man, and that for the love of thee; and still I shall not, unless thou dost reject me; and to know thy answer respecting this have I come here.”

“ Rhovi a nev,” heb yntau Bwyll, “ llyna vy ateb i iti: pei cafwn dewis ar holl vorwynion

“ Now, in the presence of heaven,” Pwyll then replied, “ this is my answer: that were I

\* Which may be rendered the *paragon* or *supreme* among women.

† That is, *aptly-daring the Aged*.

wynion y byd, mai ti â de-wiswn."

"Ie: os hyny a vyni, cyn vy rhoti i wr arall," heb hithau, "gwna oed â mi."

"Goreu yw genyvi po cyn-tav," hebai Pwyll: "ac yn y lle y mynych di, gwna yr oed."

"Gwnav, arglwyd," heb hi: "blywytn i heno, yn llys Hy-vait, mi â barav bod gwlet dar-paredic yu barawd erbyn dy dawed."

"Yn llawen!" heb yntau: "a minhau â vytav yn yr oed hwnw."

"Arglwyd, tric yn iach!" heb hi; "a chofa cywiraw dy ed-ewid. Ac ymhaith yt av vi."

A gwahanu â wnaethant. Cyrchu â wnaeth Pwyll parth a'i deulu a'i niver: pa amovyn bynac â vai canthynt wy i wrth y vorwyn i chwedlau ereill y trosai yntau.

Odyna treulaw y vlvwtyn hyd yr amser â wnaethant: ac ymgy-weiraw

I to have the choice, among all the damsels in the world, it would be thee I should choose."

"Well: if thou wouldest have me, before I am given to another," she then said, "make an appointment with me."

"The sooner it may be the most agreeable will it be to me," said Pwyll; "and in the place where thou wouldest desire, make thou the appointment."

"I will do so, my lord," she said: "a year from this night, in the hall of Hyvaidd, I will order a banquet to be prepared against thy coming."

"Delightful!" he replied; "and I will also be punctual to that appointment."

"My lord, continue in health!" she added; "and remember to fulfil thy promise. And now I will go hence."

So they separated. Pwyll returned to his retinue and family: and whatever enquiries they might make respecting the damsel, he would always turn to other topics.

Thenceforth did the year pass away, up to the appointed time:

weiraw ar ei ganved á wnaeth Pwyll, a myned y ryngdo á llys Hyvait Hên. Pan y daeth at y pyrth, ev á aeth i'r llys, a dygyvor, a llewenyt; arlwy mawr á oet yn ei erybn; a holl varannet y llys wrth ei gynghor ev y treulwyd.

Cyweiriaw y neuat á wnaethbwyd, ac i'r byrtau y daethant; sev val yt eistetytant: Hyvait Hên ar neillaw Pwyll, a Rhianon o'r parth arall ito; iam hyny pawb val y bai ei enrhydet.

Bwyta, a chyvetach, ac ymdydan á wnaethant, hyd ar dechreu cyvetach wedi y bwyd, wynt á welynt yn dawed i mywn gwâs gwineu, mawr, teyrnait, á gwisc o bali amdano. A phan daeth i gyntet y neuat, cyvarch gwell á oruc i Bwyll a'i gydymdeithon.

"Nawt nev wrthy, enaid!" hebai Pwyll: "a dos i eistet."

"Nac av," atebai y dyeithyr:  
"eirchiad

time: so Pwyll equipped himself, along with a hundred of his knights, and thus proceeded to the court of Hyvaidd the aged. Being arrived at the gates, he entered amidst great joy, bustle, and mirth; great preparations being made for his reception, and all attendances of the court were ministered to his pleasure.

The hall having been arranged in order, the company came to the tables, taking their seats in this manner: Hyvaidd the aged on one side of Pwyll, and Rhianon on the other side; and next to these every one sat down according as his rank might be.

They ate, they drank, and discoursed together, until the commencement of the carousal after meat, when they beheld a swarthy youth entering, who was of great stature, majestic in appearance, and clad in a velvet robe. So when he approached the precinct of the hall, he made a salutation to Pwyll and his companions.

"Heaven favour thee, my soul!" said Pwyll: "go and sit down."

"I will not," the stranger replied:

"eirchiad wyv; a'm neges á wnav."

replied: "I am a suitor; and my errand I will accomplish."

"Gwna, yn llawen," hebai Pwyll.

"Do it, with pleasure," said Pwyll.

"Arglwyd," heb y llall, "wrthyt ti mae vy neges i; ac i erchi it y dotwyv."

"My lord," said the other, "with thee is my business; and to demand of thee am I come."

"Pa arch bynac á erchych di imi, hyd 'y gallwyv ei gafel, iti y byt."

"What boon soever thou mayest demand of me, as far as in my power, it shall be granted to thee."

"Och! paham y rhoti di ateb velly?" hebai Rhianon.

"Ah! why dost thou give such an answer?" cried Rhianon.

"Neus rholes velly, arlwytes, yn ngwyt gwyrda?" heb y macwy.

"Lady, has he not given it so, in the presence of honourable men?" said the youth.

"Enaid! beth yw dy arch di?" hebai Pwyll.

"Soul! what is thy request?" said Pwyll.

"Y vorwyn vwyav á garav, yt wyt yn cyscu heno genthi: ac itei herchi hi, ac yr arlwy, ac y darmerth y syt yman, y dotwyvi."

"The damsel I most dearly love, whom thou art about to espouse this night: and to demand her, with these preparations and the banquet, am I now come."

Cynhewi á oruc Pwyll, can y bu ateb á rotasai.

Pwyll was struck dumb, on account of the answer, which he had given.

"Taw hyd y mynych," hebai Rhianon, "ni bu musgrellach gwr

"Remain silent as long as thou wilt," said Rhianon, "never did

gwr ar ei synwyr ehun, noc ry-  
vuost."

" Arlwytes," y gwrtheb ev,  
" ni wytwn i pwy oet ev."

" Llyna, y gwr y mynasid vy  
rhoti i ito o'm hanvot," heb  
hi: " Gwawl vab Clud, gwr  
tomynawc, cyvoethawc: a  
chan deryw it dywedyd y gair  
à dywedaist, dyro vi ito rhac  
anghlod it."

" Arglwytes, ni wn i pa ryw  
ateb yw hwnw," hebai Pwyll:  
" ni allav vi arnav à dywedi di  
byth."

" Dyro di vi ito ev," oet ei  
hateb: " a mi á wnav na chafo  
ev vyvi byth."

" Pa furyv vyt hyny?" hebai  
Pwyll.

" Mi á rotav i'th law gód  
vechan," hi á wrtheb, " a  
chadw hòno yn da: ac ev á  
eirch y wlet, ac yr arlwy, ac y  
darmerth; ac nid oes i'th vet-  
iant ti hyny: a mi á rotav y  
wlet i'r niverot, ac y teulu. A  
hwnw vyt dy ateb am hyny,"  
hebai

did a man make a more awk-  
ward use of his own wit, than  
thou hast hitherto."

" Lady," replied he, " I  
knew not who he was."

" Why, he is the man to  
whom it was intended to give  
me, against my will," she said;  
" Gwawl the son of Clud,\* a  
powerful and wealthy chief-  
tain: and since thou hast  
spoken the word thus, give me  
up to him, lest disgrace befall  
thee."

" Lady, I know not what  
kind of answer that can be,"  
said Pwyll: " I never can  
consent to do as thou sayest."

" Thou must agree to give  
me up to him," was her reply;  
" and I will contrive that he  
shall never obtain me."

" By what means can that  
be done?" said Pwyll.

" I will deliver into thy hand  
a small bag," she replied,  
" which thou must keep care-  
fully: he will demand the ban-  
quet, the preparation, and the  
entertainment, to be for him-  
self; but of those thou hast  
no command: I will give the  
banquet

\* The import of which name is, *Splendour the son of Transit*.



hebaihevyd; "amdanav inhau, mi á wnav oed ag ev blwytyn i heno i gysen genyv ynmhen y vlwytyn, byt dithau, ac y gôd hon genyt, ar dy ganved marchawg, yn y berllan uchod. A phan vo ev ar ganol ei ddi-grivwch, ac ei gyvetach, dyred tithau dy hun i mywn, a dillad rheidus amdanad, ac y gôd i'th law; ac nac arch dim namyn llonaid y gôd o vwyd. A min-hau á barav, pei dotid y syt yn y saith cantrev hyn o vwyd a llyn ynti, na bo llawnach no chynt. A gwedi bwrier llawer ynti, ev á ovyn it, 'a vyt llawn dy gôd ti byth?' Dywed tithau, 'na vyt, oni chyvyd dylyedawc trachyvoethawc, a gwascu â'i deutroed y bwyd yn y gôd, a dywedyd, 'digawn á doded yman.' A minhau á barav ito ev vyned i sengu y bwyd yn y gôd; a phan el ev, tro dithau y gôd yni el ev tros ei ben ynti; ac yna llat glwm argareiau y gôd;

banquet to the company and the household. That shall be thy answer, respecting those matters," she added; "and with respect to myself, I will make an appointment with him, that at the end of a year from this night, I will be espoused to him. At the end of the year, be thou also, having that bag about thee, with thy hundred knights, in the orchard above the house. Thus, when he shall be in the midst of his pleasure and his banquet, then do thou come in alone, clad in the garb of a mendicant, with the bag in thy hand; but ask for nothing except the bag full of victuals. So I will then cause, if there were as much as the seven provinces could yield of provisions in the bag, that it should not seem fuller than before. After much shall be thus thrown into it, he will ask thee—'Will thy bag never be full?' Then thou shalt answer, that it will not, unless there shall rise up a nobleman of boundless wealth, who shall press with his feet the victuals in the bag, and shall then say, 'Enough has been put in.' I will thereupon urge him to go and press the victuals; and when he is thus employed, do thou then turn the bag, so that he shall be over his head in it; do thou then slip a knot on the thongs

y gôd; a bid corn canu da ar dy  
vynwgyl, a phan vo ev yn rhwy-  
medic yn y gôd, dod tithau lev  
ar dy gorn; a bid hyny yn ar-  
wyt y rhyngod a'th varchogion,  
pan glywynt lev dy gorn dis-  
gynent wyntau am ben y llys."

things of the bag; and let there  
be a good bugle horn about thy  
neck, that when he shall be bound  
in the bag, thou mayest blow a  
blast on thy horn; and be it a sig-  
nal between thee and thy knights,  
that when they shall have heard  
the sound of the horn, let  
them descend and surround the  
house."

"Arlwyt, madws oet imi  
cafel ateb am vy neges," hebai  
Gwawl vab Clud.

"My lord, it were high time  
for me to have an answer, as to  
what I have demanded," said  
Gwawl, the son of Clud.

"Cymmaint ag a erchaist, o'r  
à vo yn vy metiant i," y gwrtheb  
Pwyll, "ti ai cefi."

"As much as thou hast de-  
manded of what there may be in  
my possession," Pwyll replied,  
"thou shalt obtain."

"Enaid," heb hithau Ri-  
anon, "am y wlet, ac y darpar  
ysyt yma, hwnw á rotai i i  
wyr Dyved, ac y teulu, ac y niv-  
erot y syt yma; hwnw nid  
adawav vi ei roti i neb. Blwytyn  
i heno y byt gwlet darparedic  
yn y llys hon i tithau, enaid, i  
gyscu genyv inheu."—

Rhianon then said, "my soul,  
as to these preparations, and  
the banquet, I have given them  
to the men of Dyved, the  
household, and the company  
now present; and which there-  
fore I cannot suffer to be given  
to any other. In a year from  
this night there will be an en-  
tertainment prepared in this  
court for thee also, my soul,  
and thou shalt be espoused to  
me."—

Gwawl á gertawt rhyngtho a'i  
gyvoeth; Pwyll yntau a daeth i  
Dyved. Ac y vlwytyn hòno a  
dreulwys pawb o honynt hyd

Gwawl, the son of Clud,  
journeyed towards his domi-  
nion; Pwyll also came to Dy-  
ved. Thus all of them passed  
that year, until the time fixed

oed

for

oed y wlet oet yn llys Hyvairt  
Hên.

for the banquet, which was to  
be given in the hall of Hyvaidd  
Hên.

Gwawl vab Clud á daeth  
parth a' r wlet á oet darparedic  
ito; a chyrchu y llys á wnaeth,  
a llawen vwyd wrtho.

On the day appointed for the  
banquet prepared for Gwawl,  
the son of Clud, he appeared  
at the court, where he was re-  
ceived with every demonstration  
of joy.

Pwyll yntau, pen anwn, á  
daeth i'r berllan, ar ei ganved  
marchawc, val y gorchymynasai  
Rianon ito, ac y gôd gant o; a  
gwisgaw bratau trymion ymdano  
á wnaeth, a llopanau mawr am  
ei draed. A phan wybu ei bod  
ar dechreu cyvetach, wedi  
bwyta, dawed rhacdo i'r cyntet;  
a gwedi ei dawed i'r neuat, cyv-  
arch gwell á wnaeth i Wawl  
vab Clud, ac ei gydymdeithon  
o wyr a gwreiget.—

Pwyll, chief of the unknown  
world, also came into the  
orchard, with his hundred  
knights, agreeably to the in-  
structions of Rhianon, having  
the bag with him, clad in wretch-  
ed rags, and large slippers on  
his feet. So when he knew it  
to be the commencement of the  
carousal after dinner, he ap-  
proached the hall, and having  
entered the portal, he made a  
salutation to Gwawl, the son of  
Clud, and to his companions of  
men and women.—

“ Duw á roto da it, a gresaw  
Duw wrthyt!” hebai Gwawl  
vab Clud.

“ May God grant thee bounty,  
and may his favour be to  
thee!” said Gwawl, the son of  
Clud.

“ Arglwyt, y nev á dalo it!  
negesawl wyv wrthyt,” heb  
yntau.

“ My lord, may heaven re-  
quite thee! I am a suitor to  
thee,” was the other's reply.

“ Gresaw wrth dy neges,”  
hebai Gwawl; “ ac os arch  
gyvartal á erchi imi, yn llawen  
ti ai cefi.”

“ Welcome to thy suit,”  
said Gwawl; “ and if reason-  
able what thou demandest of  
me, gladly thou shalt have it.”

“ Cyvartal

“ Reasonable,

" Cyvartal, arglwyt," heb yntau: " nid archav onid rhac eiseu: sev arch à archav, llonaidd y gôd vechan à weli di o vwyd."

" Reasonable, my lord," the other replied: " I crave but against want: this the boon I ask; as much of victuals as will fill this small bag, which thou seest."

" Arch didrahaus hòno, a thi a'i cefi yn llawen.—Dygwch vwyd ito," hebai Gwawl vab Clud.

" No presumptuous request that, and thou shalt have it with pleasure. Carry victuals to him," said Gwawl, the son of Clud.

Rhivedi mawr o swytwyr á gyvodasant i vynyt, a dechreu llenwi y gôd; ac, er à vyrid ynti, ni vytai llawnachno chynt.

A great many attendants rose up, and so began to fill the bag; yet, notwithstanding the quantity cast in, no fuller did it seem than at first.

" Enaid!" llevai Gwawl, " a vyt llawn dy gôd ti byth?"

" Good man!" exclaimed Gwawl, " will thy bag never be full?"

" Na vyt, a' vynghydwytbod," heb yntau, " er à doter ynti byth, oni chyvyd dyledawctir a daiar a chyvoeth, a sengi a'i deutoed y bwyd yn y gôd, a dywedyd, ' Digawn á doded yma.' "

" It will not, upon my conscience," the other replied, " for all that may be put in, unless a chieftain, possessed of dominion and sovereignty, shall rise and tread the victuals in the bag with his feet, and say, ' there has been enough put in.' "

" A gènad, cyvod i vynyt ar vyr," hebai Rhianon, wrth Wawl vab Clud.

" With permission, rise up without delay," said Rhianon, speaking to Gwawl, the son of Clud.

" Cyvodav yn llawen," hebai ev.

" I will rise with pleasure," he replied.

Cyvod

So

Cyvodi i vynyt á oruc, a dodi ei deutroed yn y gôd. Yna troi o Bwyll y gôd ynivytt Gwawl tros ei ben ynti; ac yn gyvlym cau y gôd, a llat clwm ar y carciau, Pwyll á dodes lev ar ei gorn. Ac ar hyny, llyma y teulu am ben y llys. Yna cymeryd a Bwyll bawb o'r niver á daeth ygyda Gwawl, ac eu dodi yn ei garchar ehun; a bwrw y bratau, ac y llopanau, ac yr yspail ditestyl iamdano á oruc. Ac val y delai bob un o niver Pwyll yntau i mywn, y tarawai dyrnawd ar y gôd, ac y govynai, "Beth y syt yman?" "Broch," metynt wyntau. Sev cyvryw chware á wneynt, taraw á wnâai bob un dyrnawd ar y gôd, ai ag ei droed, ai á throsawl; ac evelly yn gware, pawb val y delai á ovynai. "Pa chware á wnewch chwi velly?"—"Gware broch ynghôd," metynt wyntau. Ac ynagyntav y gwarewyd broch ynghôd.—

"Arlwyt!" hebai y gwr ô'r gôd, "pei gwrandawit vyvi, nid oet [dihenytt arnav vy llat ymywn cod!"

"Arlwyt," hebai Hyvait Hên, o gyvrwng, "gwir á dyweda:

So he arose and put his feet in the bag. Then Pwyll turned up the bag in a way that Gwawl was over his head therein; and dexterously shutting it, by slipping a knot on the thongs, Pwyll gave a blast on his horn. Thereupon, lo, the whole assembly rose up in wild confusion about the court. In the mean while Pwyll took all the retinue of Gwawl and cast them into his own prison; and then he put off his rags, the slippers, and other unseemly appendages. Each one of the retinue of Pwyll, as he entered, struck a blow on the bag, asking, "What is there in this?" "A badger," the others would then answer. And this sort of play they kept up, every one striking a blow on the bag, either with his foot, or with a staff; and while they thus continued, every one would ask, as he came, "What play are you so engaged in?"—"We are playing Badger in Bag," the others would reply. And thence was the origin of the game of Badger in Bag.—

"My lord!" cried the man in the bag, "if thou wouldest but hear me, I should not experience this treatment, that I should be killed in a bag."

"My lord," said Hyvaidd the aged, interposing, "he speaks

dyweda: iawn yw it ei wrandaw :  
nid dihenyt arno hyny."

speaks the truth ; it is right that  
thou shouldest hear him: he  
doth not deserve such a treat-  
ment."

" Ie, mi á wnav dy gynghor  
di am dano ev," hebai Pwyll o  
ateb.

" Assuredly, I will act con-  
cerning him as thou shalt ad-  
vise," Pwyll said in answer.

" Llyma dy gynghor di,"  
hebai Rhianon yna: " Ydwyd  
yny lle y perthyn arnat llonytu  
eirchaid a chertorion ; gâd yno  
ev i roti i bawb drosot ; a dyro  
gadernyd ito, na bo it ovyn na  
dial vyth amdanav ; a digawn  
yw hyny o gosb arnat."

" These then shall be thy  
conditions," said Rhianon ;  
" Thou art in a situation  
where it belongs to thee to sa-  
tisfy suitors and minstrels ; suf-  
fer him then to bestow in thy  
stead ; and give a pledge to  
him, that thou shalt never be to  
seek revenge on my account ;  
and sufficient is that of punish-  
ment upon thee."

" Ev á geif hyny yn llawen,"  
heb y gwr o'r gôd.

" He shall have that with  
pleasure," said the man in the  
bag.

" A minhau a'i cymerav yn  
llawen, gan gynghor Hyvait  
Hen a Rhianon," y gwrthebai  
Pwyll.

" And I then will accept it  
with pleasure, by the concur-  
rence of Hyvaidd Hên, and  
Rhianon," Pwyll said in reply.

" Cynghor yw hyny genym  
ni," hebai wynt.

" That is the advice we  
give," they said.

" Ei gymeryd á wnav," hebai  
Pwyll : " cais veichau drosot."

" To that I accede then,"  
said Pwyll : " get hostages for  
thyself."

" Ni á vytwn drosto, yni  
vo ryt ei wyr i vyned drosto,"  
hebai Hyvait.

" We will be for him, until  
his men shall be at liberty to  
answer for him," Hyvaidd said.

" Ac

R

And

Ac ar hyny y gollyngwyd  
ev o'r gôd, ac y rhytâwyd ei  
oreugwyr.

And thereupon he was  
loosened from the bag, and  
his liege men were also set at  
large.

"Govyn weithon i Wawl vab  
Clud veichau," hebai Hyvait  
Hên: "ni á adwaenwn y neb  
à dyly ev eu cymeryd y ganto."

"Now demand hostages of  
Gwawl, the son of Clud," said  
Hyvaidd the aged. "We know  
such as ought to be accepted of  
him."

Rhivaw y meichau á wnaeth  
Hyvait.

The hostages were pointed  
out by name, by Hyvaidd.

"Llunia dy hun dy ammod,"  
hebai Gwawl.

"Form the agreement thy-  
self," said Gwawl.

"Digawn yw genyv val y  
lluniawt Rhianon," hebai Pwyll.

"Sufficient is it for me as it  
has been formed by Rhianon,"  
Pwyll replied.

Y meichau á aeth ar yr am-  
mod hwnw.

The hostages were delivered,  
according to the terms of the  
agreement.

"Ie, arglwyd," hebai Gwawl  
vab Clud, "briwedid wyvi, a  
chymmriw á gevais, ac enaint y  
sy raid imi; ac ymaith yt av,  
gan dy ganiad ti; a mi á at-  
tebav wyrda drosov yma i ateb i  
bawb o'r a'th byvno di."

"Truly, my lord," said  
Gwawl, the son of Clud, "I  
am bruised, and have received  
many wounds, and a remedy is  
necessary for me; therefore,  
with thy leave, I will depart  
hence; and I will send here  
good men to answer for me, to  
every one that requires it of  
thee."

"Yn llawen," hebai Pwyll;  
"a gwna dithau hyny."

"With pleasure," Pwyll said;  
"and then do thou so."

Gwawl vab Clud á aeth  
parth

Gwawl, the son of Clud,  
took

parth a'i gyvoeth. Y neuat ynte á gyweirwyd i Bwyll, ac ei niver, ac i niver y flys iam hyny; ac i'r byrtau yt aethant i eistet, ac val yt eistetysant blwyty'n o'r nós hòno yf eistetwys pawb yna. Bwyta a chyvetach á wnaethant, hyd ydaeth amser i vyned i gyscu; ac yna it yr ystavellyt aeth Pwyll a Rhianon, wedi treulhaw y nós hòno yn y wlet trwy digrivwch a llonytwch.

took his departure for his own dominion. Preparations were made in the hall for the entertainment of Pwyll and his retinue, as also for the usual train of the court; so they repaired to the tables, taking their places in the same order as they had done a year from that night. They ate and caroused until the time arrived for their going to rest; and then Pwyll and Rhianon, after enjoying the pleasures of the banquet with contentment to themselves, retired to their apartment.

Tranoeth, yn ieueintyd y dyt, "arlwyf," hebai Rhianon, "cyvod i vynyf, a dechreu lonytu y certorion; ac na ommet neb hetyw or á vño da."

The next morning, in the infancy of the day, Rhianon said, "My lord, rise up, and begin to satisfy the minstrels; refuse no one this day, who may be seeking thy bounty."

"Hyny á wnav, yn llawen," atebai Pwyll: "a hetyw a pheunyt tra barão y wlet hon."

"That I will do, with pleasure," Pwyll replied: "and not only to-day, but so long as this festival shall continue."

Yna cyvodes Pwyll i vynyf; a pheri dodi gosteg, erchis i holl eirchaid a chertorion dangaws eu damuned, a mynegi itynt y llonytid pawb o honynt wrth ei vot ac ei vympwy. Hyny á wnaethbwyd, a threulwyd y wlet hono, ac ni ommetwyd  
neb

Then Pwyll arose; and having commanded silence, he desired all the suitors and minstrels to make known their wishes, declaring to them, that every one should be satisfied agreeably to his will and inclination. This was accomplished, and the feast, of which no one was refused to partake,



neb tra baräawd ohoni, hyd y diwet.

“ Arglwyt,” hebai Pwyll, wrth Hyvait Hên, “ mi á gychwynav, gan dy ganiad, parth á Dyved evory.”

“ Ie, nev á rytäo rhagot!” hebai Hyvait; “ a gwna oed a chynnod y del Rhianon i'th ol.”

“ Yn diau, yghyd y certwn otyma,” heb yntau Pwyll.

“ Ai evelly y myni di, arglwyt?” heb yr Hyvait Hên.

“ Evelly, yn wîr,” hebai Pwyll.

Wynt á gertasant tranoeth parth á Dyved; a llys Arberth á gyrchasant, a gwlet darparedic á oet yno itynt.

Dygyvor y wlad ac y cyvoeth á daeth attynt, o'r gwyr goreu, ac y gwreiget goreu; o hyny nid edewis Rhianon neb heb roti rhot enwawc ito; ai o gae,

whilst any thing remained, came to an end.

“ My lord,” said Pwyll, addressing Hyvaidd Hên, “ with thy permission, I will depart to-morrow for Dyved.”

“ Well then, may Heaven prosper thee!” said Hyvaidd; “ and make thou an appointment, and fix the time, when Rhianon shall follow after thee.”

“ Most certainly, we shall depart together from hence,” Pwyll replied.

“ And is it thus, my lord, that thou art determined to proceed then?” said Hyvaidd Hên.

“ Thus, assuredly,” said Pwyll.

They travelled the next morning on their way towards Dyved; and, as they approached the palace of Arberth, a banquet was there in readiness for them.

All of the most respectable population of the country, both men and women, assembled for their reception; and among those Rhianon left none, without bestowing some distinguish-

ai o vodrwy, ai o vaen gwerth-  
vawr.

Gwledychu y wlad á wnaeth-  
ant yn llwytiannus y vlwytn  
hðno ac yr ail; ac yn y drydet  
vlwytn y dechreuis gwyr y  
wlad dala trymvryd yntynt, o  
weled gwr cymaint á gerynt ag  
eu harglwyd, ac eu brawdvaeth,  
yn dietivet; ac ei dyvynu at-  
tynt á wnaethant.

Sêv lle y daethant ynghyd, i  
Preselau yn Nyved.

"Ein arglwyd," heb wynt, "ni  
wytam na byti gyvoed ti á rhai  
o wyr y wlad hon; ac ein ovyn  
ni yw na byt iti etivet o'r wraic  
y sy gydathi; ac wrth hyny  
cymer wraic arall, y bo etivet it  
ohonei. Nid byth," hebynt  
etwa, "y perêi di; a chyd cerych  
di vod evelly, nis dyotevwn y  
genyd."

"Ie

ed gift on each; either a wreath,  
a ring, or a precious stone.

They governed the realm  
prosperously during that and  
the following year; but, in the  
course of the third year, the  
elders of the country began to  
bear in them heaviness of mind,  
from seeing a person whom  
they so greatly loved as their  
lord, and their foster-brother\*,  
remaining without issue; and  
they summoned him to appear  
before them.

The place where they as-  
sembled at was Preselau, in  
Dyved.

"Our sovereign," they said,  
"we have taken into considera-  
tion, that thou mayest not live  
so long as some of the men of  
this country; and our appre-  
hension is, that there will be  
no issue to thee of this wo-  
man, who is thy consort; and  
therefore take thou another  
wife, so there may be children  
to thee by her." They added,  
"Not for ever wilt thou con-  
tinue among us; and though thy  
desire may be to remain as  
thou art, we will not endure it."

"Indeed,

\* Fosterage was an universal custom among the Britons. The children of the chieftains were put to different families to be nursed and educated, by which means the most faithful attachments were formed among them.

"Ie, nid hir etwa yt ym ynghyd," atebai Pwyll: "a llawer damwain á digawn bod; oedwch á mi hyn hyd ymhen y vlwytyn; a blwytyn i'r amser lwn, ni a wnawn yr oed i dawed ynghyd; ac wrth eich cynghor y bytav."

Yr oed á wnaethant yna.

Cyn pen cwbl o'r oed, mab á aned i Bwyll: ac yn Arberth y ganed.

Ar y nŵs y ganed, y dychwyd gwreicet i wylad y mab a'i vam; sev rhivedi o wreicet á dychwyd i'r ystavell ytoet chwech.

Gwylad evelly á wnaethant wyntau dalym o'r nŵs; ac yn hyny eisoes, cyn hanner nŵs, cyscu á wnaeth pawb ohonynt, a Rhianon hevyd; a thua'r pylgaint defroi, a phan defroasant edrych á orugant y lle y dodysynt y mab, ac nid oet dim ohono yno.

"Och!" y gawrai un o'r gwreicet, "neur golles y mab!"

"Indeed, as yet, we have not been long together," Pwyll replied: "and many an event may come to pass. Put this matter off with me until the expiration of a year, at which time let us make an appointment to meet together again; and by your counsel I will then abide."

They made the appointment accordingly.

Before the whole of the period stipulated had elapsed, Pwyll had a son: and in Arberth was he born.

On the night when he was born, women were brought in to watch the child and his mother; and the women who were thus placed in the chamber were six in number.

Thus they watched a part of the night; and in so doing, however, and before the time of midnight, every one of them fell asleep, and Rhianon also; but towards the morning they awoke, and, on awaking, they began to look about the place where they had laid the child, and there was nothing seen of him.

"Oh!" cried one of the women; "is not the child lost?"

CYMM-

(To be continued.)

## CYMMRODORION AND GWYNEDDIGION

### SOCIETIES OF LONDON.

**T**HE emblematical design, in the title-page of this volume, represents *Hu the Mighty*, as the conductor of the first colony into the Isle of Britain; and is after a fine vignette in one of the publications of prize poems in the Welsh language, by the GWYNEDDIGION; being also the subject on the medals most laudably given by that society, from time to time, for the encouragement of the literature of Wales.

There was another society in London, of earlier institution, having the like patriotic views as the one above mentioned, and under the appellation of CYMMRODORION, or *Fellow Countrymen*. The first meeting of this society was held in 1751, and it continued to pursue the object of its foundation,

with considerable energy and success, during thirty years.

The Society of GWYNEDDIGION, or *Venedocians*, is to be considered as a resuscitation of the CYMMRODORION, under a new name, and with a prospect better calculated to ensure its permanency, from being more extended, by the union of ancient customs of conviviality with those higher views of calling forth the genius of the modern bards of the *Cymry*. And it is to further those dignified views of the GWYNEDDIGION that the editors have taken the liberty of introducing this brief statement, as introductory to the Triads, containing the historical memorials of HU GADAERN, the illustrious leader of our ancestors into the island, for which we refer our readers to p. 162 of the present volume.

A CALENDAR  
OF ALL THE  
MAYORS, BAILIFFS, AND HIGH SHERIFFS,  
OF  
THE CORPORATION OF CARMARTHEN,  
FROM THE YEAR OF OUR LORD, 1400.

A.D.

**D**AVID LLOYD, *mayor*.

John Gerald and John Willy Fisher, *bailiffs*,  
who, as it seems, continued in office 14 years - 1400

## 1st. KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

John Moor, *mayor*.John Banowe and Richard Rowe, *bailiffs*. - - 1414William Read, *mayor*.John Lloyd and John Moore, *bailiffs*. - - 1419William Read, *mayor*.John Bennett and John Bernardside, *bailiffs*. - - 1421

## 3d. KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

Nicholas Blewett, *mayor*:Thomas Higgon le Good and Richard Garold, *bailiffs*. 1424John Willy Fisher, *mayor*.Lewis ap Rees Gethin and Philip Meredith, *bailiffs*. 1426William Read, *mayor*. - - - - 1430John Moore, sen. *mayor*.Philip Warbeck and John Moore, jun., *bailiffs*. - - 1433John Moore, sen., *mayor*.William Fisher, sen. and John Higgon Brown, *bailiffs*. 1434

Nicholas

# ANTIQUITIES.

249

A. D.

Nicholas Blewett, <i>mayor</i> .			
Richard Hancock and Walter Sterling, <i>bailiffs</i> .	-	1439	
Stephen Griffith, <i>mayor</i> .			
John Willy and Richard Barnard, <i>bailiffs</i> .	-	-	1441
Lewis ap Rees Gethin, <i>mayor</i> .			
John Willy and Richard Branker, <i>bailiffs</i> .	-	-	1448
Rees Howell, <i>mayor</i> .			
Thomas Gethin and Thomas Eynon, <i>bailiffs</i> .	-	-	1458

## 1st. KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.

Philip Tucker and Thomas Beynon, <i>bailiffs</i> .	-	-	1461
John Warbeck, <i>mayor</i> .			
John Tucker and Ievan ap Cynon, <i>bailiffs</i> .	-	-	1462
William Read and Hugh Huntley, <i>bailiffs</i> .	-	-	1465
Rees Howell, <i>mayor</i> .			
Thomas Parkes and Thomas Beynon, <i>bailiffs</i> .	-	-	1469
Thomas Gethin, <i>mayor</i> .			
John Gethin Taylor and Richard Lea, <i>bailiffs</i> .	-	-	1471
William Weithe, <i>mayor</i> .			
Howell Fisher and Thomas Beynon, <i>bailiffs</i> .	-	-	1472
John Wardibeck, <i>mayor</i> .			
William Higgon and Thomas ap Rees, <i>bailiffs</i> .	-	-	1474
Rees Howell, <i>mayor</i> .			
Saven Gravell and William Morris, <i>bailiffs</i> .	-	-	1480
John Higgon, <i>mayor</i> .			
John Lewis and Richard Vawr, <i>bailiffs</i> .	-	-	1481

## 1st. KING EDWARD V.—1st. KING RICHARD III.

Jenkin Lloyd Bire, <i>mayor</i> .			
Richard Vaur Richard and John Ostler, <i>bailiffs</i> .	-	1483	

## 3d. KING HENRY THE SEVENTH.

John Higgon, <i>mayor</i> .			
Richard ap John and Henry ap Thomas, <i>bailiffs</i> .	-	1487	
Sir Rice ap Thomas, Knt., <i>mayor</i> .			
John Arthur and Lewis ap Evan ap Rees, <i>bailiffs</i> .	-	1488	
			Rees

A. D.

Rees ap Ievan ap Eynon, <i>mayor</i> .	
Richard Vawr and David John ap Ievan Maddock, <i>bailiffs</i> . - - - - -	1489
Morris Read, <i>mayor</i> .	
John Filer and John Hire, <i>bailiffs</i> . - - - - -	1492
Richard ap Owen, <i>mayor</i> .	
Rees ap Harry and Jeffrey Chandler, <i>bailiffs</i> . - -	1493
Sir Rice ap Thomas, Knt. <i>mayor</i> .]	
Hugh Higgon and William ap Ievan ap Gwilim Whith, <i>bailiffs</i> . - - - - -	1494
Rees ap Ievan ap Eynon, <i>mayor</i> .	
Lewis Vawr and John Phillip, <i>bailiffs</i> . - - -	1496
Saven Gravell, <i>mayor</i> .	
William ap Ievan ap Gwilim Whith and John Lia, <i>bailiffs</i> . - - - - -	1497
Hugh Higgon, <i>mayor</i> .	
Rees Owen Gwynne and John ap Rees, <i>bailiffs</i> . - -	1498
Hugh Higgon, <i>mayor</i> .	
John Davey and John Butler, <i>bailiffs</i> . - - -	1499
Sir Rice ap Thomas, Knt., <i>mayor</i> .	
Morgan David Gove and Philip Llewellyn, <i>bailiffs</i> .	1500
Jeffrey Dier, <i>mayor</i> .	
Philip ap Rees and Morvies Gwilim, <i>bailiffs</i> . - -	1503
Sir Griffith Rees, Knt., <i>mayor</i> .	
Meyrick Thomas and Morgan Taylor, <i>bailiffs</i> . - -	1504
Sir Griffith Rees, Knt., <i>mayor</i> .	
John Brure and Philip Davey, <i>bailiffs</i> . - - -	1505
Richard Read, <i>mayor</i> .	
Ievan Biddir and Jenkin Griffith, <i>bailiffs</i> . - - -	1507

## 1st. KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

William Morris, <i>mayor</i> .	
David Llywelin Griffith and Thomas Many, <i>bailiffs</i> . -	1509
Philip Rees ap Thomas Ychan, <i>mayor</i> .	
Morris Day and Ievan Goch, <i>bailiffs</i> . - - -	1510
Sir Griffith Rees, Knt., <i>mayor</i> .	
Lewis ap Phuddz and Hugh ap Harry, <i>bailiffs</i> . -	1511
William ap Gwilim Whith, <i>mayor</i> .	
John Barber and Philip ap Ievan David, <i>bailiffs</i> . -	1512
Griffith	

# ANTIQUITIES.

251

A. D.

Griffith Rees, <i>mayor</i> .		
William Bead and David ap David, <i>bailiffs</i> .	- -	1513
Gwalter Dier, <i>mayor</i> .		
John Thomas ap Gwilim and Morris Reynold, <i>bailiffs</i> .	- - - - -	1514
Philip Davey, <i>mayor</i> .		
Richard Wildshire and David ap Richard Gwalter, <i>bailiffs</i> .	- - - - -	1515
Morgan Taylor, <i>mayor</i> .		
John Jennings and Thomas Selby, <i>bailiffs</i> .	- -	1517
John Thomas ap Gwilim, <i>mayor</i> .		
Griffith Biggon and Lewis Penry, <i>bailiffs</i> .	- -	1518
John Hire, <i>mayor</i> .		
Thomas Bowen and Griffith Higgon, <i>bailiffs</i> .	- -	1519
Richard ap Gwalter, <i>mayor</i> .		
Richard Lewis and Edward Walch, <i>bailiffs</i> .	- -	1520
Griffith Higgon, <i>mayor</i> .		
William Richards and Gwalter Gwilim, <i>bailiffs</i> .	- -	1522
David ap David, <i>mayor</i> .		
David Ievan Bayley and Griffith Wayth, <i>bailiffs</i> .	-	1523
John Jennigo, <i>mayor</i> .		
John David Lloyd and Thomas Richard, <i>bailiffs</i> .	-	1524
Thomas ap Owen, <i>mayor</i> .		
Thomas Higgon and Lewis Brine, <i>bailiffs</i> .	- -	1525
John ap Rees ap Ievan ap Eynon, <i>mayor</i> .		
Griffith Lloyd and Lewis Ievan, <i>bailiffs</i> .	- -	1526
Philip David, <i>mayor</i> .		
James Lech and Reynold Morgan, <i>bailiffs</i> .	- -	1527
David Llywelin, <i>mayor</i> .		
Rees Griffith, Esq. and David Rees David Thomas, <i>bailiffs</i> .	- - - - -	1529
Griffith Higgon, <i>mayor</i> .		
Lewis Thomas, Esq. and John Read, <i>bailiffs</i> .	- -	1530
Sir Walter Devereuse, Knight, <i>mayor</i> .		
Rees ap Owen and Morgan Morris, <i>bailiffs</i> .	- -	1531
Sir Walter Devereuse, Knight, <i>mayor</i> .		
Rees ap Owen and Morgan Morris, <i>bailiffs</i> .	- -	1532
John David Lloyd, <i>mayor</i> .		
Griffith ap Hugh and Griffith Williams, <i>bailiffs</i> .	-	1533
Sir		



		A. D.
Sir Walter Devereux, Knight of the Garter, Justice of South Wales, and Lord of Ferrers, <i>mayor</i> .		
Richard Devereux and Edward Read, <i>bailiffs</i> .	-	1534
Sir Walter Devereux, Knight, <i>mayor</i> .		
Griffith Donn and David Rees, <i>bailiffs</i> .	-	1535
Richard Devereux, <i>mayor</i> .		
Thomas Treharn and Thomas Walter, <i>bailiffs</i> .	-	1536
All houses of religion suppressed.		
Martin Davy, <i>mayor</i> .		
John Philip David and Richard ap Richard, <i>bailiffs</i> .		1537
Thomas Brine, <i>mayor</i> .		
Thomas Hancock and William Brine, <i>bailiffs</i> .	-	1538

## SHERIFFS

OF

## THE COUNTY OF CARMARTHEN.

**J**ENKIN LLOYD DAVID AP REES, of Court  
Piber, Baron of Blaentren, Esq. of the Body to  
King Henry VIII. *aur. vic.*

David Rees, *mayor*.

Howell ap David and Richard Willy, *bailiffs*. - - 1539

Sir William Thomas, of Aberglasney, *mil. vic.*

David Rees, *mayor*.

Thomas Pounton and Richard ap Ievan, *bailiffs*. - 1540

Sir Thomas Jones, of Abermarlais, *mil. vic.*

William Read, *mayor*.

Ievan David Llywelin and David Ievan Philip, *bailiffs*. 1541

William Morgan Donn, of Muddlescomb, *aur. vic.*

Thomas Hancock, *mayor*.

s Hopkin and Lewis Walter, *bailiffs*. - - 1542  
Sir

A. D.

- Sir James William, of Panthowell, *mil. vic.*  
 Thomas Walter, *mayor.*  
 Jenkin David John and Rhuceg ap Ievan Lloyd,  
*bailiffs.* - - - 1543  
 John Philipps, of Picton, *aur. vic.*  
 Morgan ap David, *mayor.*  
 David Nash and Rhys David Llywelín, *bailiffs.* - 1544  
 Thomas Brine, of Penybeirdd, in Kenarth, *aur. vic.*  
 John Jennins, *mayor.*  
 Thomas Atkins and John David Lloyd, *bailiffs.* 1545  
 The sword first borne in Carmarthen.  
 Rees William Thomas Goch, of Ystrad Ffin, *aur. vic.*  
 Martin Davey died in office, and D. D. Richard suc-  
 ceeded, *mayor.*  
 Rees David Llewellyn Griff and Rees Gove, *bailiffs.* 1546

1st. EDWARD VI.

- John Philipps, of Picton, *aur. vic.*  
 Richard ap Ievan, *mayor.*  
 John Griffith and Jenkin D. ap Ievan Philip, *bailiffs* - 1547  
 Griffith Donn, of Carmarthen, *aur. vic.*  
 Griffith William, *mayor.* -  
 Thomas Morgan and Morris Martin, *bailiffs.* - - 1548  
 Rees William Thomas Gouch, of Ystrad Ffin, *aur. vic.*  
 Griffith Donn, *mayor.*  
 Thomas Binon and David ap Harry, *bailiffs.* - - 1549  
 David Gwyn ap Howell ap Rhuddz, of Ystrad Wal-  
 ter, *aur. vic.*  
 David Nash, *mayor.*  
 Thomas Lewis and John Lewis, *bailiffs.* - - 1550  
 Griffith Higgon, of Carmarthen, *aur. vic.*  
 Griffith Higgon, *mayor.*  
 Thomas Brine and John ap Ievan David Griffith,  
*bailiffs.* - - - 1551  
 Sir John Vaughan, of Whiteland, *mil. vic.*  
 Thomas Morgan, *mayor.*  
 Lewis David and Rees ap Rhuddz, *bailiffs.* - - 1552

1st.

## 1st. MARIA.

			A. D.
David Vaughan, of Kidwelly, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Jenkin David ap John, <i>mayor.</i>			
John Vaughan and Richard Henry, <i>bailiffs.</i>	-	-	1553
William Philipps, of Picton, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
John Vaughan, <i>mayor.</i>			
John Morgan and Henry Joy, <i>bailiffs.</i>	-	-	1554
Doctor Robert Ferrar, Bishop of St. David's, burnt in Carmarthen market-place, where the old conduit stood.			
David Griffith Leyson, of the Priory of Carmarthen, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
John Griffith, <i>mayor.</i>			
Thomas Philip David and William Parry, <i>bailiffs.</i>	-	-	1555
Griffith Donn, of Carmarthen, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Griffith Donn, <i>mayor.</i>			
Robert Birt and Griffith Morgan, <i>bailiffs.</i>	-	-	1556
Walter Vaughan, of Penbrey Court, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Humphrey Toy, <i>mayor.</i>			
William David and Lewis William, <i>bailiffs.</i>	-	-	1557

## 1st. ELIZABETH.

William Higgon, of Carmarthen, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Thomas Beynon, <i>mayor.</i>			
Gri. Beynon and David William Read, <i>bailiffs.</i>	-	-	1558
David Vaughan, of Kidwelly, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Rees Penry, <i>mayor.</i>			
Lewis Bowen and Roger William, <i>bailiffs</i> ; Roger William died, and Robert Strong supplied.	-	-	1559
Griffith Donn, of Carmarthen, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
William Davies, <i>mayor.</i>			
George Rees and Henry Morgan, <i>bailiffs.</i>	-	-	1560
David Gwyn ap Howell ap Rhuddz, of Ystrad Walter, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Jenkin David ap Ievan Philip, <i>mayor.</i>			
John Gravel and William Morgan, <i>bailiffs.</i>	-	-	1561
			Rees

Rees William Thomas Goch, Ystrad Ffin, <i>aur. vic.</i>	A. D
David William Read, <i>mayor.</i>	
Thomas David and Thomas Read, <i>bailiffs.</i>	- - 1562
John Vaughan, of Golden Grove, <i>aur. vic.</i>	
John Vaughan, <i>mayor.</i>	
John ap Harry and David ap Ievan Taylor, <i>bailiffs.</i>	- 1563
Sir John Vaughan, of Whiteland, <i>aur. vic.</i>	
Robert Birt, <i>mayor.</i>	
Richard Lewis and Philip Tyler, <i>bailiffs.</i>	- - 1564
Rees Thomas, of Aberglasney, <i>aur. vic.</i>	
Griff. John Dd. Lloyd, <i>mayor.</i>	
Richard Lloyd and Richard Lewis, <i>bailiffs.</i>	- - 1565
Thomas Vaughan, of Penbrey Court, <i>aur. vic.</i>	
Thomas Lewis, <i>mayor.</i>	
John ap Ievan Gregory and Rees Madock, <i>bailiffs.</i>	- 1566
Griffith Rees, of Newton, <i>aur. vic.</i>	
Griffith ap Eynon, <i>mayor.</i>	
Thomas John Harry and William Burley, <i>bailiffs.</i>	- 1567
David William Parry, <i>aur. vic.</i>	
Lewis Philip, <i>mayor.</i>	
Oliver Hodges and Griffith ap Ievan, <i>bailiffs.</i>	- - 1568
The said Dr. Parry was Bishop Ferrars' eldest brother's son; and he, with Sir Gelly Meyrick, and others, proved a traitor to Queen Elizabeth, and was therefore executed.	
Sir James Williams, of Pant Howell, <i>mil. vic.</i>	
Richard Lewis, <i>mayor.</i>	
Richard Philipps and David John Read, <i>bailiffs.</i>	- 1569
Thomas Vaughan, of Penbrey Court, <i>aur. vic.</i>	
Lewis William, <i>mayor.</i>	
David Edwards and Griffith ap Owen, <i>bailiffs.</i>	- 1570
George David Powell, of Ystrad Walter, <i>aur. vic.</i>	
Griffith Rees, of Newton, <i>mayor.</i>	
Rees ap Rhuddz and Thomas Harry, <i>bailiffs.</i>	- 1571
Richard Vaughan, of Whiteland, <i>aur. vic.</i>	
Richard Phillips, <i>mayor.</i>	
Walter Vaughan and Richard Nash, <i>bailiffs.</i>	- - 1572
Rhuddz Gwynne, of Talliaris, <i>aur. vic.</i>	
Richard Philipps, <i>mayor.</i>	
Walter Vaughan and Richard Nash, <i>bailiffs.</i>	- - 1573

A. D.

Sir Henry Jones, of Abermarlais, *mil. vic.*Walter Vaughan, *mayor.*Henry Vaughan and Martin Davey, *bailiffs.* - - 1574Griffith Vaughan, of Trinisaran, *aur. vic.*Griffith ap Ievan, *mayor.*Edward Middleton and Rees ap Rees, *bailiffs.* - 1575William Thomas, of Aberglasney, *aur. vic.*Lewis David David, *mayor.*Rees David David John and Nicholas Roch, *bailiffs.* - 1576

This year the body of Walter Devereux, Earl of  
Essex, was brought from Ireland, and buried in  
Carmarthen.

Thomas ap Rees ap William, of Ystrad Ffin, *aur. vic.*David ap Ievan Taylor, *mayor.*William Philipps and Griffith Parry, *bailiffs.* - - 1577Griffith Lloyd, of Forrest, *aur. vic.*William Philipps, *mayor.*Richard Parry and Griffith Winter, *bailiffs.* - 1578Thomas Lloyd, of Llanstephan, *aur. vic.*William Philipps, *mayor.*Griffith Morgan and John Thomas Tamer, *bailiffs.* - 1579William Davies, of Ystrad, near Carmarthen, *aur. vic.*Walter Vaughan, *mayor.*John Edward Astens and John Ford, *bailiffs.* - - 1580George Devereux, of Carmarthen, *aur. vic.*Griffith ap Ievan, *mayor.*Thomas Nathod and Thomas Atkins, *bailiffs.* - - 1581William Thomas, of Aberglasney, *aur. vic.*Robert Toy, *mayor.*Griffith John and John Morgan, *bailiffs.* - - 1582Griffith Rees, of Newton, *aur. vic.*Edward Middleton, *mayor.*John Birt and John Davies, *bailiffs.* - - 1583Sir Henry Jones, of Abermarlais, *aur. vic.*David Edwardes, *mayor.*William Thomas Morris and John Morris, *bailiffs.* - 1584Walter Vaughan, of Golden Grove, *aur. vic.*Thomas Nothed, *mayor.*Thomas David and Thomas John Cowisor, *bailiffs.* - 1585

Sir

- Sir Walter Price, of Newton, *ar.*  
 Thomas Atkins, *mayor.*  
 Philip William and John Fisher, *bailiffs.* - - 1586  
 Gri Vraw, of Trimsaran, died, and Thomas ap Propert  
 William, of Llystred Ffine, supplied.  
 Philip William, *mayor.*  
 Robert Birt and John Walker, *bailiffs.* - - 1587  
 Edward Donn Lee, of Abercyvor, *aur. vic.*  
 Griffith Howell, *mayor.*  
 David Havard and Philip ap Ievan, *bailiffs.* - - 1588  
 Sir Thomas Jones, of Abermarlias, *mil. vic.*  
 John Morris, *mayor.*  
 Griffith Atkins and Thomas Rees, *bailiffs.* - - 1589  
 David Lloyd Gr. ap Rees, of Llanllawthog, *aur. vic.*  
 Henry Owen, *mayor.*  
 Morris ap Ievan and John Griffith, *bailiffs.* - - 1590  
 Lewis William, of Llanthowell, *aur. vic.*  
 John Birt, *mayor.*  
 Morris Lloyd and William Thomas, *bailiffs.* - - 1591  
 This year Sir Walter Alys George Devereux died at  
 Roam, in France, and was brought from thence,  
 and interred in Carmarthen.  
 Thomas Rees ap William, of Ystrad Ffin, *aur. vic.*  
 Thomas Davies, *mayor.*  
 Henry Philipps and John Gwynne, *bailiffs.* - - 1592  
 William Gwynne, of Cyngordy, *aur. vic.*  
 Robert Birt, *mayor.*  
 Nicholas Even and Saunder Jenkin, *bailiffs.* - - 1593  
 Edward Donn Lee, of Abercoyvon, *aur. vic.*  
 John Fishes, *mayor.*  
 Ievan Long and John William Tamer, *bailiffs.* - 1594  
 Sir Francis Mansell, of Muddlescomb, afterwards ba-  
 ronet, *vic.*  
 Morris Lloyd, *mayor.*  
 Humphrey Nicholas and John Vaughan, *bailiffs.* - 1595  
 Francis Jones, of Aberdyer, *aur. vic.*  
 William Thomas Morris, died, and David Edward  
 supplied *mayor.*  
 Jenkin John and Morris William, *bailiffs.* - - 1596

Alban Stepney, of Prendergast, *aur. vic.*

Walter Vaughan died, and Philip William, Esq. supplied *mayor*.

James Lewis, Esq. and John Philipps, *bailiffs*. - 1597

Rowland Gwynne, of Glanbran, *aur. vic.*

Henry Vaughan, *mayor*.

John Vaughan, of Golden Grove, and Ievan Thomas, *bailiffs*. - - - - 1598

James Prudderch, of Hawes Brook, *aur. vic.*

Henry Philipp, *mayor*.

Thomas Morgan and Lewis Howell Parry, *bailiffs*. - 1599

Francis Lloyd, of Glynn, *aur. vic.*

Thos. Rees, *mayor*.

William Philipps and Ralph Leigh, *bailiffs*. - - 1600

David Lloyd Gr. ap Rees, of Llanllawthog, *aur. vic.*

William Thomas, *mayor*.

Martin Beynon and Thomas David, *bailiffs*. - - 1601

This year the common of Pensarn was entered upon by Kidwelly men, but they were repulsed by Carmarthen men.

Morgan John Harry, of Tregeel, died, and Charles Vaughan, of Cwmgwilly, supplied *mayor*.

Ievan Thomas, *mayor*.

Thomas Parry and Thomas Higgs, *bailiffs*. - - 1602

#### 1 JACOBI 1.

Sir Thomas Jones, of Abermarlais, *mil. vic.*

Sir John Vaughan, of Golden Grove, Knt. afterwards Earl of Carbery, *mayor*.

Thomas Jones Cowisor and Edmund Burford, *vic.* - 1603

This year the Charter was renewed, and the Town Bailiffs turned Sheriffs.

George Herbert, of Castle Piggin, *aur. vic.*

Thomas Parry, *mayor*.

William Lewis and John William Parry, *vic.* - - 1604

Sir John Vaughan, of Golden Grove, *aur. vic.*

Thomas Atkins, *mayor*.

Thomas Vaughan and Richard Wood, *vic.* - 1605

The

The Sessions kept at Golden Grove, because of the plague at Carmarthen.			
Sir Henry Jones, of Abermarlais, Bart. <i>vic.</i>			
Ievan Long, <i>mayor.</i>			
David Edwardes and John Morgan, Meres, <i>vic.</i>	-		1606
William Davies, of Bottus, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
John Griffith John, <i>mayor.</i>			
Thómas Vaughan and Richard Jeans, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1607
Rees Prudderch, of Langharne, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Thomas Vaughan, <i>mayor.</i>			
James Prudderch, Esq. and William Morgan, <i>vic.</i>	-		1608
John Lloyd, of Llanllawthog, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Martin Beynon, <i>mayor.</i>			
William Griffith and John Bowen, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1609
William Powell, of Trimsaran, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
William Lewis, <i>mayor.</i>			
Edward Atkins and Griffith Davies, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1610
Francis Mansell, of Muddlescomb, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Thomas Higgs, <i>mayor.</i>			
Thomas Atkins and Griffith Lewis, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1611
David Lloyd John, of Yniswen, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Thomas Davies, <i>mayor.</i>			
Morgan Davies and Morris Davy, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1612
Thomas William Lloyd, of Allty Cadno, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Edward Atkins died, and Martin Beynon supplied <i>mayor.</i>			
David Bevan and Richard Barret, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1613
Rees Williams, of Rhyddyn, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Richard Jeans, <i>mayor.</i>			
George James and John Stockum, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1614
Morris Bowen, of Leech Doimy, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
David Edwards, <i>mayor.</i>			
Robert Havard and Thomas Muggle, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1615
Sir William Vaughan, of Terracold, Knight, and Doctor of Laws, <i>vic.</i>			
John Bowen, of Pro Street, <i>mayor.</i>			
Griffith Williams and John Rees Tamer, <i>vic.</i>	-		1616
Thomas Johns, of Glansawthoy, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Griffiths Davids, <i>mayor.</i>			



Griffith Beynon and Anthony Jones, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1617
Morgan Thomas, of Baylivecor, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Griffith Lewis, <i>mayor.</i>			
John Wood Mercer and Thomas Gammond, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1618
Sir Rice Rudd, of Aberglasney, Baronet, <i>vic.</i>			
Thomas Atkins, <i>mayor.</i>			
Henry Vaughan and Richard Thomas, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1619
Sir Henry Vaughan, of Derwith, <i>mil. vic.</i>			
Morgan Davies, <i>mayor.</i>			
Philip Vaughan and Morgan Jones, <i>vic.</i>			
Philip Vaughan died, and John Lewis Howell supplied,			1620
Griffith Lloyd, of Yniswen, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
David Bevan Tamer, <i>mayor.</i>			
Griffith Read and William Thomas, jun. <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1621
John Gwynn Gwenpa, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Richard Barret, <i>mayor.</i>			
Lewis Jones and Henry Sydnam, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1622
Sir John Philipps, of Picton, Bart. <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Henry Vaughan, <i>mayor.</i>			
Robert Lewis and Thomas Wood, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1623
John Stedman, of Lletty Goriad, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Thomas Muggle died, and William Thomas, Alderman, supplied <i>mayor.</i>			
Martin Davy and John Lewis Corvisor, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1624

## 1st CAR. I.

David Morgan Rees, of Llangadock, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Griffith Beynon, <i>mayor.</i>			
Rowland Philipps and William Davies, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1625
Walter Vaughan, of Llanelly, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Anthony Jones, <i>mayor.</i>			
George Thomas and Owen Younge, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1626
Griffith Lloyd, of Ffovrest, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Griffith Read, <i>mayor.</i>			
Atwill Taylor and Richard Jeanes, jun. <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1627
John Williams, of Panthowell, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
William Lewis, Alderman, <i>mayor.</i>			
John Wood, jun. and Morris James, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1628
			Francis

Francis Lloyd, of Danyr Allte, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Richard Jeanes, Alderman, <i>mayor.</i>		
John Berkyn and George Oakley, <i>vic.</i>	-	1629
Griffith Penry, of Llangemych, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
John Bowen, Alderman, <i>mayor.</i>		
Lewis Davy and Meredith Thomas, <i>vic.</i>	-	1630
Richard Vaughan, of Court Perllys, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Griffith Lewis, Alderman, <i>mayor.</i>		
John William Bowen and Gersham Wood, <i>vic.</i>	-	1631
David Gwynne, of Glanbran, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Thomas Atkins, alderman, <i>mayor.</i>		
John Hughes Mercer and Thomas Griffith Corvisor, <i>vic.</i>	-	1632
George Jones, of Abercothy, died, and John Blome, of Upper Penybank, supplied, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Thomas Wood Mercer, <i>mayor.</i>		
Thomas Lewis and Rees Morgan Mercers, <i>vic.</i>	-	1633
Lewis Bevan, of Penycoed, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Thomas Jones, <i>mayor.</i>		
George Jeans and Rees Gough, <i>mayor.</i>	-	1634
Thomas Vaughan, of Cwmgwilly, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Richard Thomas, <i>mayor.</i>		
Thomas Jones and Robert Griffith, <i>vic.</i>	-	1635
David Vaughan, of Trinsaran, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Robert Lewis, <i>mayor.</i>		
Henry Thomas and Dawkin Good, <i>vic.</i>	-	1636
Sir Rice Rudd, of Aberglasney.		
Attwill Taylor, <i>mayor.</i>		
Harry Rees Morris and Robert Brend, <i>vic.</i>	-	1637
Rowland Gwynne, of Talliaris, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Lewis Jones Tamer, <i>mayor.</i>		
William Harbottle and John Owen, <i>vic.</i>	-	1638
Sir Henry Johnes, of Abermarlais, Bart. <i>vic.</i>		
Rowland Philipps, <i>mayor.</i>		
Thomas Philipps and Lewis Bevan, <i>vic.</i>	-	1639
John Harry David, of Coedygarth, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Morris James, <i>mayor.</i>		
David Edwardes and Richard Thomas, <i>vic.</i>	-	1640
Sir Richard Philipps, of Picton, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
George Oakley, <i>mayor.</i>		

Edward Jones and David Morgan Tanner.	-	-	1641
Philip Lloyd, of Wenallt, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
David Bevan, Alderman, <i>mayor.</i>			
John Vaughan and Robert Birt, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1642
John Vaughan, of Plaesgwynn, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Thomas Philipps, <i>mayor.</i>			
Griffith Beynon and William Gower, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1643
Henry Middleton, of Middleton Hall, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Thomas Philipps, aforesaid, <i>mayor.</i>			
Griffith Beynon and William Gower, aforesaid, <i>vic.</i>			1644
Thomas Philipps, of Wythvawr, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Thomas Griffith Corvisor, <i>mayor.</i>			
Robert Toy died, and William Perry, supplied, and John David, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1645
Charles Gwynne, of Gwempa, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
George Jeanes, <i>mayor.</i>			
William Read and Walter Thomas, <i>vic.</i>	-		1646
Francis Jones, of Tregibe, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Thomas Jones Tanner, <i>mayor.</i>			
John Hughes Mercer, and John Muggle, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1647

## 1 CAR. II.

Francis Lloyd, of Danyrallt, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Dawkin Good Mercer, <i>mayor.</i>			
Henry Blackledge and Anthony Morris, <i>vic.</i>	-		1648
Henry Price, of Abergorlick, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Robert Brend, <i>mayor.</i>			
Anthony Fisher and Jenkin Lloyd, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1649
Sir Erasmus Philipps, of Picton, Baronet, <i>vic.</i>			
John Hughes, sen. <i>mayor.</i>			
Adam Tosier and Robert Tallon, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1650
George Gwynne, of Llwyn Howell, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
David Edwardes, of Readgorse, <i>mayor.</i>			
John Lewis and Morgan James, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1651

On the 25th day of May, 1651, the plague broke out in Carmarthen, and in a short time afterwards in several places in the neighbouring parishes.

Walter Jones, of Llwyn y Fortune, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Richard Thomas, of Ystrad, <i>mayor.</i>		
John Armdell and George Lewis, <i>vic.</i>	-	1652
Thomas William Lloyd, of Allty Cadno, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Edward Jones, <i>mayor.</i>		
John Oakley and Robert Lewis, <i>vic.</i>	-	1653
Lewis Lloyd, of Llangennych, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
John Vaughan, of Plaes Gwyn, <i>mayor.</i>		
Thomas Beynon and John Lloyd, of Frood, <i>vic.</i>	-	1654
Humphrey Brown, of Green Castle, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Robert Birt, of Llwyn Dyrys, <i>mayor.</i>		
Richard Leigh and John Lewis, <i>vic.</i>	-	1655
Thomas Lloyd, of Llanllawthog, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
William Gower, <i>mayor.</i>		
John Scourlock and Lewis John Corvisor, <i>vic.</i>	-	1656
Owen Brigstocke, of Llechdonny, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Griffith Beynon, <i>mayor.</i>		
John Vaughan and George Gough, <i>vic.</i>	-	1657
Thomas Lloyd, of Danyrallt, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Walter Thomas, <i>mayor.</i>		
John Vaughan and Griffith Davies Sadler, <i>vic.</i>	-	1658
John Vaughan, of Llanelly, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
John Hughes, jun. <i>mayor.</i>		
David Morgan, Esq. and William Brigstocke, <i>vic.</i>	-	1659
Rowland Gwynne, of Glanbran, was put out, and John Vaughan, of Plaes Gwynn, was put in, <i>aur.</i> <i>vic.</i>		
Anthony Jones, <i>mayor.</i>		
Thomas Vaughan and Thomas Williams Tanner, <i>vic.</i>		1660
Philip Vaughan, of Trinsaran, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
George Lewis, <i>mayor.</i>		
Sir Henry Vaughan, of Derwith, Knight, and Robert Lewis, <i>vic.</i>	-	1661
Sir Edward Mansell, of Muddlescomb, Bart. <i>vic.</i>		
John Oakley, <i>mayor.</i>		
Thomas Newshan and Thomas Hobson, <i>vic.</i>	-	1662
Sir Edward Rice, of Newton, <i>mil. vic.</i>		
Robert Lewis, <i>mayor.</i>		
Thomas Lewis and Nicholas de Lancy, <i>vic.</i>	-	1663
George		

- George Jones, of Abercothy, *aur. vic.*  
 Thomas Beynon, *mayor.*  
 John Vaughan, of Plasgwyn, and William Carter, *vic.* 1664  
 Nicholas Williams, of Ryddyn, *aur. vic.*  
 John Scurlocke, *mayor.*  
 Walter Vaughan and Thomas George, *vic.* - - 1665  
 William Lloyd, of Allty Cadno, *aur. vic.*  
 Richard Leigh, *mayor.*  
 David Jones and John Thomas, *vic.* - - 1666  
 James James, of Dolecothy, *aur. vic.*  
 John Muggle, *mayor.*  
 Thomas Thomas and Rees Morris, *vic.* - - 1667  
 Christopher Middleton, of Middleton Hall, *aur. vic.*  
 John Vaughan, of Court Derllys, *mayor.*  
 Benjamin Howell and William Thomas, of Ystrad, *vic.* 1668  
 Owen Brigstocke, of Llechdonny, second time,  
*aur. vic.*  
 William Brigstocke, *mayor.*  
 Altham Vaughan and John Williams, *vic.* - - 1669  
 John Lloyd, of Wenalt, *aur. vic.*  
 Sir Henry Vaughan, of Derwith, Knight, *mayor.*  
 Thomas Jones and John Demzey, *vic.* - - 1670  
 Richard Gwynne, of Gwempa, *aur. vic.*  
 Robert Lewis, jun. *mayor.*  
 Christmas Vaughan and Edward Gower, *vic.* - - 1671  
 The Mayor and Sheriffs of the County Borough  
 were hitherto registered for the year wherein they  
 were sworn, but henceforth for the year that  
 the Sessions were kept during the time of their  
 office.  
 Rees William Howell, of Corngavarin Wydrim, *aur.*  
*vic.*  
 Robert Lewis, aforesaid, *mayor.*  
 Christmas Vaughan and Edward Gower, aforesaid, *vic.* 1672  
 William Bevan, of Penycoed, *aur. vic.*  
 Altham Vaughan, of Golden Grove, *mayor.*  
 Walter Vaughan, of Llanelly, and Edward Jones, *vic.* 1673  
 John Lloyd, of Langenneck, *aur. vic.*  
 John Vaughan, of Plasgwyn, *mayor.*

Owen Brigstocke, of Llechdonny, and William Jones, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1674
John Bowen, of Swansey, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
John Williams, of Havodwen, <i>mayor.</i>			
Jonathan Oakley and John Philipps, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1675
Morgan Jones, of Tregibe, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Thomas Griffith, Alderman, <i>mayor.</i>			
Charles Delancy and John Rider, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1676
John Scurlocke, of Carmarthen, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Thomas Jones, Alderman, <i>mayor.</i>			
Henry Vaughan and Thomas Rogers, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1677
John Philipps, of Llethernenadd, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Dawern Gove, <i>mayor.</i>			
Jonathan Scurlocke and Martin Beynon, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1678
Rowleigh Mansell, of Killey, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Thomas Newsham, <i>mayor.</i>			
George Catchmaid and Howell David, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1679
Sir Rice Williams, of Rhydodyn, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
David Jones, <i>mayor.</i>			
David Edwards and Thomas Powell, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1680
John Williams, of Abercothy, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Edward Gower, <i>mayor.</i>			
Thomas Lloyd and Griffith Lewis, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1681
William Ball, of Pembrey Court, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Edward Jones, <i>mayor.</i>			
Morris James and John Davies, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1682
Walter Vaughan, of Llanelly, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
Owen Brigstocke, of Llechdonny, <i>mayor.</i>			
Theophilus Bevan and Griffith Williams, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1683

1 JAC. II.

Thomas Lloyd, of Allty Cadno, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
William Jones, of Prory Street, <i>mayor.</i>			
John Williams and Edward Howell, <i>vic.</i>	-	-	1684
Edward Vaughan, of Peny Bank, <i>aur. vic.</i>			
John Philipps, <i>mayor.</i>			
Henry Vaughan, of Plasgwynn, and Robert Griffith, <i>vic.</i>			1685
			Richard

Richard Mansell, of Iscoed, afterwards Baronet, <i>aur. vic.</i>	
Charles de Lancy, <i>mayor.</i>	
Anthony Rudd, afterwards Baronet, and Hopkin Rees, <i>vic.</i>	1686
John Philipps, of Dolhaidd, <i>aur. vic.</i>	
Sir Sackville Crow, of Westmedd, Bart. <i>mayor.</i>	
George Oakley and David Rees, <i>vic.</i>	1687

## 1 WILLIAM III. and MARIE.

John Evans, of Treventy, <i>aur. vic.</i>	
Rowland Gwynne, of Talliares, <i>mayor.</i>	
Thomas Mainwaring and John Scurlock, <i>vic.</i>	1688
Edward Mansel, of Trinsaran, afterwards Baronet, <i>aur. vic.</i>	
Sir Rice Williams, of Rhydodyn, Knight, turned out, and Martin Beynon put in, <i>mayor.</i>	
Philip Jones and William Corbett, <i>vic.</i>	1689
Edward Jones, of Llethernennadd, <i>aur. vic.</i>	
John Rider Glover, <i>mayor.</i>	
John Jackson and Anthony Jones, <i>vic.</i>	1690
Walter Thomas, of Bresnenda, <i>aur. vic.</i>	
Thomas Rogers Cowisor, <i>mayor.</i>	
Edward Vaughan, of Peny Bank, and Henry Lloyd, of Llanstephan, Esqrs. <i>vic.</i>	1691
Francis Browne, of Ffrood, <i>aur. vic.</i>	
George Catchmaid, <i>mayor.</i>	
Anthony Jones and John Newsham, <i>vic.</i>	1692
Rowland Gwynne, of Talliaris, <i>aur. vic.</i>	
Howell David, Hatmaker, <i>mayor.</i>	
James Philipp and William Gower, <i>vic.</i>	1693
Griffith Rice, of Newton, <i>aur. vic.</i>	
Thomas Powell, Deputy Register, <i>mayor.</i>	
John Edwardes, of Redgorse, and William Davies, <i>vic.</i>	1694
Nathan Griffiths, of Mountain Hill, <i>aur. vic.</i>	
Griffith Lewis, Mercer, <i>mayor.</i>	
John Vaughan, of Ct. Derllys, and Nicholas Williams, of Stavodwen, <i>vic.</i>	1695
William	

William Dawkin, of Kilvrooch, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Morris James, <i>mayor.</i>		
Walter Vaughan and Gedion Tokenham, <i>vic.</i>	-	1696
John Lloyd, of Llangenneck, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
John Davies, of Pilrthoth, <i>mayor.</i>		
Nathaniel Morgan and Benjamin Davies, <i>vic.</i>	-	1697
Nicholas Williams, of Ystradworallt, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Theophilus Bevan, Attorney at Law, <i>mayor.</i>		
John Morgan and John Franklyn, <i>vic.</i>	-	1698
Griffith Williams, of Carmarthen, died, and George Lewis, of the same, supplied, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Griffith Williams, aforesaid, died in office, and William Brigstocke, of Castle Piggin, supplied <i>mayor.</i>		
Morgan Davies and Rees Thomas, <i>vic.</i>	-	1699
Walter Morgan, of Glantowy, in Llangadock, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
John Williams, of Wernddu, <i>mayor.</i>		
Francis Lloyd and John Thomas, <i>vic.</i>	-	1700
Richard Middleton, of Middleton Hall, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Henry Vaughan, of Plasgwynn, <i>mayor.</i>		
William Brigstocke, of Llechdonny, and William Lloyd, <i>vic.</i>	-	1701

1 ANNÆ.

Thomas Lloyd, of Danyrallt, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Sir Anthony Rudd, Bart. <i>mayor.</i>		
Thomas Jones and David Lloyd, <i>vic.</i>	-	1702
Zachary Bevan, of Langharne, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
John Scurlock, of Blaencorse, <i>mayor.</i>		
Thomas Lloyd and William Thomas, <i>vic.</i>	-	1703
John Morgan, Impropiator of St. Peter's, Carmarthen, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Thomas Manwarring, Impropiator of Newchurch, <i>mayor.</i>		
James Morgan and Arnold Bowen, <i>vic.</i>	-	1704
Morgan Jones, of Tregibe, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Anthony Jones Cowisor, <i>mayor.</i>		
Peter Chatle and John Lewis, <i>vic.</i>	-	1705
David Lewis, of Llysnewydd, <i>aur. vic.</i>		

William



William Brigstocke, Alderman, died, and William Jones, Alderman, supplied <i>mayor</i> .		
Charles Jones and William Birth, <i>vic.</i>	-	- 1706
Thomas Lloyd, of Allty Cadno, second time, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Anthony Jones, Attorney at Law, <i>mayor</i> .		
John Skyrme and Jonathan Leigh, <i>vic.</i>	-	- 1707
Daniel Hughes, of Peny Maes, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
John Newsham, Attorney at Law, <i>mayor</i> .		
John Roberts and Francis Baylie, <i>vic.</i>	-	- 1708
Richard Philipps, of Lletty Gariad, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
James Philipps, of Pentry Parck, <i>mayor</i> .		
John Williams and Richard Philipps, <i>vic.</i>	-	- 1709
Matthew Harbottle, of Slendrehadog, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
William Gower, Attorney at Law, <i>mayor</i> .		
Nicholas Williams and Thomas Rees, <i>vic.</i>	-	- 1710
David Gwynne, of Talliaris, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
John Vaughan, of Court Derllys, <i>mayor</i> .		
George Davies and Thomas Beynon, <i>vic.</i>	-	- 1711
Stephen Walters, of Kellivon, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Nathaniel Morgan, Deputy Register, <i>mayor</i> .		
John Philipps and Henry Price, <i>vic.</i>	-	- 1712
John Powell, of Peny Bank, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
John Morgan, Impropiator of St. Peter's, <i>mayor</i> .		
John Leigh and Robert Rees, <i>vic.</i>	-	- 1713

## 1 GEO. I.

Rees Edwardes, of Llanddoyssaint, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Rees Thomas, of Castlegowod, <i>mayor</i> .		
John Davies and William Rees, <i>vic.</i>	-	- 1714
Grismond Philipps, of Cwmgwilly, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Francis Lloyd, of Llanstephan, <i>mayor</i> .		
David Lewis and Edward James, <i>vic.</i>	-	- 1715
Sir Charles Lloyd, of Maes Yvelin, Bart. <i>vic.</i>		
John Thomas, of Ystrad, <i>mayor</i> .		
James Johnson and Edward Davies, <i>vic.</i>	-	- 1716
Francis Lloyd, of Glynn, <i>aur. vic.</i>		
Thomas Jones, of Cross Inn, <i>mayor</i> .		
Hugh Jones and John Rice, <i>vic.</i>	-	- 1717
Owen		

- Owen Edwardes, of Llannierlo, *aur. vic.*  
 Thomas Lloyd, Llanllawthog, Apothecary, *mayor.*  
 Henry Vaughan and Jonathan Scurlocke, *vic.* - - 1718  
 Rowland Lewis, of Terracoed, *aur. vic.*  
 David Lloyd died, and Benjamin Davies supplied,  
*mayor.*  
 Thomas Lloyd and Morris Jones, *vic.* - - - 1719  
 Thomas Lloyd, of Berllandowill, *aur. vic.*  
 Benjamin Davies, aforesaid, *mayor.*  
 John Blome, of Peny Bank, and David Lloyd, Apothe-  
 cary, *vic.* - - - - 1720  
 David Lloyd, of Glynymarch, *aur. vic.*  
 Morgan Davies, of Cwmm, *mayor.*  
 David Edwardes, of Readgorse, and Charles Morgan, *vic.* 1721  
 John Griffiths, of Castle Piggim, election 19th April,  
*aur. vic.*  
 William Thomas, of Dyffryn, *mayor.*  
 John Lloyd and Lewis Hughes, *vic.* - - - 1722  
 Francis Price, of Wastod, *aur. vic.*  
 Arnold Bowen, *mayor.*  
 John Oakeley and David Davies, Brazier, *vic.* - - 1723  
 John Allen, of Llanelly, *aur. vic.*  
 Peter Chetle, of Ffurnace, *mayor.*  
 Thomas Lloyd, of Derwith, and John Jones, of Gilvach,  
*vic.* - - - - 1724  
 Thomas Evans, of Ache, *aur. vic.*  
 John Lewis, Merchant, *mayor.*  
 John Lloyd, of Danyrallt, and Alexander Scurlocke, *vic.* 1725  
 John Lloyd, of Danyrallt, *aur. vic.*  
 John Roberts, Attorney at Law, *mayor.*  
 John Morris, and Thomas Bowen, Glover, *vic.* - - 1726

1 GEORGE II.

- Philip Jones of Lletherneuadd, *aur. vic.*  
 John Williams, of Corngavar, *mayor.*  
 Erasmus Philipps, of Coedllys, and Edward Morgan,  
 Impropiator, *vic.*  
 Edward Morgan died, and David Morgan, brother  
 and heir, supplied. - - - - 1727  
 Thomas

- Thomas Lloyd, of Derwith, *aur. vic.*  
 Thomas Rees, Mercer, *mayor.*  
 Rowland Philipps, of Coedgain, and William Thomas,  
 of Ystrad, *vic.* - - - - 1728  
 Sir Edward Mansell, of Trinsarin, Bart. *vic.*  
 George Davies, of Pilrtho, *mayor.*  
 Richard Dalton, Attorney at Law, and Richard Pryce,  
 Apothecary, *vic.* - - - - 1729  
 Rowleigh Mansell, of Pembrey-court, *aur. vic.*  
 John Philipps, Receiver, *mayor.*  
 Thomas Newsham, and William Thomas, Clothier, *vic.* 1730  
 Thomas Gwynne, of Gwempa, *aur. vic.*  
 Henry Price, Attorney at Law, *mayor.*  
 John Philipps, and Theophilus Scurlock, *vic.* - 1731  
 Morgan Lloyd, of Lansevin, *aur. vic.*  
 John Leigh, Clothier, *mayor.*  
 Griffith Hughes, Attorney at Law, and Wm. Morris, *vic.* 1732  
 Richard Lewis, of Troed y Rhiw, Esq. *sheriff.*  
 Robert Rees, Mercer, *mayor.*  
 Arthur Price and Richard Davies, *vic.* - - - 1733  
 Morgan Davies, of Cwnrin, Esq. *sheriff.*  
 James Johnson, a Scotchman, *mayor.*  
 John Williams and Thomas Jones, *vic.* - - - 1734  
 Thomas Bevan, of Peny Coed, Esq. *sheriff.*  
 William Rees, of Cappel Dewr, *mayor.*  
 George Baylis and Evan Williams, *sheriffs.* - - 1735  
 William Penry, of Llanedy, Esq. *sheriff.*  
 David Lewis, of Llysnewyd, *mayor.*  
 John Philipps and William Leigh, *sheriffs.* - - 1736  
 Samuel Hughes, of Llwyn y Brain, Esq. *sheriff.*  
 Edward Davies, Attorney at Law, *mayor.*  
 Owen Rees, and Thomas Bayly, Apothecary, *sheriffs.* 1737  
 James Lewis Kilgorydd, Esq. *sheriff.*  
 John Newsham, Alderman, *mayor.*  
 John Blome and Francis James, *sheriffs.* - 1738  
 William Philipps, of Kilsarnt, Esq. *sheriff.*  
 Charles Morgan, Deputy Register, *mayor.*  
 Anthony Rogers and Richard Philipp, *sheriffs.* - 1739  
 John Prothero, of Llanvalteg, Esq. *sheriff.*  
 John Lloyd, of Ffoes y Bleiddaid, *mayor.*

# ANTIQUITIES.

271

David Edwardes and Thomas Griffiths, <i>sheriffs.</i>	1740
William Rees, of Cappel Dowy, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>	
<i>mayor.</i>	
<i>sheriffs.</i>	- 1741
James Johnson, of Carmarthen, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>	
<i>mayor.</i>	
<i>sheriffs.</i>	- - 1742
John Philipps, of Alty Cadno, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>	
<i>mayor.</i>	
<i>sheriffs.</i>	- - 1743
Lewis Price, of Glany r Anell, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>	
<i>mayor.</i>	
<i>sheriffs.</i>	- - 1744
Hector Rees, of Towyn, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>	
<i>mayor.</i>	
<i>sheriffs.</i>	- - 1745
Eugene Vaughan, of Plas Gwyn, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>	
<i>mayor.</i>	
<i>sheriffs.</i>	- - 1746
David Pugh, of Coedmor, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>	
<i>mayor.</i>	
<i>sheriffs.</i>	- - 1747
Hector Jones, of Coed Strea, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>	
<i>mayor.</i>	
<i>sheriffs.</i>	- - 1748
John Lewis, of Llwyn y Ffortune, Esq. [ <i>sheriff.</i>	
<i>mayor.</i>	
<i>sheriffs.</i>	- 1749
Richard Davies, of Crynnfryn, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>	
<i>mayor.</i>	
<i>sheriffs.</i>	- - 1750
Richard Long Jones, of Hendrehedog, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>	
<i>mayor.</i>	
<i>vic.</i>	- 1751
Walter Powell, of Glantowy in Llangadock, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>	
<i>mayor.</i>	
<i>sheriffs.</i>	1752
William Thomas, of Castle Gorfod, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>	
<i>mayor.</i>	
<i>sheriffs.</i>	- 1753
David	

David Edwardes, of Rhyd y Gorse, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>			
<i>mayor.</i>			
<i>sheriffs.</i>	-	1754	
Rees Price, of Carmarthen, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>			
<i>mayor.</i>			
<i>sheriffs.</i>	-	-	1755
Henry Penry, of Llanedy, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>			
<i>mayor.</i>			
<i>sheriffs.</i>	-	-	1756
Griffith Jones, of Pantyrhaydd, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>			
<i>mayor.</i>	-	-	1757
Rees Prudderch, of Corwe Tylog, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>			
<i>mayor.</i>	-	1758	
Arthur Jones, of Aberdwyhan, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>			
<i>mayor.</i>	-	-	1759
John Rees, of Pantyr Ewig, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>			
<i>mayor.</i>	-	-	1760

## 1st. KING GEORGE III.

Richard Gwynne, of Middleton Hall, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>	-	1761	
John Corric, of Carmarthen, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>	-	1762	
David Bowen, of Pibor, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>	-	1763	
This year the roads were begun to be repaired by virtue of a new act of parliament, and turnpike-gates were erected at several places.			
Woodford Rice, of Gelly Vergam, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>	-	1764	
Albert Davies, Esq. <i>mayor</i> , sworn the 6th August.	-	1764	
By virtue of an amendment of the Charter, which was obtained by the indefatigable assiduity of the Hon. Lord Verney, Member in Parliament for the town, George Price, of Newton, Esq. Member for the county, and Griffith Philipp, of Cwmgwilly, Esq.			
George Oakley and William Bonville, town <i>sheriffs.</i>	-	1764	
William Rees, of Langharne, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>			
Edward Parry, Esq. <i>mayor.</i>			
Arthur Jones and John Corrie, Esq. <i>sheriffs.</i>	-	1765	
Evan Griffiths, of Glan Rhyd, Esq. <i>sheriff.</i>			
Francis Morgan, Gent., died in his mayoralty, and, on the first day of May, Mr. Parry was sworn <i>mayor.</i>		1766	
			Morris

Morris Howells and Henry Morris, Mercers, <i>sheriffs</i> .	1766
Rees Prudderdh the Cnuch Teilog, Esq. <i>sheriff</i> .	
Vaughan Horton, Esq. <i>mayor</i> .	
William Williams, of the New Bumper, and Thomas Williams, Mercer, <i>sheriffs</i> . - - - -	1767
The Hon. George Rice, Esq. of Newton, <i>mayor</i> ; sworn 5th October, 1767.	
Vaughan Horton, Esq. and George Phillipps, of Coed Gain, Esq. <i>sheriffs</i> . - - - -	1768
Edward Parry, of Carmarthen, Esq. <i>sheriff</i> .	
Arthur Jones, Esq. <i>mayor</i> ; sworn October, 1768.	
John Philipps Williams, Esq. and Thomas Morris, <i>sheriffs</i> . - - - -	1768
Leonard Bilson Gwyn, of Gempar, Esq. Receiver-General of the Taxes, <i>sheriff</i> .	
Morris Howell, Mercer, <i>mayor</i> ; sworn October.	
John Griffiths, of Cwm Cunen, and George Evans, of Vol. Gwen, <i>sheriffs</i> . - - - -	1769
George Philipps, of Coed Gain, Esq. <i>sheriff</i> .	
Henry Morris, Mercer, <i>mayor</i> .	
Daniel Roberts and William Morgans, <i>sheriffs</i> . - -	1770
Vaughan Horton, of Lletherllesty, Esq. <i>sheriff</i> .	
David Edwardes, of Rhyd y Gorse, Esq. <i>mayor</i> .	
Richard Le Davids and David Williams, <i>sheriffs</i> . -	1771
William Jones, of Dyffryn, in Llandebyo, Esq. <i>sheriff</i> .	
William Williams, of the Bumper Tavern, <i>mayor</i> .	
Walter George and John Roland, <i>sheriffs</i> . - -	1772
Gwynne Vaughan, of Dolgwm, Esq. <i>sheriff</i> .	
George Philipps, Esq. of Coed Gain, <i>mayor</i> .	
William Bowen and John Williams, <i>sheriffs</i> . - -	1773

OCTOBER 1774.—GENERAL ELECTIONS.

John Adams, of Peterwell, Cardiganshire, Esq. <i>sheriff</i> , and Member in Parliament for Carmarthen.	
Nichlien Davies, of Piborwen, Esq. <i>mayor</i> .	
William John and Thomas Thomas, <i>sheriffs</i> . - -	1774
Walter Rice Howells, of Mas Gwyn, Esq. <i>sheriff</i> .	
David Williams, Esq. <i>mayor</i> .	
Howell Howells and Jeremiah Owen, <i>sheriffs</i> . - -	1775

William Herbert Dyer, of Aberglasney, Esq. *sheriff*.

July 6, Stamps of 2s. 6d. advanced to 3s. 6d.

Walter George, *mayor*.

David Rees and Thomas David, *sheriffs*. - - 1776

David Lloyd, of Allt yr Odyn, Cardiganshire, Esq. *sheriff*.

George Evans Voly Cwen, Esq. *mayor*.

Theo. Howell and John Richards, *sheriffs*. - - 1777

Richard Le Davids, of Pibor Wen, Esq. *sheriff*.

George Lewis, of Bariufield, Esq. *mayor*.

Edward Jones Bowen and John Meredith, *sheriffs*. - 1778

Evan Prythero, of Dol Wchim, Esq. *sheriff*.

John Morgan, of Carmarthen, Esq. *mayor*.

David Morgan and John Morgan, *sheriffs*. - - 1779

The 3d of August, 1779, died, at Hereford, the Right Honourable George Rice, of Newton, Esq. Colonel of the Militia, and Member of Parliament for this County; and on the 2d of September following was John Vaughan, of Golden Grove, Esq. elected M. P. in his room.

In this year also was built Landilo Rwnnws Bridge, by a contribution of £750, raised from gentlemen and farmers, who dwelt, or had a concern, in the neighbourhood. The promoters of that laudable undertaking are John Rees, of Pant yr Ewig, Esq. Treasurer of the Contribution; Thomas Jones, of Cappel Dewy, Esq.; the Rev. Mr. Richard Lewes, of Ynyowen, Clerk; and Thomas Daniel, of Penllyno, Gent.

N. B. The said bridge fell in December, 1781.

Thomas Howells, of Fynnon Felen, Esq. *sheriff*.

John Lloyd, of Alltyrodyn, Esq. *mayor*.

Griffith Evan David Lewis, *sheriff*. - - 1780

Sir William Mansell, of Iscoed, Baronet, *sheriff*.

Thomas Mansell, of Carmarthen, Esq. *mayor*.

John Sambrook and James James, *sheriffs*. - - 1781

This year the aforesaid bridge fell.

John Morgan, of Carmarthen, Esq. *sheriff*.

John William, Ropemaker, *mayor*.

John Morgan and Joshua Griffiths, *sheriffs*. - - 1782

John

John Davies, of Transmawr, Esq. <i>sheriff</i> .		
John George Philipps, of Cwmgwilly, Esq. <i>mayor</i> .		
Morgan Lewis and Richard Morgan, <i>sheriffs</i> .	- -	1783
Robert Banks Hodgekinson, of Edwinsford, Esq. <i>sheriff</i> .		
Thomas Blome, at Pen y Bank, Esq. <i>mayor</i> .		
William Price and David Mathias, <i>sheriffs</i> .	- -	1784
William Lewis, of Llysnewidd, Esq. <i>sheriff</i> .		
Morgan Lewis, Esq. <i>mayor</i> .		
John Ross and William Rees, <i>sheriffs</i> .	- -	1785
John Lewis, of Llwyn y Ffortune, Esq. <i>sheriff</i> .		
Jere. Owen, Esq. <i>mayor</i> .		
John Lewis and Samuel Francis, <i>sheriffs</i> .	- -	1786
Hugh Meares, of Llanstephan, Esq. <i>sheriff</i> .		
Richard Howell, Esq. <i>mayor</i> .		
Humphrey Howell and David Walters, <i>sheriffs</i> .	- -	1787
Richard Thomas, of Cystanog, Esq. <i>sheriff</i> .		
William Price, Esq. <i>mayor</i> .		
John Philipps and William Brooks, <i>sheriffs</i> .	- -	1788
Walter Thomas, of , Esq. <i>sheriff</i> .		
Honourable George Talbot Rice, <i>mayor</i> .		
William Bonnell and John Morgan, <i>sheriffs</i> .	- -	1789
William Paxton, of Middleton Hall, Esq. <i>sheriff</i> .		
Herbert Ball, Esq. <i>mayor</i> .		
Owen Morris and Joseph Clement, <i>sheriffs</i> .	- -	1790
George Griffiths Williams, Esq. <i>sheriff</i> .		
Thomas Williams, Esq. <i>mayor</i> .		
David Rees and Herbert Philipp, <i>sheriffs</i> .	- -	1791
George Morgan, Esq. <i>sheriff</i> .		
William Llewellyn Llanychairon, Esq. <i>mayor</i> .		
George Morris and Thomas Hughes, victuallers, <i>sheriffs</i> .		1792
John Williams, of Wenallt, Esq. <i>sheriff</i> .		
William Bonnell, attorney, <i>mayor</i> .		
John Richards, Attorney, and John Stacey, Shopkeeper, <i>sheriffs</i> .	- - -	1793
William Clayton, Allt y Kadno, Esq. <i>sheriff</i> .		
John Morgan, Mercer, <i>mayor</i> .		
John Williams, Shopkeeper, and David Reynold, Baker, <i>sheriffs</i> .	- - -	1794



John Rees, of Kilymanllwyd, Esq. <i>sheriff</i> .		
, <i>mayor</i> .		
John Williams and David Reynolds, <i>sheriffs</i> .	-	- 1795
John William Hughes, of Tregibe, Esq. <i>sheriff</i> .		
Josiah Llewhellin, <i>mayor</i> .		
Evan Evans and David Lewis, Gent. <i>sheriffs</i> .	-	- 1796
David Saunder, of Glanyrhwdw, Esq. <i>sheriff</i> .		
David John Edwardes, Esq. <i>mayor</i> .		
Herbert Ball and John Morgan, <i>sheriffs</i> .	-	- 1797
John Morgan, of Furnace, Esq. <i>sheriff</i> .		
Charles Morgan, Esq. <i>mayor</i> .		
William Morris and Richard Richards, <i>sheriffs</i> .	-	- 1798
Richard Mansel Philipps, Esq. of Iscoed, <i>sheriff</i> .		
Richard Mansel Philipps, Esq. <i>mayor</i> .		
Thomas Morris and John Jones, <i>sheriffs</i> .	-	- 1799

TO THE  
EDITOR OF THE CAMBRIAN REGISTER.

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SIR,

**A**S it seems to be part of your plan to promote an inquiry into the state of the existing Welsh manuscripts, and endeavour to ascertain their number and titles, that the curious may know where to have access for information, and that the literature of Wales may have a chance of being rescued from the ravages of dampness and rats, the following \*Catalogue of the Hengwrt Collection, in the year 1658, by Mr. William Maurice, of Cefn y Braich, in Denbighshire, with Notes and Observations by an eminent Antiquary since his time, may, perhaps, not be unacceptable; which, if contrasted with the present state of that venerable deposit, could not fail to be highly interesting. It is therefore to be hoped that some of your correspondents, who, from their situation and connexions, may have an opportunity of examining, will be tempted to communicate such an account of it, as it now is, as may point out the changes it probably has undergone in the course of a century and a half, and enable the antiquary to judge of what losses he has to regret, and the preservation of how much he has to felicitate himself upon.

BRYCHAN BRECHEINIOC.

\* Since I have prepared this for the Cambrian Register, I have been favoured with the sight of another copy of Mr. William Maurice's Catalogue, said to have been taken about the year 1658, which, though it contains most of the articles here enumerated, yet is very differently arranged from that which I now offer to the public, and wants several of the latter numbers, it appearing, by the documents accompanying them, that they got into the collection after Mr. Maurice had examined the Hengwrt Library.

*A CATALOGUE*  
OF  
CURIOUS AND VALUABLE MSS.  
IN  
HENGWRT LIBRARY,  
A. D. 1658.

1.\* **D**ARN Cyntaf Llyfr yn Llundain y gan Mr. Robert Vaughan, in 4to. ac yn golofneg.

2. Yr ail Rhan o'r Unrhyw Lyfr.

3. Llyfr Cyfraith Hywel Dda.

4. Hên Llyfr o Gyfreithiau Dyfnwal, Hywel Dda, a Bleddyn ab Cynfyn, Wedi ei gaeadu

N. B. The above Robert Vaughan was the celebrated antiquary who lived at Hengwrt, which came to him from his mother Margaret, daughter of Edward Owen, of that place, who was one of the seven sons of † Lewis Owen, Esq. commonly

\* Llwyd, in his *Archæologia*, in the Catalogue of Welsh MSS. mentions an imperfect copy of this manuscript, as having belonged to Dr. John Davies, author of the Welsh and Latin Dictionary, the contents of which he has given, as being the same as those of the Llyfr Coch o Hergest. He refers to this copy in the Hengwrt Library, from the information of others only; for it is a singular fact, that Mr. Llwyd, though intimately acquainted with the possessor of that valuable repository, whom he styles "Vir neque indoctus neque inurbanus, sed & mei amicissimus," was never admitted to inspect it, notwithstanding that privilege had been as repeatedly promised by Mr. Vaughan as it had been solicited by the learned keeper of the Ashmolean Museum.

† This Lewis Owen was Vice-Chamberlain and Baron of the Exchequer of North Wales, and was a man of the greatest credit and authority of any in that country, in the time of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Queen Mary; who, having been

mouly called *Y Barwn*. His family, descended from Bleddyn ab Cynfyn, Prince of Powis, was first seated at *Y Wengraig*, an old mansion at the foot of *Cader Idris*, to the eastward of that mountain. He was a man of considerable erudition, indefatigable in his researches into the antiquities of his native country, and intimate with most of the eminent literary characters of the age he lived in, particularly Archbishop Usher, Selden, Sir Simon D'Ewes, Sir John Vaughan, &c. &c. In genealogy he was so skilled, and his knowledge on that subject derived from such genuine sources, that Hengwrt became the herald's college of the principality, and no pedigree was current till it had first obtained his sanction; a compliment he was justly entitled to, if we may judge by the immense mass of that sort of learning left behind him, which

evinces an industry almost incredible, and a method and \*perspicuity rarely to be met with in similar collections.

#### 5. Hanes Peredur ab Efrog.

Quere, if a romance?—In old pedigrees *Peredur ab Efrog* is mentioned as one of King Arthur's knights, and to have resided at *Coedmawr*, in Cardiganshire, nearly opposite to *Cilgeraint Castle*. Probably this history is nothing more than a few meagre pigmy facts of the hero they relate to, clothed in figurative language, and enlarged into giant size through the medium of fiction†.

#### 6. A Fragment of Howel Dda's Laws.

#### 7. Dares Phrygius, in British.

Many and various have been

been very active in disuniting a gang of desperate outlaws, and bringing several of them to justice, was surprised by some of the same party, in the wilds of *Merionethshire*, and cruelly murdered at a place to this day called, from that circumstance, *Llidiart y Barwn*.

\* Of which a more striking proof cannot be adduced than a reference to No. 80 of this catalogue; a manuscript which I think myself fortunate in having had an opportunity of examining, as it exhibits a most curious, and, perhaps, *unique* model, for compilations of that kind, that, to be generally adopted, requires only to be known.

† It is an amusing romance, a translation of which, and of several others, under the title of *Mabinogion*, is now preparing for the press.—E.

the

the conjectures respecting the translation of Dares Phrygius from the original Greek into Latin, nor are we less divided in our opinions concerning the translator of that historian into the Welsh language. There have been some hardy enough to ascribe it to Owen Glendwr; on what authority I know not; and others to Iolo Goch, his favourite bard, a man certainly of learning as well as family and fortune; but it may with more probability be referred to an earlier period,—a question, to the discussion of which my remark on Article 123 will be more properly confined.

8. Cronologyddiaeth yn Ladin  
a Chymraeg.

9. Ystoria Siarlymaen.

10. Pêth o Hanes St. Marc,  
&c.

11. Caniad y Gododin o  
waith Aneurin Wawdrydd. It.  
2d Caniad a elwir Gwarchan  
Adebon, Gwarchan Cynfelin, a  
Gwarchan Maelderw. Hwn o  
law hên gwedi ei gaeadu yn  
Llundain gan Robert Vaughan,  
Esq. in 8vo. un fodfedd o  
dew.

This is, perhaps, the most ancient copy now extant of that truly venerable and illustrious relic of Welsh poetry, called the Gododin, a composition which challenges the best age of Greece and Rome to produce any thing more heroic and sublime; a composition marked by a fortunate concurrence of circumstances; whether we consider the dignity of the subject, the spirited manner of treating it, or the quality of the author, a man of high birth, learning, and valour, who was himself a conspicuous actor in the busy scenes he describes, and one of the few survivors of a band of heroes, united in the noblest cause, and bleeding in defence of their liberty and their country.

12. \* Breuddwyd Sibli  
Ddoeth.

Quere, if a translation of some of the verses ascribed to the ancient Sibyls?

13. Llyfr Ffydd Feddig.

This appears to have been in the possession of Sir Kenelm Digby, from a letter of Mr. John Jones, pinned to it; and is probably nothing more than

\* Edward Lihwyd translates it "*Sybille sapientis Somnium.*"

a translation

a translation of Sir Thomas Brown's *Religio Medici*, on which Sir Kenelm wrote observations; but how it got from Wales to Sir Kenelm, and back again from him to Wales, might be hard to discover\*.

14. Fragmentum, neu garp o hên gyfraith.

15. Brut y Brenhinoedd.

16. Dau Llyfr Cyfraith Howel Dda.

There are commentaries annexed by a later hand, replete with curious learning, to illustrate the laws and the age they relate to.

17. Llyfr yn dechrau am bethau Astrolosgiadd, &c.

18. Llyfr hên tra rhagorol; yn yr hwn i mae yn gyntaf,

achau Saint Ynys Prydain. 2. Plant Brychan, a llawer o bethau achawl (neu genealogiol) It: Chronologyddiaeth yn dechrau Oes Gwrtheyrn Gwrthenau. It: Llyfr Bonedd. It: † Englynion Duad. It: Anrheg Urien, o waith Taliesin, Marwnad Iago mab Beli (o waith Beli) o waith Taliesin. It: Ach Lywelyn ab Iorwerth Drwyndwn. It: Duad Henwau Brenhinoedd Ynys Prydain. It: Llyfr Theophrastus am Neithorau. It: Cronicl byr yn dechrau, yn Oes Arthur, pan las Arthur. It: Gwaith Merddin, y Porchellennau. Llyfr wedi ei gaeadu yn odiaeth ymgeleddus yn Llundain y gan Robert Vaughan.

19. ‡ Y Cwitta Cyfarwydd, gwedi ei rhywmo o newydd yn ddeg, yn Llundain.

20. Trioedd Ynys Prydain, a'i anrhyfeddodau, &c.

\* By consulting vol. 64, page 1077, of that valuable repository, the Gentleman's Magazine, and vol. 65, page 840, may be discovered the connexion that subsisted between Sir Kenelm Digby and North Wales, which makes it no difficult matter to account for the appearance of No. 13 in this Catalogue.

† In the margin, and seemingly in a different hand-writing from the other observations, it is said that the Englynion Duad (or rather *Dyad*) are translations from some of the Greek inscriptions in the Anthologia; the elegant brevity of which might be happily transfused into a language which is peculiarly adapted to epigram.

‡ Mr. Edward Lhwyd, in his account of the contents of this manuscript, enumerates thirty articles; among which the titles of some are very curious, not occurring in any other collection.

21. Llyfr

21. Llyfr de Astronomicia  
Cam\*:

22. Ystori Siarlymaen a Rolant.

A romance, interspersed with many curious old whimsical coloured drawings, and some not meanly executed.

23. Cywyddau ac odleu o waith Lewys Glyn Cothi: ar femrwn tîg in 4to. Hanner modfedd o dewdwr.

A valuable collection of poems, not only as they are strongly marked with characters of the genuine *Awen*, but as they are chiefly inscribed to men of the greatest eminence, particularly in South Wales, at that time, and refer to a period pregnant with violence and alarm, excited by the hostile roses, and which the bard often adverts to in numbers finely adapted to his subject.

24. Cyfraith Hywel Dda.

25. Cyfraith Hywel Dda.

26. †Hen hen gyfreithiau y Prydeiniaid a chaead du myglyd, ef a berchid yn fwy nog ereill y gan Mr. John Jones am ei hyndra, etto ni chopiwyd mo hono gan neb yn ddiwedd-ar.—In octavo Crass: 1. Digit, nid yw y gyfraith hon yn y Cyfreithiau ereill, medd John Jones.

27. Calandr Guttyn Owen.

28. Llyfr gwasanaeth Cymraeg o'r hen ddefod, gwedi ei droi o'r Lladin, ynddo y mae pethau ereill yn draphlith, in 8vo. modfedd a haner o dewdwr.

29. Y Greal, sef yw hynny Ystori Arthur, a'i Wyr; Llyfr ag Ysgrifen deg iawn in 4to. extenso un modfedd o dewdwr.

This work Mr. John Jones, of Gelli Lyfdy, was said to place a high value on.—Quære, if from any peculiar intrinsic merit it possessed? or as it had

\* Probably by Sir Thomas ab William, who left behind him an Astronomical Tract, of which I possess a copy.

† It is to be lamented that the editor of Howel Da's Laws had not more thoroughly examined the various treasures of Welsh legislation which this library contained, particularly such manuscripts on the subject, (and they are not a few, it seems,) with learned commentaries by Mr. Robert Vaughan himself, a man eminently qualified to throw all the light that could possibly be collected on the subject.

belonged to the learned antiquary, Sir John Pryse, who wrote *Historiæ Britannicæ Defensio*; a work that has placed him high in the estimation of his countrymen, and that most deservedly; though this eulogium should not come from me, who feel, on this occasion, more than nationality—the interest of blood\*.

30. Brut y Brenhinoedd.

31. Brut y Tywysogion.

32. Prophwydoliaeth Merddin Emrys a'r Eryr o Gaer Septon.

33. Llyfr difynyddiath ar y Pader a'r Credo. It: Dechreu Brut y Brenhinoedd. It: Deongliad ar brophwydoliaeth Merddin, a pheth o freuddwyd Maxen Wledig. It: Rhai o droedd Ynys Prydain.

Mr. William Maurice, of Cefn y Braich, by a note of his accompanying this article, seems to consider part of this manu-

script of great antiquity, as Britain in it is several times called *Wen Ynys*, and not Albion.

34. Brut y Brenhinoedd.

35. Odlau Tywysogion ac Arglwyddi Cymry, o Ddrahiarn ab Caradog hyd y tywysog diweddaf. Llyfr teg iawn in 4to. modfedd a hanner o dewdwr.

36. Llythr Melito Escob Sardinia at y Laodiceaid, &c.

37. Calandr Guttyn Owen.

38. Hanes Geraint ab Erbin in 4to. hanner modfedd o dewdwr.

Such a person certainly existed, yet this history is not without a strong dash of romance. The style is highly figurative and poetical†.

39. Thomæ Gulielmi Lexicon Latino Britannicum in tribus Voluminibus in 4to.

\* From this and other hints that escape the above commentator, we may gather that he was a Brecknockshire gentleman, and a descendant of Sir John Pryse, the antiquary; and that these observations were made in the year 1697, such date, together with the initials M. P. L. being subjoined to his last observation. The manuscript was purchased at the sale of a Brecknockshire gentleman's effects in London, about twenty years ago.

† It is one of the romances, or tales, of the Mabinogion.—E.



The substance of these volumes formed the basis of Dr. Davies's Dictionary; but a future lexicographer will find a rare treasury scattered up and down through this work, which certainly did not exist in the Doctor's time, otherwise he would have availed himself of them; and it is much to be regretted that they consist of loose scraps of paper, which are so liable to drop out and be lost. They are evidently additions by different hands; some by Mr. Robert Vaughan himself, most of them very legible, except those by \* Mr. John Jones, whose character points out the author, and whose collections, for that reason, are become of less value to the

world than they otherwise would have been.

40. Llyfr Prophwydoliaethau Cymraeg a Saesoneg a Lladin o law, Sir Thomas Williams, in 4to.

41. Dryll o waith Meddygon Myddfai.

A fragment of the works of those ancient physicians.† Quære if there has any thing in a more perfect form been handed down to us, at least it has not been my hap to have seen it; the other copies I have met with differed but very little from this.

42. Llyfr Cywyddau bychan.

\* As it has fallen in my way to see some original letters and other writings of Mr. John Jones, I can vouch for the justness of the censure bestowed on him by the annotator, for it is difficult to conceive a hand more crabbed than Mr. Jones's, so that Lhwyd, in his *Archæologia*, where he gives a catalogue of British MSS. must have been greatly imposed upon to call a manuscript, supposed to be written by Mr. Jones, "*Hanesyn Blode uog gan dedd yr Ygrifen*," unless he spoke ironically, and a compliment so unfounded becomes the severest satire. Mr. Jones was an attorney in the court of the Marches of Wales, and left behind him some curious anecdotes respecting that court, which he had collected with an intent to expose the enormities of a practice he early withdrew himself from, because he had too much honesty to pursue it.

† I have in my possession a work in manuscript, ascribed to these physicians, with a regular beginning and end, which seems to have been formerly in the hands of Sir Thomas Williams of Trefriw, who was himself a very eminent physician and botanist for his day. It gives some small account of the medical family of Myddfai and the age they lived in, and is farther valuable for a botanical treatise by the gentleman to whose collection it once belonged, who might be considered the *Linnaeus* of Queen Elizabeth's reign.

43. Ystori

43. Ystori o Adda hyd, A. D. 1513, y gan Sion ab Gruffydd Eutun.

Who this Sion ab Gruffydd Eutun was, or whence he derived his materials for this chronicle, I have not been able to learn; but he appears to have been a man of some consequence, and considerable erudition, for his time; and must have had sources of information open to him, which have since become too much polluted for use, or are entirely blocked up.

44. A Book of Characters and Precedents, whereof some do belong to the Lordship of Oswestry.

45. Pum Llyfr Cerddoriaeth, a Gramadeg, y gan Simwnt Vychan, in 4to.

I could not find any note or memorandum in this manuscript that might lead to a discovery of something more respecting the author than his name, and that he flourished about the year 1563; but, by the mention made of him by Robert Vaughan in

another place, and which I recollect to have seen, he appears to have been of the same family with the learned antiquary, and eminently qualified to illustrate the subject he treats of.

46. Llyfr Cywyddau.

47. Cyfrinach Beirdd Ynys Prydain.

This is a most curious and valuable collection of tracts, relating to grammar, rhetoric, and the mysteries of Welsh prosody, transcribed from a manuscript of Guttyn Owen, by Robert Vaughan, who bestowed much pains upon it, as appears by his elaborate commentaries and additions, which are for the most part on \* loose leaves carelessly dropped in at the places they refer to, yet intended, I suppose, to have been arranged, and rendered more permanent at some future period, which it is not to be wondered that he never accomplished, in every instance, if we consider his avarice, I may say, to amass antiquarian knowledge, and what an immense treasure

\* What a pity it is that leaves which ought to have been preserved inviolate, like those of the Sibyls of old, should be exposed to the hazard of negligent keeping, perhaps during a long minority, or lie at the mercy of some curious impertinent, who may irreverently confound and scatter them till they sink into the kitchen to singe a fowl, or mount in a paper-kite's tail to delight the boy heir ' of

of that sort he had hoarded up, in the compass of a life of no great extent,

48. *Llyfr Odlau y Tywysogion o law y Dr. Davies.* in 4to. 3 Modfedd o dewdwr.

Highly valuable, not only as it is in the beautiful hand-writing of the learned Welsh lexicographer, but as it is undoubtedly the most perfect and genuine copy of this work existing, to say nothing how its value is enhanced by a copious body of notes, testimonia, and letters, which passed to and from the transcriber, and which are massed together, without order, at the beginning of the book, but not fastened to it. *Incuria heu valde deflenda.*

49. *Collectanea ex Lib. Gwyn Hergest,* pr. Thomas Williams, in 4to. dwy fodfedd o Dewdwr.

This, as well as all the other manuscripts, which once belonged to Sir Thomas ap William, were a present to Mr. Vaughan from Mr. Meredydd Lloyd, as I had it from a descendant of his, who assisted me in my researches with information as curious as authentic, being derived from original letters and papers.

50. *Membrana*—Notes fairly written from *Llyfr Coch Asaph*, by Mr. Robert Vaughan, in 4to. dau fodfedd o dewdwr.

51. *Llyfr yn Iaith Cernyw.*

52. *Llyfr bach o gywyddau Hywel Cilan.*

53. *Llyfr Cerddi o law Thomas ab William, cum multis aliis fragmentis,* in 4to. 2. fodfedd o dewdwr.

54. *Llyfr o gerdd i Dafydd ab Edmunt.*

55. *Llyfr o gerddi Tudur Aled.*

56. *Llyfr Cywyddau o law Edward Owen o'r Hengwrt.*

This Edward Owen was Mr. Robert Vaughan's grandfather, who, if we may judge by his collections, was a most learned and judicious antiquary, and no indifferent poet in the Welsh language, if the few pieces ascribed to him be really his, particularly those on *Llyn Tegid* and *Cader Idris*, and the still happier effusions on a *Kiss*, inferior to nothing that ever *Johannes Secundus* wrote on the same subject.

57. *Llyfr*

57. Llyfr Diarhebion Cymraeg.

58. Llyfr o amryw goffiadwriaethau. It. Rent Rolls of the Lands of Sir William Griffith, Chamberlain of North Wales. It. A Rent Roll of the Lands of Owain Glyndwr, who was born A. D. 1349. In 4to. teneu.

59. A Book of the Records of the Towns of North Wales, Temp. Ed. 1st. with many other charters of law, Mr. Robert Vaughan.

A collection, to have formed which would have staggered the resolution of any man but an antiquarian of such indefatigable industry as Mr. Vaughan possessed, which shrunk from no difficulty or toil, and continued to the last to actuate him in the pursuit of his favorite studies.

60. Gildas Nennius, his History, cum Notis et variantibus Lectionibus, per Robert Vaughan, script. un fodfedd o dewdwr.

Besides the elaborate commentaries of Robert Vaughan, this manuscript involves a collection of loose papers, all re-

lating to the work, by Sir Simonds d'Ewes and others, containing very curious matter.

61. Llyfr Achau, &c.

62. Llyfr Achau Deheubarth.

63. Llyfr o extent Sir Ddinbych o law Robert Vaughan, folio dwy fodfedd o dewdwr.

64. An Account of the different Escheators and some Sheriffs of North Wales, with sundry old Records. Item—Amercements, Gwyr Gwynedd am godi gydag Owain Glyndwr. Ar fwmrwn.

65. Ystori Samothei per Llyd o'r Llai, folio teneu.

66. Llyfr o achau y Saeson a Brenhinoedd Lloegr. Folio dwy fodfedd o dewdwr.

This curious genealogical treasury was once in the possession of Guttyn Owen, and, if not of his collecting entirely, bears evident marks of having been much enriched by him, as the margin is crowded with rare and interesting anecdotes (in his hand-writing) of the most conspicuous characters of North Wales, during that turbulent period

period when the contending houses of York and Lancaster deluged the land with blood.

67. Notes out of the Book of Basingwerk, o law Robert Vaughan.

68. Llyfr heb ei rwymo, lle y mae prologus Roberti de Torneo. It. Epistola. It. Runtington ad Warrinum Britonem de regibus Britonum, cum aliis antiquitatibus Wallicis, un fodfedd o dewdwr, folio o law. Robert Vaughan, Esq.

69. A Book of Saxon Laws. Folio teneu. Once in the possession of Sir Simonds d'Ewes.

70. Llyfr hen gywyddau candryll.

71. Llyfr Du o Gaer Fyrddin yn cynnwys 54 o ddalenau, yr hanner cyntaf wedi ei ysgri-fcnu â llaw frâs drahen, a'r relyw o law ddiweddarach, ond am bethau mor orhynol. Sef yn gyntaf y cân brith rhwng Merddin a Thaliesin. 2d. Bedd-su milwyr Ynys Prydain. 3d. Cerdd Merddin i'r Fedwen, i'r Afallen, ac i Borchellau; hefyd

cerdd i Yscolan. 4th. Cerdd i feibion Llywarch Hên. 5th. Cerdd i Wyddno Garanir, Maelgwn, Gwyn ab Nudd, Gwynddoleu, Gwallawc ab Llenawc, Bran ab Gwerydd. 6th. Cerdd a wnaethwyd pan ddaeth y mor dros gantref y Gwaelod. 7th. Enwau meibion Llywarch Hên. 8th. Cerdd Geraint ab Erbyn. 9th. Cynghogion Elaeth, ehum a'i cant. Marwnad Madawg fab Meredudd. 10. Cerdd i'r Arglwydd Rhys, in 4to. Memb. and Chart.

How this very valuable relic of antiquity could get to Hengwrt cannot at present, perhaps, be easily discovered; but it is known to have been once in the possession of Sir John Pryse, the antiquary, who had it, with many other valuable manuscripts, from a treasurer of the church of St. David's, as appears by a memorandum among the papers Sir John left behind him; which likewise mentions that it came originally from the Priory of Carmarthen, at the time of the dissolution. Some of the lost books of Livy\* were said to have been shewn to Sir John Pryse at the time

\* In a manuscript volume of Collectanea among the Slebech papers in Pembrokeshire, written about the middle of the last century, I observed a memorandum to this effect: "By relation of Thomas Middleton, schoolmaster of the free

time the said treasurer presented him with the above manuscript, &c.

Robert Vachan. In folio chwe modfedd o dewdwr.

72. Hen gyfraith y Prydainiaid.

This is undoubtedly the most perfect and authentic collection of Welsh pedigrees now extant, digested with wonderful ingenuity into a form totally new, after an unremitting labour of many years : nor is it the least part of it's merit, that it is written as neatly as it is curiously planned, so that well the handwriting might be called *parhaus*, an epithet peculiarly adapted to its character ; which, however the fashion of penmanship may alter, can never become difficult or antiquated, being, like the style of our great Shakespeare, suited to every age.

73. Fragmentum, neu dryll o Histori Turpin.

74. Llyfr y Discybl a'r Athraw.

75. Byr draethawd am feddw-dawd, &c.

76. Husbandry Saesoneg a Chymraeg.

77. Dyscrifiad Arfau.

78. A book of the British Laws, in Latin, without beginning or end, folio, un fodfedd o dewdwr.

81\*. Henrici Hundunii Chronicon.

79. Llyfr teg o Achau a Chywyddau, o law Sion Brook.

82. Ecclesiastica Historia Bedæ, fairly bound in folio, four inches thick.

80. Llyfr mawr o Achau wedi ei gasglu a'i ysgrifenu (ar ffordd a method newydd) y gan Mr.

83. An Extent of Iâl and Bromfield, written in the beginning of Edward I., and other records belonging thereunto,

free school of St. David's, Mr. Canon Davies, second son of the bishop (Richard Davies), then living, temp. Eliz. had some fragment of *Tully de Republicâ*, a few leaves only written on parchment, that came out of the library near adjoining the cathedral of St. David's, a raritie of great esteem, but now utterly lost."

\* Probably Henry of Huntingdon.

with a rent-roll of the same. Folio, two inches thick.

A treasury of very curious and valuable information, enriched also with the observations of Mr. Robert Vaughan, and several of his cotemporary antiquaries, as well as of many prior to them, particularly Mr. Vaughan's grandfather, Edward Owen, of Hengwrt.

84. Llyfr Achau Gruffydd Hiraethog.

85. Llyfr mawr tecaf Gruffydd Hiraethog.

86. Llyfr gwyn Rhys Cain.

87. Llyfr arall Gruffydd Hiraethog.

88. Llyfr Achau William Cynwal.

89. Llyfr Sion Trefor, o Drefalun\*.

90. Llyfr casgliad Achau, gan Gruffydd Hiraethog.

Highly valuable, as all Griffith Hiraethog's genealogical

collections are, but more particularly this, as it is full of biographical anecdotes, the painful gleanings of many years, successfully employed in vindicating the antiquities of his country.

91. Llyfr mawr Achau William Llyn a Gruffydd Hiraethog.

More bulky, but less valuable, than the former.

92. Llyfr Ieuan Brechfa.

93. An old English Chronicle, with marginal notes and additions, in Welsh.

All by Robert Vaughan's own hand.

94. Vita Griffini Regis Venedotæ, a Thelwallo in Lat. conversa script. per Robertum Vaughan Armigerum, quarto thin.

95. Gildas sapiens Badonicus, ar Femrwn.

96. Petitiones de Kennington, o law Robert Vaughan.

\* Quære if this be not the copy of Brut y Brenhinoedd, which Lewis Morris, in one of his letters to the Rev. Evan Evans, mentions as written by Edward Kyffin, for John Trefor, of Trevalun?

97. A Book of Records, containing the articles of several agreements betwixt the kings of England and the latter princes of Wales. Item—A commission sent by King Edward I. to know by what laws the Welshmen were governed, and the depositions of the examined. Item—A charter of Gruffydd ab Gwenwynwyn to his son. Item—*Mulctæ de Edeyrnion*. Item—A charter of exemption for North Wales, by Henry VII. Item—The quadripartite indenture between the daughters of John Bure, in quarto, un fodfedd.

98. *Llyfr teg a ysgrifenodd Mr. Robert Vaughan ei hun allan o amryw Lyfrau ereill.*

If this were merely a transcript from other manuscripts, or printed books, it would hardly merit a place in such a collection as the Hengwrt Library has to boast of; but, like every other volume of his collectanea, it is rendered of inestimable value by the transcriber's marginal notes, and various other additions and illustrations with which his industry hath replenished it. It

chiefly consists of the works of the earliest bards\*.

99. *Llyfr Achau, o law Gruffydd Hiraethog.*

100. *Dictionarium Britannicum. William Llyn, 4to. one inch thick.*

This curious work seems not to have occurred to Dr. Davies when he was compiling his Dictionary, otherwise he would have benefited by his acquaintance with it, and would not have been above acknowledging his obligation to it.

101. *Dict. Angl. Brit. per William Salisbury.*

102. *Hen Lyfr Achau a chaead du.*

103. *Dryll Dictionary y Dr. Powel.*

This is the same, though imperfect, which Dr. Davies refers to in his preface to his Dictionary, and evidently had passed through his hands, being sprinkled in several places with notes in his hand-writing.

104. *Llyfr du lledgrwn, ac*

\* This, I presume, must be the manuscript entitled, by Mr. Edward Llwyd, *Kynveirdd Kymreig*, in which are enumerated fifty articles.



ynddo y cy dundeb a fu ar bont Gammarch y rhwng gwyr Gwerthrynion Mertyn, Llan Andreas, a thri chymwd Deuddwr, gwedi rhyfel Owain Glyndwr. — Item, Dwy Yscrifen wystleidiaeth oddiwrth Dafydd ab Howel ab Madawg o'r Cib yn y Waun i Ievan ab Madawg o'r un dref.—Item, Rhai Cywyddau in 2<sup>o</sup>, tenen, Llaw Meredith Llwyd, ar femrwn.

Vide my observations on No. 166, where I refer to Mr. Meredydd Lloyd, who was an eminent lawyer, an intimate friend and correspondent of Mr. Robert Vaughan, and lived at Welsh Pool, in Montgomeryshire, as, if I mistake not, I was informed by a descendant of his in Radnorshire, to whose communications I owe most of the interesting particulars concerning this catalogue.

105. Llyfr bychan gwedi ei rwymo gan John Jones; a gyda pethau ereill Deongliad hen eiriau fal Dictionary. In 12mo. ar femrwn.

Part of the above-mentioned Mr. Jones's legacy to Mr. Robert Vaughan, between whom it had been agreed, that the survivor should have the benefit of the other's labours, by which means a very consider-

able addition was made to the Hengwrt Collection; and a wide field opened for the exertion of Mr. Vaughan's industry and ability, there being but few of the articles that thus fell to him, but what he has added to, or commented upon, of which the present is no bad specimen; a manuscript in itself of no intrinsic worth, but rendered invaluable by the touches of the late possessor.

106. Llyfr Cywyddau bychan.

107. Llyfr Cywyddau, o law, a llawer o waith, Rhys Cain.

108. Llyfr bach o Gywyddau.

109. Llyfr Cywyddau a chaead du.

110. Llyfr Cerddi y Tywysogion, o law y Dr. Powel.

111. Hen lyfr prophwydoliaeth a cherddi Merddin, &c.

112. Llyfr o law Gwilym Tew.

113. Llyfr *Compot Manuel*, o law Dafydd Nantmor, &c.

114. Llyfr Cywyddau, o law frith gandryll.

115. Llyfr

115. Llyfr Cywyddau, o hen law ganolig.

116. Dyledswydd Gwragedd, wedi ei drosglwyddo yn Gymbraeg allan o Ludovicus Vives.

117. Llyfr Achau.

118. Llyfr Cywyddau.

119. A very fair ancient book on vellum, containing the Charter of Burton-on-Trent, &c.

120. Llyfr Cyfraith Howel Dda.

This, by a memorandum annexed, as likewise No. 78 and No. 16, had been lent to Sir Simon d'Ewes in the year 1649. A copy of which I once saw in the possession of a gentleman from Radnorshire, who prized it at a very high rate, as a test of Mr. Robert Vaughan's regard for him, in indulging him with the manuscript, but more particularly as it was prefaced by some account of the work itself, in the learned antiquary's own hand-writing, which was in these words—"Howel Dda—Howel the Good, (soe called for his good and godly behaviour,) being Prince of South Wales, was by his uncle Anarawd, King of Aberffraw, (sovereign prince of all Wales,)

his father's brother, a little before his death, appointed tutor and guardian to his children Idwal, Voel, and Elisse, and of the government of their whole estates, during their minority and non-age, which charge, when he undertooke, he presently, A. D. 914, summoned the Archbishop of Menevia, (St. David's,) his suffragans, and to the number of one hundred and forty of the clergie, with all the barons and nobles of Wales, and six of the best esteemed men, and wisest, of every comot in Wales, to appeare before him at Ty Gwyn, ar Tâf, the white house upon the river Tâf, on the borders of Pembrokeshire, who accordingly appeared there; the which assembly did approve, and unanimously ratifie, his sayd guardianshippe and regencie, by yielding due obedience unto him as to their sovraine. And he being a wise and discreette prince, thought it not meete to dismissee that great assembly, and to let passe soe fitt an opportunittie, as being now supreme prince of all Wales, of doing some notable acte for the generall good of all Wales, which, without supreme authoritie, he could not performe: wherefore he made a proposall unto them of the reformation of the old British lawes, which,  
in

in many things, were intollerable and averse to Christianitie. This motion did wonderfully please all the assembly: therefore, when they had spent a whole lent in fasting and prayers, and in consultation about the weighty business, he selected twelve of the wisest and best versed in the lawes, to examine the old lawes, and to gather together, and observe, such as were profitable; to expound the doubtful, and to abrogate the superfluous and hurtfull. Their names, as they are extant in an old booke, which the Constable of Pontefract Castle did bestowe upon Einion ab Adda, sometye a prisoner there, doe here follow: Morgene Ynad; Cyfnerth, his sonne; Gweyr, the sonne of Ryvawn; Gronwy ab Mreiddig, Kedwydd Ynad; Iddir Ynad; Gurbri hên, of Yskennyn; Gwrnerth Lwyd, his sonne; Inedwan ail Heriot; Gwynvaen, owner of Ty Gwyn, where the parliament was kept; and Bledrus ab Bleiddyd; to whom was added, Blegywryd, Archdeacon of Llandaff, learned in the canon and imperiall lawes, to write downe the said lawes in order, and to compose them into bookes, which being done, Howel caused the Archbishop of Menevia to denounce sentence of excommunication against all such in Wales as re-

fused to obey the same. And after six yeares, when his cousin Idwal Voel, his ward, grew to be of mature age and discretion to govern his own right, least his sayd lawes should be neglected and contemued upon change of the government, he went to Rome, accompanied with Lambert, Archbishop of Menevia; Mordaf, Bishop of Bangor; and Chebur, Bishop of St. Asaph; the said Blegywryd, Archdeacon of Llandaff, and thirteen of the nobility of Wales, where the said lawes being recited before the Pope, and found to be agreeable to God's lawes, were, by his authoritie, confirmed, and called by the name of the Lawes of Howel Dda. Soon after Howel returned home, and in the yeare 920, he delivered the kingdom of Aberffraw, and all the rights belonging to the same, unto Idwal Voel, the right heir of them; in performance of the charge and trust imposed upon him by his unkle Anarawd. This relation I had out of ancient British monuments and histories, and out of the preface of Howel Dda's lawes, and the old book called the Lawes of Kynawc, which book the constable of Pontefract-castle, as I sayd above, bestowed upon one Einion ab Adda.

121. *Dwned Cymraeg, o waith y Doctor Powel, 8vo. un fodfedd o dewdwr.*

122. *Gweithredoedd Siarlymaen.*

123. *Guido de Columna Mesanensis de Destructione Trojæ. Membrana.*

This Guy de Colonne was, it seems, an enthusiast with regard to every thing that related to Troy and its fortunes, and was said to have compiled\* a large work, extracted from Dares Phrygius, Dictus, Cretensis, and every other writer who had touched on Trojan affairs. He chanced to fall in with Edward I. returning from the Holy Land, accompanied him to England, and grew into such favour with him, that he was ever near his person. It is said he had a share in the tuition of the young prince, born at Caernarvon, and, being much in Wales, contracted an acquaintance, not only with the principal personages in that country, but likewise with the

language. The young prince's nurse was a lady of the first family in North Wales, at whose house the annalist of Troy was a frequent, and not an unwelcome, guest. The prince's foster-brother, (afterwards the celebrated hero, Sir Howel y Pedolau,) became his favourite, and, with the instructions received from him, imbibed a partiality for that history which had engaged the greater part of his preceptor's life. That Dares Phrygius should have been one of the books recommended to his perusal, there is no wonder, and, the transfusion of it into his native tongue is easily accounted for. The connexion between Guido de Columna and Sir Howel alone, without any other evidence, might justify our assent to a tradition that Sir Howel was the translator of Dares Phrygius; but by some curious memorials favouring such a circumstance, communicated to me by a gentleman of the city of Chester, the matter is put beyond a doubt.

\* In the third volume of *Observationes Hallenses*, page 11, the following account is given of this author:—"Guido de Columna natione Siculus, patria Messanenensis, alias Guido de Columbibus dictus qui secundum Bostonum Burgessem cum Edwardo primo ex bello Asiatico reduce, in Angliam se contulit, ibique præter Chronicon magnum librorum sex & triginta de rebus Trojanis Historiam com dixit ex Darete et Diety, uti ipse profitetur."

124. D. Powel, S. Th. D. *Historia Principum Walliæ, usq. ad Griffin ap Conan.*

125. Brutus, an English History, MS.

126. Codex Hoeli Boni.

127. Y pyntheg Capidwl gwedi ei troi o'r Lladin yn Gymraeg. Item — Statuta Gruffydd ab Cynan am Gerdd. Item—*Historia Britannicæ* hyd Geta; ni amgen bwy, ond o law Roger Morris (Llyfr teg gwyn), in quarto, two inches thick.

Whoever is desirous of becoming acquainted with the history of the Welsh bards and minstrels, may be highly gratified by consulting the copy of a long letter, written by Robert Vaughan, to Archbishop Usher, on that curious subject, and attached to the second article of this manuscript, (I am sorry to say,) by the precarious tenure of a brass pin, which has already acquired the true *æru*go, and bids in a few years to prove faithless to its trust.

128 \*. *Statutum de Rudland, gwedi ei ysgrifenu ar femrwn yn Lladin, yn y dechreu i mae Charter Tegeingl. Folio.*

129. Alvredi Beverlacensis *Thesaurus Ecclesiasticus. Joannis Ebor. Archiepisc. Historia de gestis regalibus regum Britannicæ, &c. &c. Historia Romanorum, Brit. Anglorum, &c. et multorum Historiographorum mirabiliter et subtiliter abbreviata, 4to. one inch thick.*

130. Llyfr Cywyddau, gwedi ei glyttio.

131. *Aristotelis Secreta Secretorum, yn Gymraeg.*

132. A Paraphrase upon a Chronology which beginneth thus: O oes Gortheyrn Gortheneu: and presented in an Epistle to Usserius, by Mr. Robert Vaughan. Out of this meagre chronicle hath the Hengwrt Antiquary formed a history which, by every future compiler of Welsh annals, should be looked up to as the polar star to steer their course by, and to correct their wanderings.

\* Barrington, in his *Observations on the Statutes*, refers to this manuscript, and says, "That the law contained in it deserves most particular notice, though little attended to, either by lawyers or historians, as it not only informs us what were the customs in Wales at that time, but likewise, by the remedies provided, what was the law of England."

133. Robert Vaughan's animadversions against the proofs that Cadell, prince of South Wales, was the eldest son of Rodri Mawr, asserted by a \* South-Wales gentleman, on vellum.

134. Chaucer's Works, very fairly written on vellum.

It may naturally be asked, why this number should have a place in a catalogue professing to include only Welsh manuscripts; a question which it would be difficult to answer, without a thorough investigation of the subject, as the writer of these observations hath given it, by which it appears, from two or three loose leaves in a quaint hand, that a translation of Chaucer's Tales had been attempted in the Welsh language; and, from what Mr. John Jones considers strong internal evi-

dence, by Owen Glyndwr. At the foot of one of the void leaves, something is said of Danté, as having been in Wales, and residing, during his sojourn there, near Llyn Mwyngil, in Merionethshire †.

135. Vita Griffini Conani Latiné, o law a chyfieithiad. Robinson, Episc. Bangor.

136. Cywyddau Tudur Aled, â chaead gwyn.

137. A fair Book of very ancient collections, written by Mr. Robert Vaughan, containing the History of Cnute and Swayne, by the Archbishop of Canterbury.—Item, Catalogus Vet. MSS. in Bibliotheca Cottoniana.—Item, Catalogus Regum Hiberniæ.—Item, Synodus Patricii ex codicibus.—Item. Acta Sancti Albani.—Item. De Glastonburia.—Item. ex Re-

\* The gentleman here alluded to was probably George Owen, Esq. of Henllys, Lord of Kemes, in Pembrokeshire, who, in a manuscript history of his native county, which I once had an opportunity of inspecting, incidentally asserts, that which Mr. Vaughan has been at the pains of confuting, and this assertion might, perhaps, only have been the echo of some longer work on the subject, as it is not accompanied with any proofs whatever.

† In a Catalogue of Books sold by Leigh and Sotheby, in London, about eighteen years ago, among the manuscripts there was a translation of the *Divina Comedia di Danté* into Latin, in which there was an account of the Life of Danté, written in 1416, making it appear that the celebrated poet (during his exile, I suppose) had travelled into England, and, during his stay in London, lived in Cheapside. This fact established, it would be an easy matter to get him to Wales.

gistro Landavensi, Vita Elgari Sampsoni Sancti Patricii. Folio, one inch thick.

138. Index Expurgatorius.

139. Hen Llyfr gorhynol, gwedi cwbl ddilëu ei lythyr agos o gyfreithiau yr hen Gymry, a pheth ystoriau, in 4to.

This very ancient book has been faithfully transcribed by Mr. John Jones, in folio, and by Robert Vaughan, Esq. on parchment, folio.

140. Brut y Brenhinoedd.

141. Brut y Tywysogion.

142. Llyfr Taliesin, lle mae llawer o'i waith, a llawer o hen gerddi ereill i Feli Mawr ab Mynogan ac i Ludd ab Beli, cyn Crist. Uther Pendragon: *incerti Authoris*, in 8vo.

143. Cyfraith Hywel Dda.

\* This Morgeneu and his son were amongst the principal assistants employed by Howel Dda in digesting his new code of laws; they were descended from Cilmin Troed Du, one of the fifteen tribes or peers of North Wales, whose posterity anciently, as well as in more modern times, have been distinguished for their knowledge of the laws of their country. Besides the two celebrated judges above mentioned we read of Morgeneu Ynad ab Madog (the former being Morgeneu Ynad ab Gurydyr), Morgan Ynad ab Meuric, and Madog coch Ynad; and, in the last century, Sir John Glynn of the Common Pleas, and a William Glynn, Serjeant at Law, a man of eminence in his profession; and I am informed that the late Serjeant Glynn, Member of Parliament for the county of Middlesex, Recorder of the city of London, and a strenuous supporter of the liberty of the subject, traced his family to the same origin.—F.

144. Ditto; but in a much more ancient hand, with an addition of other laws at the end, that may be called Forest Laws, as they relate to hunting, and are embellished with curious coloured drawings of the different beasts of the chase, and the different sorts of dogs then bred and used.

145. Llyfr Cyfraith \* Morgeneu Ynad a Chyfnernth ei fab: hen lyfr in 8vo. modfedd a hanner o dew.

These men were not law-givers, but judges; and this work must not be understood as if it was a body of new laws, but an interpretation of, and decisions founded on, old laws then in force,—a mere Report-Book.

146. Llyfr Cerdd Llewelyn Glyn Cothi, gwedi ei gaeadu yn Llundain gan Robert Vaughan, in forma oblonga; dau fodfedd a dewdwr.

147. Hen

147. Hen gerddi i'r tywysogion a phenaethiaid Cymru o law y Doctor Davies.—Item, Officium B. Mariæ yn Gynraeg, in 4to. four inches thick.

148. Casgl o achau a eilw Robert Vaughan y Llyfr Hist, in 4to.

149. Llyfr hen gyfreithiau, yn dechrau â Hywel Dda.

149 \*. Hysbysrwydd am Swrn o eiriau Cymraeg y rhai hefyd nis deallir ymhob parth o'r wlad \*.

150. John Leland's Commentaries, in five books, written by John Stow.

There are numerous copies of this work extant, but the present we are not so much to estimate as the labours of Leland and Stow as for the value and originality it has acquired from the pen of Robert Vaughan, in whose elaborate criticisms

the text of old Leland may be said to be merged.

151. Llyfr Cywyddau.

152. Part of an old book of St. Albau's, treating of St Albanus and King Offa.—Item, a Preface to the History of Cambria, by Doctor Powel.—Item, Historia Cambriæ a Cadwaladro rege usque ad Gruffydd ab Cynan, in 4to. un fodfedd o dewdwr.

153. Chronicle Notes out of the Ecclesiastical History of Broughton, by Robert Vaughan. Item, Notes out of Usher's Primordia —Item, Leland's New-Year's Gift, with John Bale's commentaries.—Item, a copy of Brook against Camden. Fol. two inches thick.

154. Ranulphus Glanvil de Legibus Angliæ.

A manuscript presented by Archbishop Usher to Robert

\* I have a manuscript of the same title, consisting of about thirty quarto pages in double columns, by *Sion Philip Bardd Corrygedol*, A.D. 1578, a Vocabulary now valuable only for its antiquity; as on examination I find it contains but few, if any, words that have eluded the notice of Dr. Davies and his lexicographical heirs, otherwise it would have been long since communicated to my ingenious friend Mr. W. Owen, author of the Welsh Dictionary lately published, from whom, thus laudably employed in vindicating the copiousness and expressiveness of his native language, it would be treason in any one professing himself a Welshman to withhold the smallest document that might contribute to increase his stock of information.



Vaughan, from which a future editor of that work might derive great assistance to improve it, as there seems in many parts a material difference between the above manuscript and the printed copy, to say nothing of the very curious observations which the learned Usher hath throughout lavishly bestowed upon it, together with a valuable sprinkling of antiquarian knowledge from the hand of its late possessor.

155. *Coffadwriaeth o henwau gwyr a oedd yn gwneuthur gwr-ogaeth i Edward 1st.*—Item, *Coffadwriaeth arall Edward 1st. am ffeiriau a marchnadoedd yn y marsdin ac yn Llan Armon Dyffryn Ceiriog, &c. &c.*—Item, a Description of the Demesnes of Holt Castle, with the Rent-Roll thereof, ex Dr. Powel.

156. *Ecloga Oxonio Cantab. in libris duobus per Thomam Jamesium.* He was keeper of the Bodleian Library, and, as I have been informed, a Brecknockshire man.

157. Dr. Powel, S. Th. D.

*Historia Principum Walliæ usque ad Griffin ap Conau. ar femrwn.*

A Doctor\* Canon (some say of South Wales) pretended, that this history was written by him, but the acute antiquary of Hengwrt has fully exposed the imposture, and ably vindicated its real author.

158. *Cant o Drioedd Ynys Prydain.*

159. *Brut y Brenhinoedd.*

160. *Brut y Tywysogion.*

162. *Liber Landavensis*, from Mr. Selden's library, folio, in parchment, three inches thick, having Teilio's picture in brass on the lid thereof, formerly overlaid with gold and silver, but now almost worn out by age.

This venerable monument of time and antiquity, Mr. Robert Vaughan, of Hengwrt, copied out verbatim in the very same character with the prototype, and that on vellum parchment, A. D. 1660.

\* Kilgetty, near Tenby, in Pembrokeshire, was once the residence of a family of this name, and is now the property of the Right Honourable Lord Milford, by a marriage of one of his Lordship's ancestors with an heiress of this house. In the commission of the peace for the county of Pembroke, dated the first year of the reign of James the First, occurs a Thomas Canon, Esq. afterwards Sir Thomas Canon.

This was one of Robert Vaughan's last labours, and achieved with much difficulty and exertion of great interest, after a circuitous negotiation of some years, as will clearly appear from the following letters, which, as they mark the progress of so curious a business, and convey the strongest proof of the great antiquary's perseverance and assiduity in the pursuit of his favourite study, I have thought fit to transcribe them from the originals in my possession.

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*To Mr. Meredydd Lloyd, at Thos. Jones the Girdler's Shop, under the King's Head Tavern in Fleete Street, over-against the Temple.—(This deliver.)*

LOVING COUSIN,

I have written to my Lord Primat of Ireland, before Christmas, to know where a tract of Merlines Caledonius (cyted by John Leyland in his Assertio Arturi) was to be had, and Mr. Jno. Vaughan, our parliament man, solicited him in my behalfe, and the Lord tould him that it was but a toy, written on a sheete of paper, and that the Comment upon it was a meere fiction. I wrote againe the last weeke to Mr. Vaughan, that he

should inquire of him where it was to be found, and if he had it himself, or a copy of it. I wished Mr. Vaughan to desire the loane of it to be written out, and to pay for the writing thereof. Now I shall desire you to speake to Mr. Vaughan to know what he hath done in it, and, if he hath not sent unto him as yet, then desire him to send a word or two by you, to borrow it for so longa tyme as it may be written out, and whatsoever it will cost him or you I will repay with thanks; but, if he hath neither, make your best addresses for it where he shall direct you. The letter herein inclosed I pray you reade, seale, and deliver it to the gentleman; but be sure to procure some friend of his acquaintance, and powerfull with him, to second the motion. Mr. Rees Vaughan may happily serve the turne, or finde one that will, and apply all your endeavours for obtaining the loane of the Booke of Landaffe (for it being long since conveyed to England, there is not a copy of it in any parte of Wales that I do know); and, in case it cannot be borrowed on my proposalls, then see how many leaves it containeth, and what the writing of every leafe will cost, that, if accesse may be had unto it, you, or somebody else, may agree with

with some honest man, well skilled in reading of manuscripts, that hath a fine and legible hand, for the writing thereof upon good paper, leaving faire margends, and I will pay you what you shall agree upon, the tyme and place you shall appointe. My cousin, Peter Morris, whom you may finde in Serjeant Littleton's lodgings in Serjeants' Inn, may happily help you to a scribe, and to agree for the price of writing of it; but if the originall can be had, whereby I might myselfe write it out, it would give me far greater content than a copy written by one unskilfull in reading of an old manuscript, or in transcribing of the old and obsolete names of men, places, meares, and bounds of lands, which most commonly are written in it in the Brittish tongue.

I rest,

Your very loving Cousin,

ROBERT VAUGHAN.

Feb. 5, 1654.

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*N. B.* The following letter was enclosed in the above:

*To Mr. Vaughan, of Trow-coed.*

NOBLE SIR,

Pardon me, I pray you, in that I have presumed (without any relation or acquaintance) to write unto you, and to crave

your favour and furtherance to procure the loane of a booke, which (as I have been lately informed) was in the possession of your friend, the great antiquary, Mr. Selden; I meane the booke of Landaffe, or Llyfr Teiliaw. I desire it for noe longer a tyme than I may conveniently write it out; and for the same keeping and returning of it at the tyme and place you shall appointe, I myselfe, Howell Vaughan, of Gwengraig; Robert Owen, of Dolyserre; and Robert Owen, of Erwgoed, gentlemen, of Merionethshire, whose sufficiencie you may learne of the gentleman that served in the late parliament for our county, or of Mr. Rees Vaughan, if you will vouchsafe to inquire, will enter into a bond of what penalties you please; and if it may not be had that way, I humbly desire that you will take some order, whereby a friend of myne may have accesse to it to write it out, though that way will not give me such content as if I myselfe had the perusing and writing of it; for (besides that it is an ancient MSS. that may require some skill in the reading of it) it containeth many ancient charters and donations of lands bestowed upon the see and the bishops thereof, whose meares and bounds are therein written

written in the ancient British tongue, which now few can understand and truly write out. And be pleased to let your man write unto me your minde, directing the letter unto me by the post, to be left at Shrewesbury, with Mr. Edward Jones, the ironmonger, who will send it me furlthwith; and if it please God to enable me to doe you a pleasure, I shall be most willing and ready to serve you; if not, I hope I shall not forget to be thankful unto you. In the meane tyme I take leave, and rest your servant,

ROBERT VAUGHAN.

*Feb. 5, 1654.*

— — —  
The negotiation seems to have stood still, or to have proceeded so very slowly as to have fatigued the patience of any man but such an indefatigable antiquary as Robert Vaughan, from 1654 to 1656, when it was revived, as the following letter, enclosed in another to Mr. Vaughan, of Trowscoed, shews:—

— — —  
*To my Cousin, Richard Herbert, of Llwyn Iorwerth, Cardiganshire.*

HONOURED COUSIN,

I heartily commend me unto you, and to your bedfellowe, (though unacquainted,) being

very glad to heare of your wellfare and thriving in all goodnes. You shall understand that Mr. Vaughan, of 'Trowscoed,' hath promised me the loane of the old booke of Landaffe, to copy, upon caution given for the redelivering of it at a limited tyme; and I desire your travell and assistance, on my behalfe, soe farre furth as to repayre to him, and earnestly to entreat him to be pleased to nominat some friend of his in this county to take such securitie from me for it as he shall think fitt. And if my sonne, Robert Owen, come to your parties, I pray vouchsafe to joyne in securitie with him for the booke, and I will give you both a bond, doubling your penalty for your indemnitie; and be sure to procure a long tyme of restitution, for, besides my necessarie occasions, I must write two copies of it, one for Mr. Vaughan, the other for myselfe, which will require a long tyme; and if more tyme shall be granted than needfull, I will not spend a day in vaine, but will restore the booke as soone as ever I have done with it. Thus being very troublesome to you, I rest

Your Cousin,

To serve you in any thing  
I cann,

ROBERT VAUGHAN.

*March 25, 1656.*

*To Mr. Vaughan, of Trowscoed, March 25, 1656, after my being at St. David's.*

NOBLE SIR,

I cann noe otherwise requite your late kindnesse and civilities towards me, then with humble and hearty thanks, and tender of my service unto you, to your noble consort, your sonnes and daughters, wishing, in some measure, to be able to doe you and them a pleasure. The cold of winter being now past, I finde myself in a good disposition to falle upon the writing of the booke of Landaffe, which you promised to lend me upon securitie given for the safe restoring of it at a tyme appointed by you. And, therefore, my desire is to knowe upon what tearmes I may have it, and whether you will be pleased to deale so favourable with me, as to intrust somebody or other within the county of Merioneth to see me and my sureties seale and deliver a bond to your uses, of what penaltie you shall think fitt, for the restoring of it againe; thereby to save me (being an old man) a journey, and much trouble to my friends, which otherwise we must undergoe, if we be driven to come to Trowscoed. Good Sir, I beseech you, use me tenderly in that respect. And as for the

tyme of the restitution of it, I likewise humbly crave it may be as much prolonged as with convenience you cann, in regarde I must, according to my promise, if God lend me life and health, write a copy for you, and another for myselfe; and for that many tymes I shall be taken from it by unavoydable necessities, and often tymes (as experience in matters of like nature hath taught me) I shall be so wearied and confined with continual writing, that I shall be driven to put by the worke untill I recover new strength and alacritie; withall, I have not such a command of my hand as young and nimble clerkes have, for I write very slowe, and therefore cannot performe in a moneth what they cann in a weeke; but I am sure I shall thinke every weeke a moneth untill I have done. I have entreated my cousin Herbert, of Llwyn Iorwerth, to repayre unto you, and to know your resolution, that, upon knowledge thereof, I may also conforme myselfe thereunto; and as for the present I have noe more to say, but that I will endeavour, in what I can, to be

Your friend and servant,

ROBERT VAUGHAN.

The

The business seems again to have lingered for two years; and new obstructions to the accomplishment of the antiquary's wishes to have arisen, as will appear by the following letter to Mr. Vaughan, of Trowscoed, dated the 20th of May, 1658.

when I thinke, that, if I faile now by your means to have my desire fulfilled, I shall be out of all hopes of ever having it in the future.

Your friend and servant;  
ROBERT VAUGHAN.

NOBLE SIR,

In regard the loane of the booke of Landaff may not, upon any tearmes, be obtayned to be by myselfe copied in the countrey, I humbly desire you to favour me soe farre forth, as that I may have your letter now, by the bearer, directed to your friends in London, who have the keeping of Mr. Selden's bookes and it, whereby my agents may have accesse to it all the while they be in the transcribing of it. The which, I doubt not, but will be soone granted, if you do earnestly and effectually write in that behalfe; and my sonne being, upon the returne of this bearer, redy to goe to London, offers a fit opportunity to accomplish my much longing desire, if, without delay, you grant the same. Pardon me, I pray you; it is the love of my countrey, and our ancestors, that drives me thus, whether I will or noe, to exceede my bounds, especially

Here then comes the consummation so devoutly wished by the antiquary.

WORTHY SIR,

I have, according to my undertaking, at my last being in London, procured that manuscript which you desired to transcribe, and have it with me for your use; it now belongs to the publique library at Oxford, where Mr. Selden's whole library is disposed. If you desire to make use of it at your owne home, for your better conveniency, I am required to take caution for the restitution by bond, to prevent accidents that may happen upon death or otherwise, which I suppose you will not scruple at, the property belonging to such a corporation as the University. Sir, as I have done my indeavor for your satisfaction in this, so I shall most readily, upon any other occasion, wherein the service

vice and affection may be acceptable to you, of your assured friend,

JO. VAUGHAN.

*Trowscoed,*

Sept. 24, 1659.

*Superscribed*) For my worthy  
and honored Friend,  
Robert Vaughan,  
Esq. at his house,  
Hene Court.

163. Pêth o waith Ofyd wedi  
ei droi o'r Lladin (meddai John  
Jones) o law Dafyddab Gwilym  
wrth arch Llewelyn ab Gwilym,  
o'r Cryngae.

This is a translation of some of Ovid's amours into Welsh, which smacks strongly of the style of him on whom it is fathered, who in all his writings had a sweetness, fancy, and rapture, no way inferior to that which breathed through the strains of the Latin poet; but in these few happy effusions seems particularly in unison with the original. At the end there is a Cywydd to Llewelyn ap Gwilym, complimenting him on his high descent, and his patronage of the Muses, for he was the Mæcenas of his time, and well entitled to the address of "*Mæcenas atavis edite Regibus*," whose mansion was the congress

of the bards, who were ever welcome guests at his board, when his hall resounded to the harp, and the circling mead went round, and who repaid his hospitality with their mellifluous numbers. Pity! that this delicious morsel, from the effects of dampness, should soon be likely to fall a prey to oblivion.

164. Trioedd Ynys Prydain, with a Paraphrase, by Robert Vaughan, Esq. quarto.

A subtle extract from all the various learning on the subject, well digested; in which is discovered a mind acute, persevering, and comprehensive, yet exercising its wonderful powers with an unparalleled diffidence and modesty, as may be perceived from the following original letter of Mr. Robert Vaughan's, relating to this work:—

*To Mr. John Williams, of  
Llanrhayadr Mochnant, 9th  
July, 1658, concerning my  
Paraphrase on the Triades.*

REVEREND SIR,

I thanke you for your late travell to Llandrillo, and for the trouble I did put you to, by perusing my imperfect pages; and now I further desire you will

will signifie unto me my weaknesse and faylings therein, and whether the discourse concerning the Britons' descent from the Gaules (which I denie) were better left out then put in, in regard it is tedious, and but in parte pertinent to y<sup>e</sup> subject. That period, "*Ac nit oes dlyet yneb ar yr Ynys, namyn y genedl Cymry eihun,*" &c.; being the perclause and ende of the second treatise in the Triades, was the cause I tooke occasion to enlarge myselfe the more upon it. I desire likewise your judgment, whether those fragments are worthy the view and perusing of scholars and antiquaries or not, that thereby I may resolve either to proceede further, according to my intention and promise to my deceased friend, of pious memorie, Dr. Usher, late Archbishop of Armagh, and Primat of all Ireland, or leave off before I hazzard my credit any further, or expose my reputation to a prejudice which, peradventure, may happen, by contradicting soe famous a man, and of soe great repute, as Mr. Camden is, though I should lay downe but the truth, and that in moderate tearmes. Wherein, I pray

you, deale freely with me, for I cannot thinke of any man whome I may better trust unto than yourselfe, and whome from your youth I found alwayes loving, faithfull, and honest. If you have done with the papers, send them me by the bearer, and let me heare from you. Soe, craving pardon for my boldnes, I take leave, desiring you will remember my service to Mrs. Williams, your bed-fellowe, &c.

ROBERT VAUGHAN.

165. Llyfr tég Diarhebbion Cymraeg, o law Doctor John Davies o Fallwyd.

As collected by a man so highly qualified for the task, these proverbs would have been entitled to great veneration, had they nothing more to recommend them; but, having experienced additions and elucidations from the hands of Mr. Robert Vaughan, their value becomes greatly enhanced. It may not be uninteresting to trace the pedigree (if I may be allowed the expression) of this curious manuscript, which the following \* letter from Sir Simonds D'Ewes to Mr. Vaughan will

\* Among various other papers respecting Welsh Antiquities, which once belonged to Edward Llwyd of Oxford, now in my possession, I met with a letter of Sir Simonds d'Ewes to Robert Vaughan, on the same subject with the above,



will serve to throw some light upon; and, though part of it does not immediately refer to this article, yet, as it is somewhat connected with Welsh antiquities, I shall quote it at full length.

SIR,

I have received your letter, bearing date November 8, 1640

(you meane 1648, I suppose), and am very glad to understand that you are in health and safety, and that you were so well pleased with the description of the brasse coyne I sent you of Julius Cæsar. I am very glad, alsoe, that you have the Lawes of Howell Dha, both in the Brittish tongue and in Latine, which I earnestlie de-

but of a subsequent date, which, as it serves to confirm the former, and goes nearly to account for the annotator's observation on No. 69, I flatter myself, that, for inserting it in this place, I shall incur neither the editor's nor the reader's disapprobation.

SIR,

I was not more glad to heare of you and from you, then sorry that after so long expectation of Howel Dha's Lawes, I should now find myself as farr from having them as at the first, when a great publick work I have in hand almost ready for the presse, of the old English Saxon Lawes, hath bin much slackened because of my want of these. 'If, therefore, you cannot, some time of the next tearme, returne them up to me, the Brittish nation must loose so much honour which I did desire to doe them, as not to have these lawes published in their owne tongue, and I must content myselfe to gett a Latin copy here. For the Welch proverbes, whosoever hath gotten the copy of them, I can prove by a letter from Doctor Davies, under his owne hand, that they are mine, onely, upon the delivery of them, I was to have restored his first copy againe unto him, which I have by me ready to performe; but, that good man being deceased, and he that hath these proverbes into his custody being not willing, it seemes, to lend me my owne, which I would now be content withall, I must have the use of them, till you can procure me that favour, for I must have them written into the end of a booke in folio, which I have bound up with spare paper in it for that purpose. For the Annales you write of, there is little hope of your attaining the use of them unlesse you could yourselfe come to Cambridge. I have one Brittish coine of coarse gold of King Comius, and several ones (viz.), two coarse gold and two of silver, of King Cunobeline, and diverse other Brittish coines in silver, which I cannot decipher. But, if your occasions doe draw you to London, you may both see them and affoord me your judgment touching them.

I am, your assured Friend,

SIMONDS D'EWES.

*Westminster,  
May 23d, 1649.*

sire

sire you, if' our confusions (in the publique) doe not before swallow us up, to send them both to me with the first convenience, which I shall, God assisting, very safely restore to you, after I have made some use of them. I earnestly desire you alsoe to use your utmost care to recover Doctor Davies his Welch Proverbs, which, as I can shew you by his owne letter in Latine, he did enlarge to bestow upon me, having formerly sent me off them written with his owne hand, which I have still by me, and shall be at your service when you please. I hope you gett ready those proverbs with the lawes of Howell Dda, to bring or send up to this towne together. For that which you say in your letter, you desire to have a copy of the Saxon descents which are added to some copies of Nennius, I shall fully cleare that you do therein mistake, not doubting how much satisfaction it will be to you to know the truth: and, therefore, I am in the first place to tell you that the Saxon descents are not added to any copy of Nennius; but whereas Gildas Albanus, the first British writer that I ever saw, who lived about the year 540, does conclude his British story penned by him in Latin, neare

upon the tyme in which he lived. About one hundred yeare after, one, as it seemes, descended of the English-Saxon race, did transcribe out his history, amending severall particulars touching the Roman emperors, and did, in the end, add many descents of the English-Saxon kings down to the tyme of the children of Penda king of the Mercians, about whose 10th yeare he writt his story. Nennius writt some 230 yeares after that man, and shewes plainly, in the preface of his book, that his Mr. Bewlin had no mind to have the Saxon descents transcribed, and, therefore, he left them out: so as now you having the cleane truth, I shall be very ready to cause those descents to be transcribed for you out of the English-Saxon anonimous story. There are many other particulars, when I may have the happinesse to see you, which we shall conferr about: in the meane tyme, with my due respectes to you, wishing you long life and much safety in these wofull and tumultuous tymes,

I rest,

Your humble servant,

SIMONDS D'EWEES.

*Westminster,*

*Nov. 30, 1648.*

166. Llyfr o hen Gyfreithiau Dyfnwal wedi ei amlygu yn gywraint, 4to. un modfedd o dewdwr.

For the discovery of the author of this ingenious elaborate commentary on the old Lawes of Dyfnwal I am indebted to a gentleman of Radnorshire, a relation of one Mr. Meredydd Lloyd, whose name occurs more than once in this catalogue, who favoured me with the use of several papers and letters that contributed much to my work. It seems the commentator was a Mr. John Lewis, a learned counsellor of his time, as appears by the following letter from Robert Vaughan to the said Meredydd Lloyd, which, as it treats of many curious matters respecting Welsh antiquity, I presume no true antiquary and lover of his country will have any objection to the length of it.

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*To Mr. Meredydd Lloyd.*

HONOURED COSIN,

I received your letters this eke, and the last weeke before; and I had written to you sooner, but that I thought you Cardiganshire, as you

intended. You have taken more paynes in the matters I required then I meant to impose upon you, and therein you have don very well, both in your translation of the Verses of Taliessin, and alsoe your Exposition of Crosse fixed on Lands, &c. I should be very glad if my curiositie did minister occasion unto you to take delight in perusing our old lawes, and with great care and diligence, and sound judgment, to illustrate them for the good of posterity, it being a studie much requiring the paynes and industrie of some ingenious man, well seene in the practise of our owne tymes, and also in the nature of all pleadings, suites, and actions, wherein mee thinke I find you very well versed already; and you may much improve your knowledge by being acquainted with the modern and antient practise in the Lordship's Baron's Courtes, and in the Saxon lawes and bookes of Glanvill, Britton, Fleta, Bracton, and others, comparing them with our lawes; and if any coherence be found betweene others and those, question if such things must be ancient, and derived from the fundamental laws of the land, which Dyfnwal gathered and made, and were used by the Brittaines till Howel Dda

Dda reformed most of them, adding more unto them ; for I thinke it folly, in a high degree, to think that Howel did wholly abrogat and cast away all Dyvnwal's lawes, which he had duly observed, and obeyed to that tyme, and to make new ones altogether. Never count of the hardnesse of that taske, but in the name of God spend some idle houres upon it, and it will enlighten your understanding daily more and more. And for your encouragement I have sent you these declarations of *Llyfr Gwyn, of Hergest*, which you desired, and those of Guttyn Owen, which you may conferre with yours, and I believe you shall finde them to be the same in effect : alsoe certaine lawes and constitutions of Howel Dda, with Howel Dda's charter, taken out of the sayd booke, all written with my owne hand ; soe I pray you take care that they be not blotted, or any way defaced. I send you alsoe certaine animadversions of Mr. Jno. Lewis, of Lynw——, Esq. a counsellor, concerning the lawes of Dyvnwall, with notes of his reformed British History, together with a little booke of the Life of Griffith ap Conan. As for *Llyfr Madoc mab Saith Gudyn* I never saw it. Sir Thomas ap William doth mention him in the Catalogue

of Authors used by him in the Collection of Latine British Dictionary. The story (or rather fable) of *Adar Llŵch guin* I have, but cannot finde it. The birds were two griffins, which were *Drudwas ab Tryffin's* birds, whoe had taught them to seise upon the first man that should enter into a certaine felde, and to kill him. It chanced, that having appointed a day to meete with King Arthur to fight a duell in the same felde, he himselfe protracting the tyme of his coming so long, that he thought surely Arthur had come there long before, came first to the place whereupon the birds presently fell upon him, and killed him ; and they perceiving that he, whom they had killed, was their master, much lamented his death with fearfull screechings and mournfull cryings a long tyme ; in memory whereof there is a lesson to be played upon the *crowde*, the which I have often heard played, which was made then, called *Caniad Adar llŵchgwin* ; and, to confirm this history in some parte, there's a British epigram extant, which I cannot remember, but, if you have the story and it, I pray you send it me. The proverbe you mention, viz. *Gwaethaf Rhyfel Rhyfel Teisban*, Dr. Davies readeth

readeth it *Gwaethaf i'r Yd Rhyfel Teisban: Pessimum segeti bellum Narium, hoc est Oris Jumentorum. Teisban est Cartilago quæ nares dividit unde hîc pro naribus synecdochicé, et pro Jumentis sumendam existimo. Teisbantyle*, I alwayes thought was either an anchorite confessor, or some kinde of religious man, but I am not certaine what it is; and, for the word *Diebryd*, it is a force or violence, or something tending to that purpose. Conferre the Latine copie with the Welsh, and it may be you shall have some light there; you shall find, in the noats that I send you now, under the title of *Pedwar rhwym dadl*, something belonging to that word, where this marke † is in the margine. *Teir mesylwriaeth y sydd y fechni. Gwadu, ac ef yn fach, ac addef ei fechni ac nas cymhELLO neu na allo cymmell, a diebryt mach gwedy rodder.*—This is agreeable with *Tri gwrtheb y sydd*. 1. *Gwad*. 2. *Add-ef*. 3. *Diebryd, tros y tri, &c. &c.*—I remember you wrote to me about three yeares ago, to knowe what *mared* signified. I doe not remember that ever I read it: you say it is in *Marwnad M. ap Bleddyn "Maredu Meredydd"* in my booke, but I can find none such to M. ap Bleddyn. As for the proverb,

"Gwell mared gwr nac un-gwraig," Doctor Davies doth reade it Gwell mawredd gwr nac un gwraig. *Melior majestas Viri quam ea (quæ est) fæmina, quia moderatio.*

ROBERT VAUGHAN.

July 24th, 1655.

167. Hen Hen Gasgl Bardoniaidd o waith Taliesin: Argoet Llwyfan, a Jonas Athro: ar Femrwn prin a ellir ei ddarlain rhag henaint.

This is, undoubtedly, one of the most ancient British manuscripts now in being, and carries about it every mark of its being as old as it is supposed, though it is plain that Robert Vaughan grounded his belief of the genuineness of its antiquity on something more than presumptive evidence, from the following letter to Mr. Meredydd Lloyd.

15th October, 1655.

WORTHY COUSIN,

Altho I have nothing of any moment to write unto you, yet, rather than I should be silent this weeke, I shall trouble you with the interpretation of these two verses of Taliesin, partly because I would have you make some

some use of your knowledge in the British tongue, and partly to trie how neere the interpretation will be to myne; for, seeing I cannot enjoy any conference with you, I must expresse my doubts and defects, and crave your assistance by my letters. The verses are these following:—*Ysci ymodrydaf, mir ythiolaf buddic Beli amhanogan ri rygeidw y teithi—Ynys Vel Veli teithiawc oedd iddi.* This, letter by letter, I wrote out of a booke, which had been written four hundred yeares agoe. Mr. Dr. Davies, out of the same book, writeth them thus. I will add the next verse before them, for your better understanding.—*Llad yn eurgyrn, eurgyn ynllaw, llaw yn ysci, ysci y modrydaf, fur ithiolaf buddic*

*Beli amhanogan rhi rygeidw ei deithi Ynys Vel Veli teithiawc oedd iddi.* I doe not know what *ysci* doth signifie. These verses next following the former may happily give some light. Pymp Pennaeth, Dimbi, o Wyddyl Fydhic bechadau kadeithi. I pray you, when you have considered fully upon them, let me heare from you. What is left of \*Argoet Llwyfan and Jonas Athro, I shall send you a copy of in my next. I wrote a letter unto you the last weeke, on the behalfe of my niece, Bessey Morgan, of Sarn y pwll llydan, which I hope you have received. I have not heard from you this great while. I feare me I am too troublesome unto you. *Ni ddiolch angen ei borthi.—* God keepe you!

ROBERT VAUGHAN.

\* Amongst the papers of Mr. Edward Lhwyd, of the Ashmolean Museum, occurs this account of the above bards, evidently in the hand-writing of Mr. Robert Vaughan—"Argoet Llwyfan oed fardd da yn ei amser a chydoeswr oedd ef ac Emrys Wledic ac Uthur Pendragon ac Arthur; ef a gant Uthur Pendragon, Brenhin Brenhin oed Ynis Prydain ai ddechrau syd."—"Neu vi lluessut," &c. "a mab iddo of oedd Cynhaval ap Argoet un o dri tharw unabn Ynis Prydain megis y tysta, Cynhaval ap Argat Sant; Jones Athro a Vynyw a gant Ymddifrecwawd Taliesin Goruchel Duw, &c. &c. He was a monk of St. David's, and born at Tref-Athro, in the parish of Llanwnda, in Pembrokeshire."

## THE WISDOM OF THE CYMRI.

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*The Wisdom of Cadog the Wise, Abbot of Llancarvan, ap Gwynlliw, ap Glywis, ap Tegid, ap Cadell Deyrnllwg; who was known also by the Style of Saint Cadog.—Translated from the Welsh in the Archaeology of Wales.—Vol. II. royal 8vo.*

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*To the Courteous Cambrian Reader.*

BELOVED CYMRO,

THIS book is the production of Cadog the Wise, who was also styled Saint Cadog, It has long continued in high estimation in our country, for the wisdom which it contains. You will find many wise sayings in it, which were greatly esteemed in former times by the bards and other ancient writers; whence the author acquired the honourable appellation of Cadog the Wise. We have the following account of him in the ancient books of pedigree:—Saint Cadog, Abbot of Lancarvan, son of Gwynlliw, Lord of Gwynllwg, ap Glywis, ap Tegid, ap Cadell Deyrnllwg. Gwynllwg was one of the principalities of ancient Morgannwg, and extended from Tâv to the Usk. Cadog

was the eldest son, but would not accept of the government, which was his inheritance, because he chose rather to devote himself to the pursuits of knowledge and religion. In those times great errors had crept into the religion of our island, from the misapprehensions of a countryman of our own, whose name, in the British tongue, was Morganin, and in the Latin Pelagius. This was the reason why some of the few who had not embraced his erroneous opinions invited Saint German, a foreigner of great piety and learning, into this country, who immediately on his arrival, preached the Gospel to the inhabitants in its original purity, and established schools in divers places, that others also besides hi

his own congregation might be instructed in every thing that was necessary to make them disciples of the truth. The principal schools were those of Caerllion upon the Usk, Llan-carvan, and great Llanilltud. The name of the first master appointed by Saint German, to preside over Llan-carvan school, was Dyvrig, in Latin Dubricius. It is said that he resided at Carnlloyd to the day of his death; where there is a well still called Dyvrig's Well. Dyvrig was afterwards made Bishop of Llandâv by his patron Saint German; and Cadog, upon that event, placed at the head of the monastery of Llan-carvan. The name of the monastery of Llan-carvan was Llanveithin; which still continues to be the name of the place. Cadog is said to have died at Llan-carvan, in the hundred and twentieth year of his age; where he had been always highly respected for his learning, wisdom, and piety. It was in his monastery that most of the learned men of the age received their education. Dyvrig, Bishop of Llandâv, had so high an opinion of Saint Cadog's judgment, that he took him for his companion to every place, and consulted him upon every occasion where advice was necessary. This was the reason why Dyvrig

would never quit his residence at Carnlloyd. Cadog was one of the best poets of the age he lived in; and so much celebrated for wisdom, that his proverbs, counsels, and wise sayings, came at last to be fixed in the memories and upon the tongues of the whole country, far and near; insomuch, that every discourse, and every saying or proverb, in the British language, was, at last, ascribed to Saint Cadog, till his reputation swallowed up every other. For this reason, it must be very uncertain, at this distance of time, whether many of those things which are contained in this volume, under Cadog's name, be really his or not. Besides the contents of my own copy of Cadog, I have inserted in this book whatever I found dispersed here and there under his name, in other ancient manuscripts.

There are many particulars transmitted down to us by ancient authors, concerning Saint Cadog; such as, that King Arthur appointed him one of his twenty-four knights. He is mentioned thus:—The three upright knights of Arthur's court were his principal judges. The first, Saint Cadog, son of Gwynlliw the Warrior, Lord of Gwynllwg, in Glamorgan. The se-



cond, Blâs, Earl of Llychlyn. The third, Padrogl Baladyrddellt, Earl of Cornwall. And such was the humanity, wisdom, and probity of these men, that they never did a single act that was unfeeling or unjust, but always exerted themselves to redress the grievances of every man that suffered any injustice or wrong; and to protect the fatherless and the widow, the weak, the helpless, and the stranger, against oppression and violence;—Blâs, by the law of the land; Padrogl, by the law of arms; and Cadog, by the law of religion and the church.

Cadog was one of Arthur's three principal counsellors. He is mentioned thus:—The three wise men who were Arthur's principal counsellors:—The first, Cadog, Abbot of Llan-carvan, son of Gwynlliw the Warrior. The second, Arawn, son of Cynvarch. The third, Cynon, son of Cludno, of Eiddin. These men possessed such excellent natural talents, so much judgment and foresight, that every enterprise succeeded where their advice was accepted, and miscarried where it was rejected.

The following entry also is in the same old manu-

script:—The three wise bards of Arthur's court: Saint Cadog, son of Gwynlliw the Warrior;—Taliesin, the chief of the bards;—and Llywarch Hên, son of Elidir Lydanwyn. These were men of such excellent principles, that they never admitted any thing into their poems that was not dictated by wisdom and virtue.

Towards the latter end of Cadog's life, many of the religious wished to remove to the Isle of Bardsey, that they might avoid the troubles which afflicted our country at that time, from the treachery and encroachment of the Saxons. Upon this occasion they applied to Cadog for his advice, which he gave them in metre. It follows here, translated into prose:—

When the holy convent of Brevi had heard Dewi's excellent sermon, and were hastening to the Isle of Bardsey, by the command of the ancient prophets, that they might avoid all future trouble and molestation; Cybi desired them to inform him, how they could live in the sea? and what sustenance they expected to find amidst the briny waves?

Cadog told Dewi, as the prophet Eli would have done;—  
God

God grant you his good counsel both upon sea and land! Endure every hardship you meet with; indolence and timidity will never do you any good. Wisdom is better than vain imagination; and it is better to labour than to suffer want. Faith and prayer, and fasting, will carry you through all your difficulties. It is a thousand times easier for God to bestow blessings upon man, than for man to pray for them, if there be any truth in the words of Generi, who assures us, that there never was a man yet born, but God supplied him with food. If you serve God, He will become better and better to you; but, if you serve the devil, he will use you worse and worse, for your pains. Fear nothing that shall happen to you, any more than the blackbird in the bush; she has no garden nor gardener, yet none more merry than she. Let us all pray to the invisible God, the Lord of all lords, that He will, for the sake of Jesus and his five wounds, carry us through all difficulties, and be always a guide to us; and then we shall never fear.

I could make many more extracts from ancient manuscripts respecting Cadog, but that I wish to mention nothing of him

but what appears to be strictly true. The papists have reported many things of him, wherein there is not a single particle of truth: for, as Cadog himself has sung, "Every wonder is not true, but every truth is a wonder." We have the best reason in the world to conclude that the wonderful things reported of Cadog are all popish inventions, frauds, and cheats. But there has been a time when the Cymri themselves believed all the false accounts which have been transmitted down to us concerning him. The papists ascribed many sayings to Cadog, which never came out of his mouth; but I have rejected all such as to my apprehension appeared to be manifest falsehoods. Nevertheless, there may be many things contained in this book, which it would be impossible to determine whether they belong to Cadog or some other person; every thing similar to his works having, as I said above, been ascribed to him. Now, I have only to leave it to the courteous reader to form his own judgment of some things, nay, of every thing contained in the following pages. It is the practice of the world to impute to the wise and to the unwise more than is due to them. It does not signify to thee, my beloved Cymro, from  
whose

whose mouth what is here written has proceeded, nor does it signify to any one what they are, or whence they came; it being of importance only that they be wise and true. Enough for thee that they are so; follow his good advice; consider his instructions; and retain his important truths in thy memory; and God bless them to thee, and to all my countrymen, and, indeed, to every man in the world! And if the lives and manners of men shall derive any benefit or improvement from them, be thankful to God for it. Revere the name which thou wilt find immediately prefixed to Cadog's works; the second token of thy respect is due to Cadog himself, though thou be not a worshipper of the saints. And lastly, I hope, that the reader will not form an uncharitable opinion of me, though he should chance to meet with some things in this book, which he may not entirely approve of. I will pray that God will bless him also, in all things, and that most freely from my heart.

THOMAS AP IEVAN.

*Tre Bryn,*  
Jan. 1st, 1685.

A Welsh versification of the Lord's Prayer, of which the following is a translation into prose :—

Almighty Father, who art true and merciful, dwelling in the heavenly regions, amidst heavenly things; pure art thou and holy; may thy name be sanctified to the extremities of the universe, as far as thy goodness extends! May thy kingdom come; and may thy will be done upon the earth, as certainly as it is done in Heaven! Give us this day our daily bread; and may we always put our whole trust in thee! Grant the same forgiveness to all the children of men, as they shall freely, and from their hearts, grant unto their own malicious enemies. Let thy mercy deliver us from every kind of evil, from the allurements of our sins, and every thing that may seduce us into iniquity. Thou art the King of glory; and thine is the kingdom, and thine is the power, and thine is every real excellence and expression of praise! Be thou our Defender, our Lawgiver, and our Ruler, for ever and ever! Amen.

[Here follows the Book called *The Gwyddo'rdd Cyfarwydd*, composed by Cadog the Wise, ab Gwynlliw, ab Glywis, ab Tegid, ab Cadell Deyrnllwg;—namely, Saint Cadog, Abbot of Llanveithin, in Llanarvan, Glamorgan.

I.

He that wishes for counsel, should apply to the wisest man.  
 He that understands panegyric, should praise the greatest man.  
 He that wishes for riches, should apply to the richest man.  
 He that wishes for health, should consult the greatest physician  
 He that wishes for what's good, should solicit the most generous man.  
 He that wishes for protection, should seek the most powerful man.  
 He that wishes for mercy, should entreat the most merciful man.  
 He that would pay his respects, should address them to God rather than man\*.

II.

The journey is never the longer for hearing mass.  
 The harvest is never the smaller for giving alms.  
 The soul is never the fuller for filling the paunch.  
 The conceited is as hateful to God as the mad.  
 The owner of life never knows what will be the end of it.  
 The charity that is bestowed with a grudge brings no popularity.  
 The miser would not be contented with all the earth.  
 The meanest would be proud, if he was raised to the sun.  
 There is no one has feeling but the civilized; no one information but the learned.  
 There is no happiness without peace, no feast without cheerfulness.  
 He that is an eloquent man is not always a wise one, nor the clown always a fool.

\* This is a poem;—the original lines consist of eleven syllables each, beginning with the letter A, and rhyming together in a word of the superlative degree. I have endeavoured to imitate that peculiarity, but have not succeeded perfectly, my lines being much longer than the original, and ending with the word *man*, instead of a superlative agreeing with *man* understood. The translation is sufficiently literal.

He that weeps is not always sorry, nor is he that laughs always happy.

Death never looks which has the finest face.

God never loves any man that loves litigation.

Christ never loves any one that has no pity for the poor.

No one will get to Heaven that has not mastered his passions.

'Tis the fool sets an heart upon what has not an owner.

It is no joke to allude to any man's misfortune.

It is folly to depend on any thing that can be done better.

It is no wisdom to give Heaven away, and to borrow the earth \*.

### III.

If you keep your word, you'll keep your countenance.

If you retain your memory, you shall retain your intellects.

If you can keep your fist, you shall keep your effects.

If you would keep your character, keep the peace, and that will do it.

If you will keep your day, you shall keep your honour.

If you keep your conscience, you shall keep every thing that is right †.

### IV.

God will never be displeased at your asking for justice.

God is never the poorer for giving at all times.

No man gets to Heaven for his courage or pedigree.

Happiness is never the nearer for any man's gaiety.

The wise man will never deviate from the right on account of the difficulty.

Heaven is never the fuller for the numbers that get there.

He that will not keep little will never get much.

\* This poem also has every line beginning with the same letter, and all the lines rhyming together. There are many other poems in this book, which have the same peculiarity of beginning with the same letter, and rhyming together, though much longer than this. It is too difficult to imitate this peculiarity in an English translation; I therefore shall translate them into prose as well as I am able.

† This poem consists only of three distichs, each rhyming together. I might, therefore, have versified it, but that I think these proverbs may be much better and more naturally expressed in prose, and I wish also to avoid the unnecessary trouble of versifying them. I shall, therefore, proceed with my prose, without any more remarks upon the original metre.

The

The sweet is never got but the bitter knows of it.  
 Health is never so sweet as within sight of the sick.  
 It is not the smoothest that you will find to be the kindest.  
 It is not from the fluent tongue that you will hear the greatest wisdom.  
 It is not in mirth you will find the lightest heart.  
 Crowns are not to be gained by idle dreams.  
 It is not in the greatest poverty you will find the greatest scarcity.  
 An excuse will be difficult on the mountain of light,  
 When every man's conscience shall appear naked  
 Before God and all the hosts of Heaven,  
 And Christ judging them, by the light of justice.

V.

Never reach out your hand to take a false oath.  
 Let there be no ill offices between you and your neighbour.  
 You should never walk in the night but when there is need.  
 God's name should never be mentioned in vain conversations.  
 Let anger never bring the heat from the heart.  
 Never violate God's word or his sanctuary.  
 Let anger find no room in your breast.  
 Believe neither an enemy nor a liar.  
 You should never approach the relics, with bad words in your mouth, for any man's favour or money.  
 You shall not ask for any more of the world than you want.  
 You should not resist the just sentence of the law.  
 You should not block up the way against the poor and infirm.  
 You should not force any one to do more than he is able.  
 You should never be unmerciful, even to the man that is guilty.  
 You should never be the companion of a man that is foolishly proud.  
 You should not be without concern for your fellow-men.  
 You should not be harsh and unkind to the stranger.  
 You should not be seen in the company of drunkards.  
 You should never trust much to your enemy.  
 You should not be hard-hearted to any man in the world.  
 You should not love any but those who love God and his children.  
 You should not go of yourself where there is any dispute.

You should not wish for an intimacy with a passionate man.  
 You should not associate with the idle and profligate.  
 You should not set about your work lazily.  
 You should not be niggardly towards the needy.  
 You should never disparage a compassionate man.  
 You should never wish to push forward but with sensible men.  
 You should never admit any one to your secrets but when  
     there is need.  
 You should not be disrespectful to an innocent man.  
 You should always have your intimacies with regular men.  
 You should not partake of the feasts of impiety.  
 You should not set your heart upon immoderate eating.  
 You should not pry into the secrets of your neighbours.  
 You should always join with an honest man in a bond.  
 You should ask no more of God than he chooses to give you;  
 And whatever it is, you should be satisfied with it.

## VI.

Never trust the man that threatens you.  
 Never believe the man that flatters you.  
 Never expect a welcome under a frown.  
 Never seek for an alliance with bad men.  
 Never expect cheerfulness where there is no smile.  
 Never play with an old man full of pains.  
 Never hope that laziness will do you any good.  
 Never expect wisdom where there is much vanity.  
 Never expect any private benefit from your charity.  
 Never hope that negligence will bring you success.  
 Never expect quiet from contradiction.  
 Never hope for justice but when you can get it by an agree-  
     ment.  
 Never expect thanks for a refusal.  
 Never expect more from an empty vessel than it contains.  
 Never hope that ill behaviour will gain you respect.  
 Never hope that to wrong others will secure yourself.  
 Never expect that your pride will gain any one's love.  
 Never hope that frivolity will raise you to dignity.  
 Never jest with any one that hates you.  
 Never expect that a long quarrel will gain you any credit.  
 Never hope that the longest oppressions will do you good in  
     the end.

Never

Never expect success where a man never tries for it.  
 Never quarrel with your superior.  
 Never expect to hear truth from a traveller.  
 Never prolong your treaty with a man that is hard to deal with.  
 Never let the timid be your companion in danger.  
 Never expect joy but from that which is just.  
 Never seek any thing much but to please your God.

VII.

If you wish to be wise, you must say but little,  
 And that feelingly, mildly, and deliberately.  
 You should never go to the council, until you are called;  
 You should take time to hear, before you speak:  
 When you speak, take care to be serious,  
 And to utter nothing that is harsh or uncivil.  
 Say not a word but what suits the occasion;  
 And will promote justice, peace and charity.  
 Say not a word but to increase information;  
 With all decency, good order, and government.  
 You should always endeavour to shew  
 First, what is pleasing to God, and then what is pleasing to  
 men.  
 If you will discreetly follow this advice,  
 All men of wisdom will allow your pre-eminence.

VIII.

You should be careful to attend when you take advice;  
 Let your teeth be closed upon your tongue, and let your ears  
 be open.  
 You should not be nice where they can do without you.  
 You should be gentle and mild, not like a wolf in your house.  
 You should never be idle from choice, but always seek oppor-  
 tunities.  
 Let sin have none of your time from the cradle to the grave.  
 You must not remit your care till your barns are full.  
 You should not sleep in June because there will be frost in  
 January.  
 You should never press your advice or instruction upon a man  
 that is mad.  
 Never suffer an old miser to partake of your bounty.



Never be angry because you see another before you.  
 Never go with a murderer, nor draw near his haunt.  
 You should not trust nor believe in witches from abroad.  
 You should never tell a thief where you have laid your treasure.  
 You should never condemn your parents nor your pastor.  
 You should never carouse on festivals any more than on fasts.  
 Despair not of a livelihood from the sea or the mountain.  
 You should, upon every occasion, trust only in God.  
 No man gets the easier to heaven for his might or his treasure;  
 For God never respects either purple or silk.  
 You should please God without fear or anxiety,  
 And the gates of Heaven you will find open to receive you.

---

*Another Copy of the above, of which I shall translate only the  
 Additions.*

You should never listen much to the reports of every quarter.  
 You should never be a follower where you can be a leader.  
 You should never be a partner with any but your equal.  
 You must not suppose that every minstrel is a man of sense.  
 You should not despise a little man, who comes to ask your  
 advice.  
 Never fear a great man, that keeps aloof from his plough.

#### IX.

An honest man will always keep his word.  
 A wise man will give you his advice, but will not dispute with  
 you.  
 A wise man will act his part, and leave the event.  
 A just man will do what is right, in spite of any one's threats.  
 A brave man will pursue his enterprise in spite of the enemy.  
 The truth will make its way, and no one can stop it.  
 The peaceable man gets every one's love.  
 A man of gentle manners is respected wherever he goes.  
 The silent man will be deemed the wisest of all the wise.  
 The liberal man shall be honoured in the songs of the bards.  
 A man that has a trade will live where others must die.  
 A diligent man will rise, and rank with the great.  
 A man that is decorous will get a place among the rulers of  
 the land.

Men give way of their own accord to a man that is resolute.  
 The man of spirit is liked by every one that is brave.  
 The man that is inquisitive will soon find himself one of the  
 learned.  
 The peace-maker is always received as an angel from Heaven.  
 The meek finds protection both amongst brethren and strangers.  
 A cheerful man's heart will always be light.  
 The godly will get their reward amongst the angels of Heaven.

X.

There never has been a truth told without glory to God; nor  
 a lie without treachery and fraud.  
 There is never a good deed without ready payment.  
 There is never a bad deed without vengeance in wait for it.  
 There is never pride without humiliation.  
 There is never humility without exaltation.  
 There is no man forward but is crossed at last.  
 There is no man meek but is paid for it with respect.  
 There is no man honest but has continual joy.  
 There never was an unjust man that escaped from punishment.  
 There never was an upright man but that lived in safety.  
 There never is guilt but it ends in sorrow.  
 There never was a generous man but had a happy mind.  
 There never is a miser without a load of trouble.  
 There never is diligence without a crown to reward it.  
 There never is laziness without a thousand perplexities.  
 There never is a virtue without God's blessing upon it.  
 There never is villany but meets with misfortune.  
 There never is humility but rises to distinction.  
 There never is ostentation but it ends in a downfall.  
 There never is righteousness but it attains to distinction.  
 There never is iniquity but it ends in discredit.  
 There never is any thing just but what centres in equity.  
 There never is wrong but there is wrong to follow it.  
 There never is prudence but it acquires distinction.  
 There never is indiscretion but it grows worse and worse.  
 There is none but the godly that can see, at the end,  
 A Heaven to reward every good they have done.

XI.

Here you may plainly see what Cadog hates :

The

The man that loves not the land that bred him :  
 The unsuccessful warrior that will not sue for peace :  
 The unmerciful judge and the dumb bard :  
 The dull advocate and the foolish family patron :  
 The lawless mob, pillage and devastation.  
 The strengthening of passion, and checking of knowledge.  
 The quarrels and opposition which arise amongst brethren.  
 The juryman that takes money, and the bard that fights.  
 The warrior without a wood, and the nation without religion.  
 The faithless messenger, and the unsatisfied miser.  
 The house that is without an inhabitant, and the land that is  
 without cultivation.  
 The fields that are without corn, and the convention that is  
 without rules.  
 The encouragement of oppression, and the hindering of justice.  
 The contempt of parents, and the contention of brothers.  
 The country which is without a convention, and the learning  
 which is out of season.  
 The order that is not clear, and the path that is uncertain.  
 The graceless family, and the perverse discussion.  
 The courts where justice is perverted by fraud and chicanery.  
 The dark hint and the inconsiderate speech.  
 The man that has no trade, and the warrior that has no freedom.  
 The attack that is made without thought and without plan.  
 The false witness and the severe decree.  
 Contempt for the wise and esteem for the miser.  
 The confused tale that has no meaning.  
 The knowledge that is without genius, and the partisan that is  
 without wit.  
 The contempt of the innocent, and a country without instruc-  
 tors.  
 The habit of drunkenness, and the man that has no conscience.

## XII.

It is not for a wise man to meddle with disputes.  
 It is not the improvement of the beast, but the eye of the  
 master.  
 There is no chagrin but a wife that is a whore.  
 There is no success but where a man follows the bent of his  
 genius.

A gift will never be praised but where it is cheerful.  
 There is none so hateful to God as he that is hard to the poor.  
 There is no man that knows where will be his clod.  
 There is no owner of life that knows what shall put an end  
 to it.  
 Not more hateful to God is the fool than the pert.  
 Not fuller the soul for filling the paunch.  
 No devil but the man that is a promoter of strife.  
 There is no good from the wisdom that will not descend.  
 Take nothing in hand but what you can accomplish.  
 Do nothing at all without considering its end.

XIII.

Ask not for advice from the man that is timid.  
 Tell not what you know to a man that is deceitful.  
 The man that is double-tongued should never have an answer.  
 Never spend too much time in bargaining with a hard-dealing  
 man.  
 Never tell what you hear, lest it should be false.  
 Never expose yourself to hear the babble of a voluble tongue.  
 There never comes good from what is eagerly sought.  
 He that is too cautious will never succeed.  
 It is the hearty and diligent that easily gets on in the world.  
 The lord is no better than his vassal, when they are both in the  
 grave.

XIV.

The wren's strength is his ingenuity.  
 The hawk's strength is his perseverance.  
 The bee's strength is her patience.  
 The wood-pigeon's strength is her wing.  
 The ant's strength is her diligence.  
 The infant's strength is his innocence.  
 The maiden's strength is her beauty and person.  
 The powerful man's strength is his mercy.  
 The youth's strength is his learning and accomplishments.  
 The instructor's strength is his knowledge.  
 The strength of the young is their obedience.  
 The strength of the old is their having advice ready.  
 The wise man's strength is his consideration.

The commander's strength is his foresight.  
 The strength of a man of sense is his deportment.  
 The gentleman's strength is his civility.  
 The artist's strength is his hand.  
 The plotter's strength is his secrecy.  
 The hero's strength is his heart.  
 The glutton's strength is his tooth.  
 The musician's strength is his finger.  
 The coward's strength is his feet.  
 The family patron's strength is his carefulness.  
 The coward's strength is his great boast.  
 The poet's strength is his genius.  
 The instructor's strength is his eloquent tongue.  
 The strength of eloquence is quickness of invention.  
 The strength of learning is close application.  
 The strength of the learner is his plan.  
 The strength of the madman is his laugh.  
 The strength of the stranger is his harmless demeanour.  
 The strength of the official is the steadiness of his mind.  
 The strength of a man without power is his courtesy.  
 The strength of any art is freedom from hastiness.  
 The strength of the genius is his meditations.  
 The strength that will gain respect is the bridled tongue.  
 The strength of the legislator is to have the love of his country.  
 The strength of the judge is the steadiness of his patience.  
 The strength of the pious man is the goodness of his actions.  
 The strength of the king is his justice.  
 The strength of the strong is the mallet's stroke.  
 The strength of the honest man is his conscience.  
 The strength of the man is his intellect.  
 The strength of the intellect is an enlarged information.

### XV.

The strength of the fox lies in his cunning.  
 The strength of the dog lies in his tooth.  
 The strength of the elk lies in his horn.  
 The strength of the ram lies in his head.  
 The strength of the serpent lies in her tail.  
 The strength of the fish lies in his lungs.  
 The strength of the eagle lies in her beak.

The strength of the wolf lies in his arms.  
 The strength of the bull lies in his chest.  
 The strength of the hog lies in his fork.  
 The strength of the horse lies in his hoof.  
 The strength of the ring-dove lies in her wings.  
 The strength of the cat lies in her talons.  
 The strength of the monkey lies in his paw.  
 The strength of the raven lies in her nostril.  
 The strength of the hornet lies in her sting.  
 The strength of the miser lies in his craft.  
 The strength of the carrion lies in its stink.  
 The strength of the woman lies in her tongue.

XVI., XVII., XVIII., AND XIX.

The strength of the drunkard lies in his throat.  
 The strength of the liar lies in his impudence.  
 The strength of the Saxon lies in his cunning.  
 The strength of the Irishman lies in his lies.  
 The strength of the Welshman lies in his impatience.  
 The strength of the stranger lies in his humility.  
 The strength of the teacher lies in the arrangement of his matter.  
 The strength of the instructor lies in his patience.  
 The strength of the orator lies in his confidence.  
 The strength of the artist lies in his zeal.  
 The strength of the ceremonious man lies in his patience.  
 The strength of the pious man lies in his faith and hope.  
 The strength of hope lies in adhering to the truth.  
 The strength of the honest man lies in his conscience.  
 The strength of conscience lies in seeing what is right.  
 The strength of the righteous man lies in his God.  
 The strength of the wise man lies in his patience.  
 The strength of the studious man lies in mental and bodily quiet.  
 The strength of the country lies in the knowledge it possesses.  
 The strength of the sciences lies in the peace of the country.  
 The strength of the nation lies in the law.  
 The strength of the law lies in the magistrate.  
 The strength of the magistrate lies in his justice.

The strength of the king lies in his mercy.  
 The strength of the man lies in his intellect.  
 The strength of the intellect lies in its exertion.  
 The strength of the exertion lies always in its right direction.  
 The strength of the powerful man lies in his compassion.

## XX.

There is nothing true but that which cannot be contradicted.  
 There is nothing just but that which cannot be dispensed with.  
 There is nothing good but that which cannot be made better.  
 There is nothing bad but that which cannot be made worse.  
 There is nothing very bad but that which affords no one thing  
 that is good.  
 There is nothing straight but that which cannot be bent.  
 There is nothing crooked but that which cannot be made  
 straight.  
 There is nothing complete but that which has no deficiency.  
 There is nothing deficient but that which affords no advantage.  
 There is no advantage but that which nothing can prevent.  
 There is nothing that can be prevented but that which is evil.  
 There is nothing that can prevent evil but good.  
 There is no God but that which can have no superior.  
 There is no superior but that which is superior to all.  
 There is nothing superior to all but love.  
 There is no love but God, no God but love.

## XXI.

There is nothing easy but to see the truth.  
 There is nothing difficult but to find the truth.  
 There is nothing wise but to love the truth.  
 There is no man intelligent but he that knows the truth.  
 There is no man a hero but he that will speak the truth.  
 There is no man a friend but he that will shew the truth.  
 There is no man an enemy but he that counterfeits the truth.  
 There is no wonder but that men should admit the truth.  
 There is nothing more frequent than for men to praise the  
 truth.  
 There is nothing more rare than for men to seek the truth.  
 There is nothing more unusual than to hear the truth.

There

There is nothing above every thing but the truth.  
 There is no gain but getting the truth.  
 There is no wealth but having the truth.  
 There is no good undertaking but to search for the truth.  
 There is no peace to be had but from maintaining the truth.  
 There is no good end but the truth.  
 There is nothing that can please God but the truth.

XXII.

There is nothing near a man but what he cannot reach—himself.  
 There is nothing abundant but what can no where be seen—Truth.  
 There is nothing large but what is too small to be seen—Justice.  
 There is no loud voice but that which no one hears—Conscience.  
 There is nothing right but that in which every one is wrong—Knowledge.  
 There is nothing that every body seeks but what nobody seeks—Wisdom.  
 There is no light but what is visibly dark in every man—Intellect.  
 There is nothing every where but what few see any where—God.

XXIII.

No man has sense but he that perceives that he is a fool.  
 No man has acquaintance but he that is acquainted with himself.  
 No man is mighty but he that can overcome himself.  
 No man knows any thing but he that knows his own faults.  
 No man is wise but he that can see he has no wisdom.  
 No man is vigilant but he that watches over himself.  
 No man is wary but he that bewares of his own desires.  
 No man is blind but he that cannot see his own mistakes.  
 No man has understanding but he that understands his own defects.  
 No man is strong but he that can master his own weakness.

XXIV.



## XXIV.

There is no oppression but deceit.

There is no property but where there is liberty.

There is no light but the intellect.

There is no knowledge but that which is right.

There is no good turn but that which is liberal.

There can be no act but when it proceeds from freedom and choice.

There can be nothing unpaid where the return is more than equivalent.

There is no eye but discretion.

There is no advice but what conscience affords.

There is no conscience but that which will suffer.

There is no suffering but for that which is just.

There is nothing just but God.

## XXV.

There is no complaint but that which is sore.

There is nothing sore but that which is severe.

There is nothing severe but punishment.

There is no punishment but suffering without choice.

There is no suffering without choice but for wickedness.

There is no wickedness but that for which suffering is severe.

There is no severity in punishment, but when it is inflicted for that which deserves it.

[*N. B.* The word of the original here expressed by *but* has also the signification of *equal to*, or *in comparison with*; it is in such sense the word *but* is to be understood in the above, and frequently elsewhere.]

P. K.

## XXVI.

It is never too long to wait for good.

There is nothing too precious to part with for the sake of good.

It is not hard for any one to suffer for good.

It is not from what is transient that good will come.

There is nothing but God that endures for ever.

There is no good but from God alone.

## XXVII.

XXVII.

There is nothing that can see but a man's will and pleasure.  
 There is nothing blind but violence and ill will.  
 There is no love but choice and freedom.  
 There is nothing hateful but bondage and constraint.

XXVIII.

There is nothing agreeable but that which is easy.  
 There is nothing easy but that which is safe.  
 There is nothing safe but that which is known.  
 There is nothing known but that which is kept in memory.  
 There is nothing kept in memory but that which is seen.  
 There is nothing seen but that which is placed in the light.  
 There is no light but God himself.

XXIX.

There is no seeing without considering.  
 There is no considering without persevering.  
 There is no persevering without clearness.  
 There is no clearness without light.  
 There is no light without understanding.  
 There is no understanding without a conscience.  
 There is no conscience without the eye of God in the heart of  
 man.

XXX.

There can be no good without light ;  
                   no piety without light ;  
                   no religion without light ;  
                   no creed without light ;  
                   no truth without light ;  
                   no clearness without light ;  
                   no light without seeing God.

XXXI.

No man will be cheerful but he that has sense ;  
 No man will have sense but he that is harmless ;

No man will be harmless but he that can feel;  
 No man will have feeling but he that is compassionate;  
 No man will be compassionate but he that is conscientious;  
 No man will be conscientious but he that is circumspect;  
 No man will be circumspect but he that is considerate;  
 No man will be considerate but he that has a turn for it;  
 No man will have a turn for it but he that is conscientious;  
 No man will be conscientious but he that is pious;

And, therefore,

There is no man cheerful but he that is pious;  
 And no man pious but he that is cheerful.

### XXXII.

There is no man cheerful but he that has a contented mind.  
 There is no man that has a contented mind but he that is considerate.

There is no man considerate but he that is intelligent.

There is no man intelligent but he that is thoughtful.

There is no man thoughtful but he that is quiet.

There is no man quiet but he that is conscientious.

There is no man conscientious but he that has an affectionate heart.

There is no man has an affectionate heart but he that has natural feeling.

There is no man that has natural feeling but he that loves music.

There is no man a lover of music but he that has a genius.

There is no man has a genius but he that is enlightened.

There is no man enlightened but he that is a lover of truth.

There is no man a lover of truth but he that is upright.

There is no man upright but he that is pious.

There is no man pious but he that is cheerful.

### XXXIII.

There cannot be a man where there is no instruction.

There can be no instruction where there are no manners.

There can be no manners where is no elegance.

There can be no elegance where there is no liberality.

There

There can be no liberality where there is no love.  
 There can be no love where there is no peace.  
 There can be no peace where there is no piety.  
 There can be no piety where there is no justice.  
 There can be no justice without bearing with weakness.  
 There can be no bearing with weakness without humanity.  
 There can be no humanity but from the gift of God.  
 There can be nothing from the gift of God but for the sake of good.  
 There can come no good from God but consistently with supreme wisdom.  
 There is no supreme wisdom in man but to love and obey God in every thing.

XXXIV.

There can be no power where there is no knowledge.  
 There can be no knowledge where there is no inclination for it.  
 There can be no inclination for knowledge where there is no understanding.  
 There can be no understanding where there is no prudence.  
 There can be no prudence where there is no patience.  
 There can be no patience where there is no consideration.  
 There can be no consideration where there is no good design.  
 There can be no good design but what comes from good.

XXXV.

It is never too far to go for what is necessary.  
 It is never too long to wait for what is good.  
 It is never too much that you do for God;  
 Never too little the trust you put in the world.  
 Knowledge is never too high to reach to.  
 What is just can never be done too often.  
 Mercy can never be shewn too much.  
 Truth can never be stuck too firmly to.  
 You can never be too ready to do good.  
 You can never too watchfully guard against pride.  
 You can never too carefully guard against avarice.  
 It is never too hard to die for what is true and just.  
 It is never too late to obey God.

XXXVI.

## XXXVI.

- There is no piety but mercy towards every living being.  
There is no wisdom but to renounce the world.  
There is no happiness but health and discretion.  
There is no charity but that which is just.  
There is nothing just but what you would be willing to take from another.  
There is nothing true but what you know without hearing it from others.  
There is nothing false but what you know yourself not to be true.  
There is no folly but to believe and disbelieve only as others say.  
There is no joy but where there is a clear conscience.  
There is no sensible man but he that knows how to support himself.  
There is no generosity but to undergo any hardships for others.  
There is no virtue but where there is prudence.  
There is no piety but where there is mercy toward every living being.

## XLI.

- No counsel without a father.  
No prayer without a mother.  
No succour without a sister.  
No strength without a brother.  
No might without a cousin.  
No kindred without a second cousin.  
No support without a son.  
No progeny without a daughter.  
No house without a man.  
No bed without a wife.  
No man without a profession.  
No dwelling without a neighbourhood.  
No nation without having privileges.  
No country without government.  
No government without justice.  
No justice without peace.

No peace without love.  
 No army without knowledge.  
 No knowledge without instruction.  
 No instruction without arrangement.  
 No arrangement without elegance.  
 No elegance without good qualities.

LXIII.

There can be no virtue without love.  
 No love without liking.  
 No liking without choice.  
 No choice without beauty.  
 No beauty without decency.  
 No decency without nature.  
 No nature without sense.  
 No sense without consideration.  
 No consideration without benefit.  
 No benefit without good.  
 No good without God.  
 Therefore no virtue but from God.

LXXXIV.

*The odious things of Cadog Ddoeth.*

A poor man that is proud.  
 A rich man that is oppressive.  
 A religious man without charity.  
 A son without instruction.  
 A daughter without neatness.  
 A wife without control.  
 A husband without consideration.  
 A youth without humility.  
 An old man without piety.  
 A woman without chastity.  
 A servant without submission.  
 A neighbourhood without love.

A priest that never gives alms.  
A chief that has no discretion.  
A warrior that gives no proof of valour.  
A lord without council.  
A bishop without learning.  
A philosopher without good works.  
A judge without justice.  
A country without peace.  
A populace without law.  
A multitude without rule.  
A nation without arts and sciences.  
A teacher without patience.  
Knowledge without manners.  
War without humanity.  
Prosperity without improvement.  
Learning without forms.  
A family without union.  
An enterprise without skill.  
Skill without enterprise.  
Instruction without advantage.  
A poet without a plan.  
A scholar without books.  
A youth without attainments.  
Attainments that are not good.  
A man that is without God.  
The notion that God is without infinite goodness.

## XCII.

Without feeling, without sense.  
Without sense, without understanding.  
Without understanding, without reflection.  
Without reflection, without knowledge.  
Without knowledge, without patience.  
Without patience, without instruction.  
Without instruction, without virtue.  
Without virtue, without God.  
Without God, without every thing.

Here

Here follows man's choice, which was sung by Cadog Ddoeth to his father, Gwynlliw Vilwr, who was the son of Glywis, the son of Tegid, the son of Cadell Deyrnllwg.

His house water-proof;	His farm compact.
His soil kind;	His bed easy.
His wife chaste;	His food wholesome.
His beer lively;	His fire bright.
His clothes warm;	His neighbourhood peaceable.
His servant diligent;	His maid smart.
His son straight;	His daughter neat.
His kindred true;	His companion faithful.
His horse gentle;	His greyhound swift.
His hawk keen;	His oxen strong.
His cows of one colour;	His sheep fruitful.
His pigs long;	His family unanimous.
His home in good order;	His bard learned.
His harper decent;	His mill near.
His church at a distance;	His lord powerful.
His king just;	His spiritual father wise
His God merciful;	

So sung Cadog Ddoeth.



## SHIPPING OF WALES,

1814 and 1815.

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	1814.		1815.	
	Ships.	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.
Bristol .....	268	33,550	250	32,239

## SOUTH WALES.

Chepstow .....	54	5,026	56	4,905
Cardiff.....	52	2,687	52	2,684
Swansea .....	128	7,728	135	8,581
Llanelly .....	93	4,889	94	4,937
Milford .....	76	5,626	72	5,351
Pembroke .....	95	3,958	96	3,970
Cardigan.....	306	12,274	314	12,954
Aberystwith .....	147	8,202	157	8,976

## NORTH WALES.

Beaumaris .....	530	24,146	538	25,176
Conway .....				
Caernarvon .....				
Pullheli .....				
Holyhead .....				
Chester .....	54	3,570	58	3,887
Liverpool .....	900	133,998	970	147,052

ORIGINAL

**ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE**  
**ON THE**  
**SUBJECT OF A VASE, OR SILVER CUP,**  
**PRESENTED BY HIS PUPILS**  
**TO THE**  
**REV. JOHN WILLIAMS,**

*Master of Ystradmeiric School, in the County of Cardigan.*

---

January 3, 1816.

To the Editor.

DEAR BROTHER,

**H**AVING last night sketched off a description of the vase presented to me, copied two pretty long letters, and sent them off this morning to my Brother —, at Heytesbury, I think I ought to do the same to you and Mrs. Williams.

The vase, or cup, is about twelve inches high, as it stands on its foot, about eight inches in diameter on the top, and will contain, I should guess, about four bottles of liquid. It is pure massy silver, and elegantly finished. Each of the two

handles is formed of two snakes, intertwined with each other, whose heads fasten on the side of the cup. There is a handsome border encircling round the lower part of the cup, properly so called, consisting of oak-leaves and acorns, and vine-leaves and grapes, appearing prominent on the silver. I am privately informed by Mr. John Daniel, who was in the secret, and is a subscriber, that it cost from first to last above fifty guineas, but not quite out to sixty. Mr. Morgan Hughes, the secretary and treasurer, has a balance still remaining in his hands, to what amount not ascertained, which is to be laid out in books for the use of this library.

library. He has requested me, by orders of the society, to draw up a list of such books as I deem most useful, and which we had not already in our pos-

session. This has been done, and the last was sent up last week.

Now for the inscription—

Viro reverendo Johan. Williams,  
Scholarum Ystradm. in Comit. Ceret. Præsidi,  
Virtutibus eximiis ac literarum studiis  
exornato,

Pauculi quidam, quos preceptis constituit, incribusq; confirmavit,

Et summâ benevolentia sibi devinctos fecit,  
Hoc Poculum, honoris causa, gratiæ et amoris,  
consecrarunt.

Lond. Ann. 1815.

The letter ran in the following terms:—

*St. George's Hospital,  
London, Dec. 8, 1815.*

REVEREND SIR,

I am commissioned by a few of my old school-fellows, who reside at too great a distance to pay you their personal respects as often as they wish, to request your acceptance of the silver cup which accompanies this letter, as a small token of their grateful esteem and regard for your care of them while under your tuition, and for the kind interest you have invariably shewn for their welfare in life.

They have taken the liberty of engraving on the cup the senti-

ments with which they present it, as a memento to your descendants of many generations, of the regard which your pupils entertained for you, both in their youth and manhood.

It is their individual and united prayer that you may still have many years of health to see the prosperity and gratitude of those, who, by your instruction and example, have been trained up in the paths of virtue and religion.

I hope I need not assure you, that I cordially coincide in the sentiments of my school-fellows, and that I feel particularly gratified with the honour of addressing you on the present occasion,

occasion, having at all times enjoyed your favour and friendship.

In the hope of deserving and retaining your approbation through life, I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Reverend Sir,  
Your ever obliged Pupil,  
MORGAN HUGHES.

To which well-written letter I sent the following answer:

*Ystradmeiric,*  
Dec. 27, 1815.

MY DEAR SIR,

How pleasing, how consoling it is, amidst the growing infirmities of age, to receive such testimonies of the continued esteem and affection of my old pupils, as have recently reached me!

On the 18th instant, I received a very handsome and well-finished silver cup, with a Latin inscription engraved upon it, purporting that it was presented to me by a few of my old scholars now resident in England, as a memorial of their esteem and affection. It was accompanied by a letter from you, my friend, as the delegated organ of your brother subscribers, strongly expressive

of the same affectionate sentiments.

You will have the goodness to convey the warmest expression of my most grateful thanks (a heart-felt, though very inadequate, return) to every individual of the gentlemen, my friends and scholars, who have done me the honour of contributing towards this valuable token of their regard and friendship; valuable in itself, but trebly valuable as publicly testifying their sense of those exertions which I knew it to be a duty, and felt to be a pleasure, to make, for the interest and welfare of those intrusted to my care.

You are requested to accept the same acknowledgments yourself, for the handsome manner in which you have conveyed this gift, and for the sentiments of esteem and friendship which accompanied it.

These proofs of your united regards I deeply feel and highly estimate, not only as they reflect honour on me, but as they also evidence the continuance and fuller development of those virtuous and kind affections, which, together with genuine *religious* principles, it has

has at all times been my earnest endeavour to cultivate in the bosoms of all my pupils.

in the next : and believe me to be, with sentiments of esteem and gratitude to every individual concerned,

Receive for yourself, and your generous fellow-subscribers, the assurance of my warmest wishes and ardent prayers for your continued and progressive success in this life, and for your eternal happiness

My dear Sir,

Your sincere friend,  
And obliged humble servant,  
JOHN WILLIAMS.

*To the Rev. Morgan Hughes,  
St. George's Hospital.*

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### TRANSLATION of the INSCRIPTION.

To the Rev. John Williams,  
President of the Schools at Ystradmeiric,  
in the County of Cardigan,  
adorned

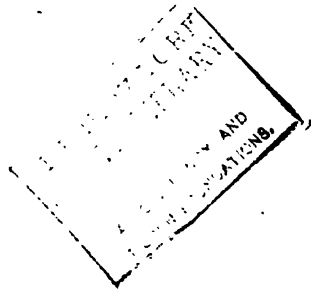
with eminent virtues and the ardent love of literature,  
a few persons, whom he has formed by precepts,  
strengthened with moral principles and habits,  
and attached to himself by the highest benevolence,  
have dedicated this cup,  
as a token of the honour, gratitude, and affection,  
which they entertain for him.

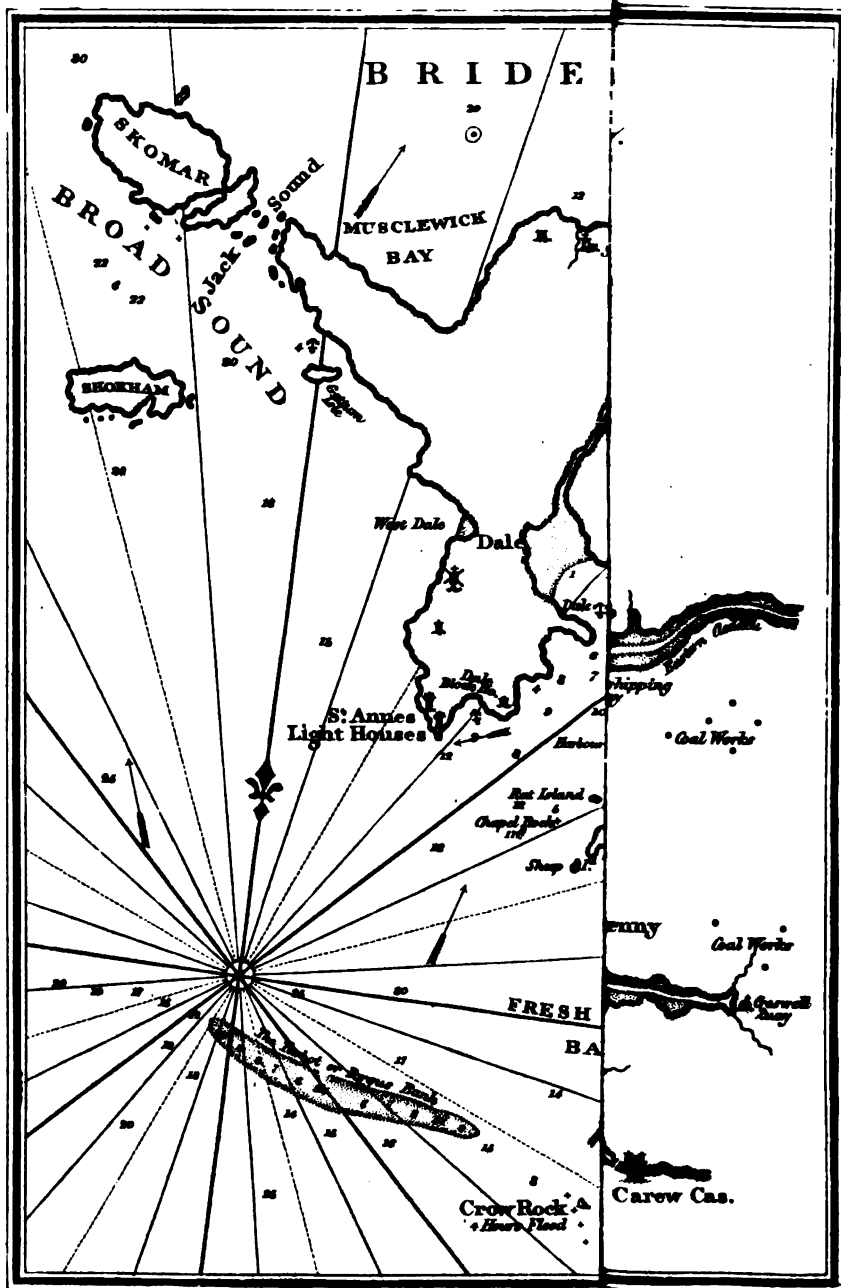
London, in the year 1815.

*(The translation is not quite literal.)*

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## TOPOGRAPHY.

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### MILFORD-HAVEN, IN PEMBROKESHIRE,

*With a Chart annexed.*

ON considering the vital importance of trade to the prosperity of the British empire, it is singular that the positive resources which the situation of Milford-Haven command, have hitherto been so far neglected as to have contributed as yet so sparingly to it. Where advantages peculiarly its own are so plain, their influence can have been checked but by artificial and prejudiced combinations against them, and, among others, the jealousy of less favoured ports has done much to depress its rising prosperity, and, by overpowering capitals, a commanding pre-eminence has been established and maintained in ports not entitled to it from natural advantages of situation.

A recent publication, entitled *OBSERVATIONS ON MILFORD-HAVEN*, and introduced under the signature of *Pembrocensis*,

in the year 1812\*, has done much to rescue this haven from illiberal and unfounded aspersions, and to establish the undoubted consequence it ought to possess in the scale of mercantile estimation. Its details have much assisted the general navigation of the channels immediately connected with it, whereby commercial speculation must have been greatly encouraged and assisted. Still some further account of this matchless Haven may not be uninteresting, and this idea has given rise to the following additional remarks on it.

It requires but the inspection of our charts to ascertain at once its decidedly superior situation, placed, as it is, at the entrances of the English, St. George's, and the Bristol channels, and beyond these, after a very short run, open to the *Atlantic* (clear



of the Scilly islands, and of the coasts of Ireland), from whence the ports of the world are approached.

Its immediate and convenient connexion with Ireland, and particularly with its best ports, which cluster in the south-western parts of the island, is obvious; nor is it less conveniently placed for ready intercourse with Bristol, and other principal ports in its channel; with Liverpool, in the Irish channel; and with Port Glasgow, in North Britain.

The ports of the English channel are also within its convenient reach, and more immediately so are those of Falmouth and of Plymouth. On the opposite coasts of France are the ports of St. Maloes, of Morlaix, and of Brest, including also, in this line, our islands of Alderney, Guernsey, and Jersey.

The ready outlet from Milford-Haven to the Atlantic is peculiarly fortunate to extended mercantile speculation, and its spacious and unencumbered approach to St. George's and the Bristol channels marks it as the central and important point, which, under numberless variations of circumstance, holds out assistance and security to the

active and flourishing trades of Bristol, of Liverpool, and Port Glasgow, and not less so to that of Waterford, of Cork, and other principal ports of Ireland.

From what other known point could these important ports look with more certainty of increasing advantage to their trade, than by establishing a liberal and understood connexion with Milford-Haven?

As A PORT OF REFUGE its value is incalculable, and as such it is already much appreciated; and unquestionably a steady attention to carry on the means for the repairing system, *on an extended scale*, would render this speculation most important to the future interests of Milford-Haven, and certainly of immediate advantage to general navigation; and nothing now seems necessary to put such speculation in activity in Milford-Haven but fair encouragement.

The approach to Milford-Haven from sea is far announced by the light-houses on St. Anne's Head, whose brilliant reflectors by night are seen at the distance of above 20 miles; and by day the near islands of Skokam and Skomar, with the light-houses themselves, mark  
its

its unencumbered entrance.— No hidden rocks, no shoals or bars interrupt its wide opening, which is above two miles broad.

The Porgus, or, as it is often called, the Turbot Bank, ignorantly, or rather mischievously, laid down in many former charts, to injure the fair chances of this Haven, is much removed from the direct course of vessels coming in or going out. It lays off Lenny Head, north, half north, about two miles distant from it. Its length is about three miles. Its breadth narrows to little more than a quarter of a mile. Immediately about its centre is its shoalest part; but here, even at the very lowest Neaps, it never has less than five fathom and a half on it, and it deepens very quickly from hence, carrying increasing and gradual depths to its extremities, from six to nine and ten fathom.

It is of unquestioned importance to ships from sea, bound to Milford-Haven, to obtain such information as may be trusted to from its *nautical correctness*, and of this description are those sailing directions which have appeared in that recent and useful publication, entitled *Observations on Milford-Haven*, and which have left nothing

wanting to assist the safest and best pilotage to this haven. They appear the result of much professional skill and experience, and unquestionably mark great local knowledge.

From these therefore, as the best sources of accurate information, I shall not hesitate to select full extracts, satisfied that most useful hints will be thereby extended to the general interests of navigation.

“ The best approach to Milford-Haven for vessels coming across the Atlantic, from the West Indies and America, is by first making Cape Clear, and thence shaping their course for St. Anne’s lights, at the entrance of the haven. In thick weather it should be approached with due caution, and great care should be paid to the soundings, and to the run and set of the tides (which move with some velocity through the sounds between the islands), as well also as to the run and set of the tide up the Bristol channel, in case of falling in with the land to the eastward of the Crow Rocks, laying off Lenny Head.

“ In running therefore to Milford-Haven from the aforementioned places, it is most necessary for every commander to

to calculate in what direction the tide will be running by the time he is likely to draw near the *Smalls light* in St. George's channel, for, on the set and strength of the tide at that time running between the Smalls and Milford-Haven, he will have to shape his course accordingly to hit the entrance; and the tides running in an oblique direction across the course, due allowance must be made.

“ Vessels coming from the continent of Europe, and bound to Milford-Haven, should, if possible, make the Scilly islands, passing them to the westward, unless having passed through the British channel, when in the latter instance they may with safety go between the Land's End and Scilly, and, taking a departure from the Longship light, steer direct for St. Anne's lights, which course will give them a fair offing along the whole extent of the north coast of Cornwall, and across the entrance of the British channel. But the same care will be necessary with respect to the set of the tides at the time of passing the Bristol channel, into which there is a great indraught, particularly with a flood tide, and also on drawing towards Milford-Haven.

“ As it is of great importance to study the drift and strength of the tide on nearing the coasts of this channel, and also to attend to the soundings in thick blowing weather, they should be approached only when the tide can be relied on to assist the vessel, should it be necessary, in getting off the shore, and to effect it on the most favourable tack. As adapted to the approach of Milford-Haven, this consideration is important, either in the probability of falling in with the land to the eastward of the Crow Rocks, off Lenny Head, within the drift of the Bristol channel tide, or in falling in with it to the northward about the islands, so as to ensure an advantageous tide in either case.

“ At the full and change of the moon it is high water at St. Anne's Head on the shore at three quarters past five, but the stream of flood tide continues to run *close in shore*, through Jack's Sound, which is between Skomar island and the main, through the sound called Broad Sound, between Skokam and Skomar, and through the sound through Skomar and Gresholme, *for three hours after it is high water on the shore*, and between Gresholme and the Smalls *for at least four hours and upwards,*  
running

running at the rate of four to six miles per hour on spring tides, through the several sounds, and ebbs *vice versâ*.

" Thus, if the wind is to the southward and westward, and blowing strong, with thick weather, a vessel should not run too near in to make St. Anne's Head or Milford islands until it is half-ebb on the shore, when the stream begins to set to the southward, making thereby a weather-tide for six hours or more; and should she fall in with the land to the northward of the harbour, if it should not overblow, she may avail herself of that tide by beating back to the southward, and thereby gain the port.

" The tides are more difficult to account for at the entrance of the Bristol Channel towards Lenny Head, off which the tide, when coming from the northward through the Island Sounds, meets the latter part of the ebb coming out of the Bristol Channel, and there, dividing, occasions a diversity of currents within a mile or two of the shore; but further off the land, to the eastward of Flimstone Head, the flood makes up the Bristol Channel in a direction towards Wormshead, in the bay of Carmarthen, *commencing*

and running in that direction *from the time it begins to flow on the adjacent shore*, and ebbs again soon after it is *high water*, and runs *vice versâ*. Hence, if a vessel expects to fall in with the land to the eastward of Flimstone Head, a calculation should be made when the tide will ebb out of the Bristol Channel, so as to command a weather-tide (should the wind be to the south-west), for getting an offing of the shore, and so as to prevent the vessel getting embayed in Carmarthen Bay.

" In nearing Milford-Haven, vessels caught in a gale of wind at south-west have this advantage, that they must be very close to the land if they do not weather it on one tack or the other. Taking the starboard tack on board, the Bristol Channel will be under their lee, and upon the larboard tack they will have the Irish Channel open, and a considerable drift each way. And to those ships which may overshoot this port in boisterous weather, the safe and capacious roadstead of *St. Tudwals*, in the bay of Cardigan, on the south part of Carnarvonshire, affords the amplest security to *fleets* from most winds: its anchorage is good, and it has a ready outlet.

" The

The approach to Milford-Haven from sea is very pleasing, from the variety of marked objects in view, and which include Gresholme island, St. David's Head, and Ramsay island, and the near islands of Skokam and Skomar to the northward of the entrance, and the not far distant headlands to the southward, known by the names of Flimtone and Lenny Heads.

"Between the islands of Skokam and Skomar is Broad Sound, whose breadth is one mile and a half, and with deep water through it. There is no danger *at any reasonable distance* from either of these islands, so that, if a vessel was to fall in with the land in thick weather to the northward of the entrance of Milford-Haven, and on a lee tide, which would prevent the recovering the harbour, or hauling off to the southward to get clear of the islands, she would still have a fair and open outlet into St. George's Channel, either through Broad Sound, or through the sound between these islands and Gresholme; or, if the wind blew too hard, could run up above the Narrows\* of the channel, between Tusker Rock, on the coast of Ireland, and St. David's Head, and keep

a fair drift in St. George's Channel, or bear up for St. Tudwal's Road."

The importance of the foregoing correct directions to the navigation of the channels leading to Milford-Haven is such, that I have thus been induced to make full reference to them from "*The Observations on Milford-Haven*," lately published, being confident that they cannot be too generally extended to secure permanent advantage and security to the shipping interest.

In making the entrance of Milford-Haven from sea, vessels border on the northern side, and pass the light-houses on St. Anne's Head.

These are of late erection, and in their situation and construction are greatly improved from the former. The present, two in number, were erected under the directions of Captain Huddart, one of the elder brethren of the Trinity House, and more is unnecessary to mention to establish that confidence in them to which these are so fully entitled. They are fitted up with Argand lamps and reflectors.

The low light-house is placed

\* The *Narrows* are at least 11 leagues broad, and free of danger.

at the extremity of St. Anne's Head. It is fifteen feet high, and its lanthorn is 160 feet above the level of the sea. It has fifteen reflectors, one of which shews up the harbour, and fourteen to the sea.

At 203 yards from the low light-house is the high one. This light-house is 45 feet high, and its light is elevated 195 feet above the level of the sea, but none of its reflectors shew up the haven; but it appears equally as strong as the low light from the island of Skomar to Lenny Head.

The high light-house has eleven reflectors, all of which shew to the sea.

When the low light appears directly under the high light, this line of direction will lead without the *Crow Rocks*, and thereby ships may round Lenny Head, provided the low light is not brought to the westward of the high light, which, in working off that Head, must be attended to.

These light-houses were lighted for the first time on the 4th of June, 1800.

After passing St. Anne's lights, vessels, by continuing a

course bordering on the northern side of the Haven, the *Chapel Rock*, a small rock between Sheep Island and Rat Island, near the coast on the southern side, as well as the *Harbour Rock*, a very small one, with immediate deep water around it, between Rat Island and Thorn Island, are avoided. Both these rocks have seventeen feet water on them.

Immediately beyond St. Anne's Head, and between it and the remains of Dale Block-house, is a small inlet on the coast, called Mill-Bay, which is occasionally useful to traders; and further on is seen a larger inlet, within which is Dale Road, the occasional resort of vessels outward bound, who drop down here from the upper parts of the haven, waiting for tides, or favourable winds, to proceed to sea. Here Henry of Richmond arrived, and disembarked his foreign force, and joined a powerful array of Welsh, which the zeal of Sir Rhys ap Thomas, a chieftain of South Wales, had brought to this spot. These increased in such numbers, on the march through the southern principality, that it may almost be said the decisive battle of Bosworth Field, which <sup>sp</sup> soon after placed the crown of England on

on Henry of Richmond, was won by Welshmen.

Leaving Dale Road to the northward, an easterly course leads to the Stack Rock, a short distance from Thorn island, between which and Nangle Blockhouse, in West Nangle Bay, not many years ago, was lost his Majesty's frigate the *Leda*, with no one circumstance of adverse tide or weather to warrant such disaster, but entirely by the unskilful management of an Irish pilot.

The Stack Rock is a high narrow ledge, extending east and west, and separated from the northern coast of the haven by a narrow channel. Vessels keep on its southern side, in their course to Hubberstone Road, off Milford, and in which line to the northward is seen the small, but fair, bay of Gelyswick, and opposite to which is the more extended opening, which forms East Nangle Bay, which is dry at low water. In front of this bay, in six fathom water, is the quarantine station, which is now become a principal one. When first selected for this purpose, the *Syren* frigate was stationed here as a lazarette; and, of late, the *Triumph*, of 74 guns, with the *Sta.*

*Margaretta* and the *Peltan* frigates, and the *Otter* sloop, have been added, and now form a respectable squadron of lazarettes on this quarantine ground.

Eligible as this situation is for its purpose, an attempt was made not long after to remove this establishment to another, but by no means to an improved station in the haven, and on this occasion one between Wear Point and Nazlebead was recommended to the Lords of the Privy Council as more eligible.

The statement was referred to the Lords of the Admiralty by the Lords in Council, who expressed a wish that some professional report might be made on it. In consequence, by order from the Admiralty, Admiral Sir Joseph Yorke, Admiral Sir Thomas B. Thompson, with Mr. Rennie, the civil engineer, inspected this quarantine station, and reported, that so far from its being an exposed situation, or dangerous or inconvenient, they were of opinion that it could not be more advantageously situated in every respect, and that there was no other part of the harbour which could be at all compared with it, answering the purpose of vessels performing quarantine.

A short

A short distance beyond Gelyswick Bay is *Hubberstone Road*, of late years also called *Man of War's Road*, the best and most convenient roadstead in Milford-Haven, where vessels of all descriptions anchor in from ten to twelve fathom, and with excellent holding ground. On turning into it, and passing Hakin Point, the new-built town of Milford comes suddenly in sight, and from hence its general appearance is very interesting. It is a regular built town, on sloping ground, fronting the haven. Its custom-house and legal quays were established by Act of Parliament in the year 1790, as was also its market, and since which a very complete market-place has been built\*.

The hotel here, known by the name of the Nelson Hotel, is a handsome spacious building, and affords every convenient accommodation to the public, and to that connected with the packet establishments.

Its situation between two navigable creeks, namely, that of the Priory or Hubberstone Pill to the north-west, and that called Castle Pill to the south-east, seems to be the most judicious

that could have been selected for its future chances of commercial prosperity. On the former Pill, and opposite to Milford, is Hubberstone Hakin, a straggling village on the beach, and which, in situation as suited to trade, is excellent.

Trade, however, is as yet but in its infancy in both these situations, so peculiarly adapted for it; and it is matter of regret that these, though so likely to contribute very essentially to the general prosperity of the empire, have been left so much *to their own local supports*, unaided by the fostering hand of government. These, however, have not been wanting in the industrious endeavours of new-settlers; but, alas! they have lately been cruelly impeded by those sudden arrangements and new systems, which the threats of blustering politics have forced in parliament; and which, in their effects, have reached this place, and involved the fair prospects of industry in clouded distress.

Soon after the foundation of the new town of Milford, viz., in 1792, a projected establishment of a southern whale fishery, to be carried on by Nantucketeers, gave early promise of encou-

\* The custom-house and hotel were built by the late Sir William Hamilton, and the market-place by the Hon. Robert F. Greville, the present possessor of this property.



raging speculation. A ship from Halifax, in Nova Scotia, soon arrived at Milford, and a few very respectable settlers begun their adventure with activity and prudence. An increase of ships soon became the reward of an industrious and well-regulated outfit, and during a period of about fourteen years, through which this first adventure continued in activity, the one ship spread into a flotilla of six whalers.

At a subsequent period, a considerable increase of American speculation came to Milford from the port of Dunkirk, to which the first preference of these settlers, after their emigration from America, had directed them.

Not long after this addition, the original settlers retired from the concern, and the second adventure continued to flourish in activity for some years; but now it has entirely retired from Milford-Haven, and, after a wandering speculation to Falmouth and to London, is said to have fixed its speculations ultimately on the latter port, and to have become a link from thence, in the whale fishery, carried on under the control of the London outfitters.

Though in this manner the

south whale fishery from Milford has ceased, yet the experience of years has proved that from no part of the island could the concern have been maintained with more positive advantage, as to outfit and situation, than from hence; and unquestionably it would easily still revive, if a capital could be procured sufficient to support a moderate concern, managed in its outfit with that judgment and superior economy by which the FIRST SETTLERS established and maintained this fishery, on their arrival from Halifax, in Nova Scotia.

To the early prosperity of Milford, and, in truth, to that of the whole principality of South Wales, the well-regulated establishment of the GENERAL POST-OFFICE most essentially contributed, and its increasing influence has continued. At first five regular general post-office packets were established: afterwards a sixth was added, thereby placing these, as to numbers, on the same footing with the Holyhead establishments. The increasing communication from Milford-Haven with the southern counties of Ireland has lately called for a further extension of the packet establishment from hence, and a *seventh* has now been added to that

that of Milford. The Milford packets are prime cutters, of about eighty tons. They are carefully fitted up for the accommodation of passengers, and are well manned and very ably commanded. To the credit of the ship-builders of Hubberston Pill, some of the best of these vessels were launched from their private yards.

The distance from St. Anne's light-houses, at the entrance of Milford-Haven, to Hook Tower, which is the entrance of Waterford harbour, is twenty-five leagues. The quickest passage may be stated to be about seven hours and three quarters, and that of an average passage at from twelve to sixteen hours. The course which is usually steered is north-west by the compass, which is north-west, half west, by the chart, and the packets generally go no nearer than from two to three leagues of *the Smalls*, on which is a light-house, in a situation most important to the general navigation of St. George's Channel.

This light-house, being private property, is not under the superintendence of the Trinity

House, and is certainly not so well managed as it ought to be.

It is lighted with black whale oil, in an open lamp: Its reflectors are about three feet diameter, and neither of these are on the improved principle, so that both are so covered by smoke, as greatly to obscure the light\*. From the great importance of this light-house, it ought to be fitted up with Argand lamps and reflectors, and supplied by spermaceti oil. Three men attend this light-house, which is curiously placed on a small rock, scarcely admitting its erection, and much exposed. Its means of security would be much increased if a *deep-toned bell* was placed here, and whose warning notes, during heavy fogs or thick weather, might sound timely alarm of near approaching danger to the wandering mariner.

There is one of this description at the light-house on the Tusker Rock, off the coast of Wexford, which has well answered its purpose. The Tusker light has been very lately established, and is a revolving one.

\* As the statement of this neglect is likely to be brought to the immediate notice of the Trinity House, it will no doubt be rectified, ere long, by their powerful interference.

The mails from Milford to Waterford are frequently landed at Dunmore, but more usually brought up to Passage, which is the station of the Milford packets in the Waterford river.

From Waterford the mail communications to Cork and Dublin have been of late much improved, and the mails accelerated, particularly by the Cork coach, which takes the Milford mails, and the Dublin and Clonmel coaches are well conducted.

Where this packet establishment is so well appointed, and where its anxious and constant duties are so conspicuously maintained by the professional abilities and zealous exertions of the several commanders, it is a subject of regret that incidental circumstances, within reach of remedy, should be permitted to continue an interruption to their fair prospects of remuneration, and where private risk and arduous exertions are unceasing. None have pressed more seriously on their interests, than a new establishment of vessels from Bristol, called, by THEIR PROPRIETORS, GOVERNMENT VESSELS, which sail weekly from Bristol to Cork and Waterford; and which, by as-

siduous and pompous advertisements, decoy many passengers to a lengthened voyage of from two to three days, and through the more intricate navigation of the Bristol Channel, the great interruption of the readier and much shorter intercourse by Milford-Haven, with the southern parts of Ireland.

These vessels, called *Government Vessels*, though by many thought to have been established by government on the same footing as the general post-office packets, are by no means of such description, nor are they countenanced by that department.

Looking to the peculiar advantages of Milford-Haven as a packet establishment, it must be admitted, that, if public convenience was to be consulted, such establishment ought not to be confined from this port to Waterford *only*; and, if the imperative control of Cornwall must still operate strongly, let it not continue to the utter exclusion of a more advantageous situation, and from whence, unquestionably, communications more certain and more expeditious may be ensured. Who can question, that packets to and from New York and Halifax

fax would not rendezvous with more certain facility at Milford-Haven than at Falmouth? Why then should the mighty influence of Cornwall be longer suffered to preponderate at the expense of the commercial interest, and of general public utility?

Not long after the early foundation of the new town of Milford, its prospects were encouraged by government taking the dock-yard which had been made at Milford, and which formed a part of this new establishment. The Earl of Spencer, then at the head of the Admiralty, began the first work in it by laying down the keels of a 74-gun ship, of a frigate of 38 guns, and of a sloop of war of 18 guns.

Milford dock-yard continued many years in the occupation of the Navy Board, and, in succeeding periods, another line of battle ship, another frigate, and an additional sloop of war, were launched from its slips. It ceased as a royal dock-yard in the year 1814, when it was decided by government to remove from thence, and form a new naval establishment at Paterchurch, a few miles further up the haven, on lands belonging to the crown.

To the credit of Milford dock-yard, be it recollected, that, while it was in the possession of the Navy Board, some of the best ships in his Majesty's navy were constructed in it; and that, without compare, its whole establishment has been *the most economical* of any on record in this island; nor in this respect will it be exceeded in the more extended establishment of the royal dock-yard at *Pater*.

The following is the list of the ships which have been built in Milford dock-yard, viz., the *Milford* and *Rocheport*, of 74 guns; the *Lavinia* and *Surprise* frigates, of 38 guns; and the *Nautilus* and *Myrmidon* sloops of war, of 18 guns.

However particular individuals may have been disposed to lament this removal, still the inhabitants of these parts, and particularly those within Milford-Haven, may be somewhat reconciled, when they recollect remaining advantages. The establishment of this dock-yard has grafted the science of ship-building on the best principles throughout this neighbourhood, and already expert native shipwrights are spread around, who are equal to do ample credit to their profession; nor will a less encouraging

encouraging recollection arise from the prospects of that protection to individual property, which may now be looked to from the *future* attention of the admiralty to a valuable haven, within which an important naval establishment has been fixed on crown lands.

During the last American war, and particularly in the year 1813, St. George's Channel swarmed with American privateers, and even one of their sloops of war established a long cruise within it. Their success was ruinous to our trade, having taken and destroyed above 100 sail of our merchant vessels and traders, between the Land's End and Liverpool.

This depredation ceased AT ONCE, on the strong and loud remonstrances which were addressed by memorials to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, from Bristol, Liverpool, and Port Glasgow. Early in 1814, the Admiralty adopted *protecting* measures so long overlooked, and appointed convoys from Bristol, Liverpool, and Greenock, to take the outward-bound West-India trade to Cork, and afterwards a sloop of war was generally ordered up St. George's Channel with

the homeward-bound, and sloops of war or gun-brigs, from the Cork station, continued to look occasionally into Milford-Haven.

A considerable revenue establishment has been fixed at Milford-Haven for many years, and it has hitherto much assisted the interests of Milford by the occupation it has given to its artificers and tradesmen. These, however, when thriving under increasing prosperity, have been suddenly interrupted in their fair speculations by that change in this department which made over the control of the revenue cutters from the custom-house to the Navy Board, and under whose direction and discipline they are now placed; and what has added much to that distress, which has resulted in so many directions from this transfer, is, that the occupations and trades of many industrious artificers and tradesmen has been taken from them, and transferred to naval yards.

These are sad and unexpected visitations, *at the return of peace*, by experimentalists, on those who have given their willing aid to their country during so many years of existing difficulty.

Though

Though it will appear by these details that it has been the lot of this infant establishment to experience many disappointments, still ultimate importance cannot be withheld from a situation so peculiarly favoured as that it occupies on the best part of Milford-Haven.

The present times are most unfavourable to speculation, and capitals are not readily assisting, as formerly, to commercial adventure; but, when Europe recovers from the extraordinary check which trade has now experienced, Milford cannot remain stationary amidst general activity and prosperity, and, fairly supported, it would unquestionably become one of the most flourishing commercial towns in the United Kingdom, alike adapted, from its many local advantages, to foreign and domestic traffic. From hence the western parts of Great Britain and the eastern parts of Ireland might be advantageously supplied, as the importer would have every advantage, having a safe capacious harbour, and without those heavy port charges which have already incumbered the trade of Bristol, and which are fast increasing at the port of Liverpool.

The situation of Milford-

Haven certainly holds out advantageous inducements, in various instances, to the East-India Company; but their almost exclusive monopoly, their docks and warehouses in the river Thames, check all speculation to connect with a port so distant from their great depôt.

A branch of the West-India trade might be connected with Milford-Haven with very encouraging prospects, and its situation is peculiarly suited to the Newfoundland trade.

In a former part of these remarks it has been observed, how much Milford-Haven is entitled to peculiar notice and confidence as a PORT OF REFUGE; and its most promising interests claim every attention to render it useful, and adapted to those purposes which can hold out effectual resource to vessels crippled by storms, who may reach this port in distress, and to which the ship-owners may look with encouragement for every requisite repair on an extensive scale; nor is it chimerical to add, that here the whole building-trade for the western coasts might be centred, if established on an economical plan, the want of which injured Bristol and Liverpool in this concern, while Chester and

and Lancaster obtained leading employ by adhering to it. Fortunate, indeed, would it be to Milford-Haven, if the actual prosperity of Whitby should lead from thence to similar prosperous speculation and industry.

From an inconsiderable fishing town, without one local advantage for ship-building, without timber but what was brought from Hampshire, Sussex, the Baltic, and America, and with all other articles necessary for the concern attainable but from a distance, its first attempts were nearly imperceptible; but, from attention to economy and good work, and with cheap living and moderate wages to the artificers, and also importing their wants from the best markets, this new establishment soon attracted notice, and, in consequence, numerous orders for building from all quarters increased its importance, and excellent work maintained their reputation.

Hence the decline of building West-Indiamen in the river Thames, and hence the figure which Whitby-built ships have made in the coasting, the Baltic, and in the transport service. Milford is capable of all this, with the advantage of cheap

fuel, and within convenient reach of the oak forests of South Wales, of the numerous timber-yards in the Severn, and of ready supplies of timber from America. Already has Milford made important progress; and, among other occupations of its shipwrights, the building of some West-Indiamen, and several general post-office packets, has established early promise of their excellence in the ship-building branch.

Flattering and practicable as such speculations are, in a spot so peculiarly adapted for them, these even have been interrupted by that short-sighted and dangerous policy which has lately induced government to risk, *if not to overwhelm, the ship-building interests of Great Britain*, by transferring their protection to the shipwrights of India, and by sacrificing the conversion of British oak, by native artificers, to that of the teak of Malabar, by those of India.

How lamentable are such measures, and especially at a period when America is straining every nerve to obtain a formidable navy; and whose *line of battle ships*, as well as frigates, already range the ocean, and importantly exchange salutes

lutes with the British navy, even in the Mediterranean.

The situation of Milford is so cheerful, that it will no doubt, ere long, not only invite the speculations of the trader, but attract the preference of those, who, retired from scenes of bustle after a long war, are in search of a spot of pleasant retirement, where, on their reduced incomes, they may live in comfortable economy. No place seems more encouraging in this respect, at present, than Milford; and, should its inhabitants turn their attentions to it as a *bathing-place*, it may hold out attractions which may rival those of Tenby. Among these, the charms of its safe haven, so suited to water excursions, will not be overlooked; and by Bullwell, which is opposite to Milford, the magnificent coast scenery between St. Goven's Head and Lenny Head will be within convenient reach, and connect with various interesting scenery, which will be included in the rambles through the hundred of Castle Martin, which forms an extensive peninsula between Milford-Haven and the sea.

On leaving Milford in progress up the haven, a very pleasing view into Castle Pill

is introduced. This is one of the boundary creeks to Milford, and takes its name from a considerable castle, on commanding ground, above its north-western extremity. The vestiges of its former foundations still mark its great scale and early importance; but which, at this day, has sunk into an appendage of a farm.

In the civil wars of King Charles it was occupied as a post of consequence by the royalists, and, as such, very principal attention from Oliver Cromwell was directed to it. Its loss instantly turned the ascendancy in these parts, which they had till now maintained, and placed it in the hands of the parliament army. In these times the importance of Milford-Haven was not overlooked, and a strong squadron attendant on Oliver Cromwell's motion's occasionally rendezvoused in it; and in a subsequent period of these troubles, on his being appointed commander-in-chief on the expedition against Ireland, he made his latter preparations from Tenby and Pembroke, and in August, 1649, he sailed from Milford-Haven, for Dublin, in a fleet consisting of 113 sail; and the year following, the President frigate sailed from thence to Ireland, to bring him back,



beck, after his short and successful campaign.

Passing Ware Point, and opposite nearly to Haslebeach, is the opening at Penarmouth, at which the creek of that name, on which Pembroke is situated, unites with Milford-Haven.

This creek is between two layers of limestone, and a breach in the cliff at Penarmouth supplies it with water from the haven, and subjects it to its tides. At low water the channel is narrow, intricate, and winding, from Crow Pool to Pembroke, and within which is anchorage for small vessels; but those of burden are excluded from this navigation, and thereby the trade of Pembroke is checked.

The ruins of Pembroke-castle are most picturesque, and in a considerable remaining mass they strikingly record its former grandeur. In its day it was strong and important, and its last struggles were with Oliver Cromwell, who in person conducted the latter part of a brisk siege, and took it on articles, in July, 1648. His operations were rapid. By a decree passed at Windsor, on the 3d of May of this year, he was ordered to Wales, when, passing through

Cardiff in force, he was before Pembroke the 21st of the same month, and he occupied Tenby at the same time, and from thence augmented his strength before the former. The *Lion*, a ship of parliament, at this time in Milford-Haven, furnished two demi-culverins, and two whole culverins, to assist in the siege against the town and castle.

Henry VII. was born in Pembroke-castle.

The oyster fishery within Milford-Haven would be valuable, were it properly attended to; but this is not the case, though an act passed in the year 1806 for its better regulation, but which is carelessly overlooked. The oysters about Penarmouth are deemed excellent, and may be taken at any time, except between the 30th of April and the 1st of October.

Large smacks from Rochester and Liverpool come here for them during the season.

The haven affords variety of excellent fish, and fully sufficient for any increased population which may reach it; and its abundance, at no great distance from its mouth, encourages

rages speculation for more extended consumption.

Beyond Penarmouth, a projecting rocky ledge narrows the channel of the haven, nearly opposite to Llanstadwell church, on the northern shore. These rocks are called the *Carrs*. The channel, though narrow, is safe, and has deep water.

On this point, a considerable fortification was begun about the year 1757, but never completed. It formed a part of an extensive defence, and was to have connected with another work, near Nayland, on the northern shore. This latter work never was begun. The masonry of the works on Paterchurch Point is well executed, and now in considerable portions continue the regret of such a waste of money and labour on a spot whose original selection was not judicious. The security of Milford-Haven might have been obtained by simpler and less expensive means. An old line of battle ship, with a spring on her cable, anchored off the Stack Rock, strengthened by a strong case-mated battery, and suited to a garrison of 100 men, would have afforded protection adequate to the haven, even in an advanced state of improvement.

Beyond the narrowed channel at this place is the new naval arsenal, within West Lanyon Bay, opposite nearly to Nayland Point. This royal dock-yard is becoming considerable and important; but as every thing is to be formed, and as it has been necessary to purchase additional ground, the expenditure on it cannot be inconsiderable.

It is now surrounded by a stone wall, and every attendant requisite for its purpose is gradually in progress. Already the *Valorous* and *Ariadne*, sloops of war, have been launched from hence, and the *Belleisle*, of 74, is in forwardness.

The appearance of Milford-Haven is very pleasing in this part of its course, and becomes interesting from its varied and surrounding features. Among these are the works on Paterchurch Point, the Royal Dock-yard, Nayland Point, and Pembroke Ferry.

This ferry is the principal one on the haven, and extends communication between Pembroke, Haverford-West, and Milford, and to other parts of the county. Beyond Pembroke Ferry, a short creek, with shoal water, branches to the southward

ward from the haven; it is called Cosheston Pill.

Not far from hence the haven takes a northerly direction, and soon the solitary tower, the last remains of Benton-castle, appears in sight, charmingly situated on a projecting rocky knowle, and adorned by clustering trees around it.

Opposite to it, and not far across the haven, is Lawrenny, an interesting hamlet, which connects delightfully with Lawrenny Wood, and gives marked character to the upper parts of the haven. Here is a ferry, but not suited for carriages. From Lawrenny, two small creeks branch into Milford-Haven, and which are influenced by its tides. The one, and the least considerable, takes an easterly direction, and terminates at Creswell Quay. The other, in a southerly direction, terminates at Carew-castle, where its former extent and magnificence are displayed in a mass of charming ruins, the remains of a castle of celebrity, the work of early and more modern periods.

Here was the residence of

Sir Rhys ap Thomas, and where he lived in great splendour and hospitality\*.

On coming to Lawrenny and Creswell, we have reached the coal districts of this county, lying eastward of Milford-Haven. It may, therefore, not be uninteresting now to give some general detail of the great mineral basin, which, beginning in Pembrokeshire, extends its coal from thence through the counties of Carmarthen and Glamorgan, into Monmouthshire. Its narrowest part is in Pembrokeshire. It becomes more principal in Carmarthen-shire, and swells into its greatest breadth in Glamorganshire, beyond which it narrows somewhat, but not much, and finishes in Monmouthshire, taking a broad semicircular range at its termination.

The first appearance of this vast mineral mass, in Pembrokeshire, is about Nolton, bordering on St. Bride's Bay, beyond which there are no traces of it. From Nolton it occupies the intermediate country near Haverford-West and Johnston, on the north-west of the haven, and that including

\* *Vide* a curious account of the feast and tourney at Carew-castle, in the 1st volume of the Cambrian Register.

Templeton, Creswell, Creselly, and Williamston, to the south-east of the haven; after which, its direction through the county is by St. Issells to Sanders-Foot, which is between Laugharne and Tenby, where it is lost in Carmarthen Bay. It appears again with increasing breadth between Kidwelly, and across the Burry river, and under Llanmaddock-hill, in Gower, whence, continuing a south-easterly direction across that peninsula, it is again lost in Swansea Bay, and re-appears at Margam, and continues its southern line by Llantrissant and Castle-Coch, on the Taaf, to districts around Pontypool.

Its northern line extends from Kidwelly, by Llandibie: thence verging the forest of Brecon, it comes to Clydach, Nant y Glo, near Abergavenny, and thence round to Pontypool, including in this great extent, between its northern and southern limits, all the intermediate districts; principal in which are Llanelli, the Burry river, Neath, Swansea, Aberavon, Aberdare, and Merthyr Tidvil.

The whole coal of the county of Pembroke is stone coal, and, being sweet, is therefore much in request, and preferred for

malting, and in general it is of the best quality. The small coal of this stone coal is the culm.

The collieries of this county are not worked to advantage, and they are supposed more exhausted than they really are. The adoption of steam-engines would not only recover many of the old works now under water, but would enable the proprietors to reach the deeper veins, which have been hitherto untouched. Canals and railways are unknown in these districts, and all the carriage of the coal and culm is by carts from the collieries.

No coal country has less advantage from mechanical improvements than Pembroke-shire; and none require it more in its present state.

Considerable quantities of coal are shipped from Creswell Quay; it is first conveyed in lighters to the ships which lay off Lawrenny, at which place these take in their lading.

Beyond Lawrenny, to the eastward, is another creek, known by the name of Garran Pill; and, proceeding further up the haven, we come to Black Tar, in the neighbourhood of Llangwm.

Llangwm. Off the former is excellent anchorage, in six fathom. Here line of battle ships may lay in safety; and it is among the peculiar circumstances of which this haven can boast, that to this place, from its entrance, a first rate may navigate and anchor in security\*. Beyond Black Tar, on the eastern shore, is Landshipping, from whose quay the coal of the neighbouring districts is shipped. We now have nearly reached the extent of Milford-Haven, whose beginning may be best fixed off Rose-Castle Point, where the eastern and the western Cleddau form their junction. The latter, by a serpentine course, comes by Haverford-West. The former, from Canniston-bridge, passes Slebech, the seat of Nathaniel Philipps, esq., an ancient commandery of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and Picton, castle, the seat of Lord Milford. Between Slebech and Canniston-bridge is Blackpool, where, on spring tides, coasters used to convey iron ore to a forge supplied by the coppices and woods of Slebech, and take away the malleable iron. Here is a good salmon fishery, belonging to the Slebech property.

The western Cleddau does not admit of the navigation of vessels of moderate burden to Haverford-West but at spring tides, and the channel is intricate.

Having now detailed the interior of Milford-Haven, from its entrance, to the beginning at the junction of the two Cleddaus, it may not be uninteresting, in conclusion, to attempt, by fair hypothesis, to account for the probable formation of this extraordinary inlet.

On looking to the boundary shores of Milford-Haven, it will appear that those to the southward are throughout of limestone, and those to the northward are throughout of red rab. All the districts or strata of different soils in Pembroke-shire are regular, though the breaches of the sea on the projecting point of the western coast give it a very irregular appearance. The direction of the strata is in a line, running north-west by west, and south-east by east.

The southern hundred, called Castle Martin, consists of a solid barrier of limestone rock,

\* The average spring-tides in Milford-Haven rise to twenty-six feet. The highest spring-tides rise occasionally to thirty feet.

which protects the county from the ravage of the western ocean by its magnificent and stupendous southern cliffs.

The western end of the northern side of this limestone appears at West Nangle Bay, at the entrance of Milford-Haven; and, forming thence its southern shores, it continues its range by Bush, the seat of John Meyrick, esq., near Pembroke, and thence through the parish of St. Florence, to the sea. This limestone consists of shells and coral, and is often very beautiful, from the strong opposition of white marine substances on a black ground. The strata are of different thickness, and vary in quality and in external appearance, and take a very high polish.

The range of *red rab*, as it is provincially called, forms the northern shores of Milford-Haven, and crosses it, keeping a parallel, though interrupted direction, with the limestone. This red rab is of no considerable extent. The grey rab succeeds it, and of this the greatest part of Pembrokeshire consists.

From the foregoing detail of the opposite strata, which appear in the boundary shores of Milford-Haven, the following hypothesis respecting its original formation may not appear loosely imaginary, or deduced from very improbable sources, viz., that Milford-Haven has been formed by the breaching of the sea, and getting behind the great limestone strata, and washing away the softer strata, until the hard red rab was able to resist its devastation.

But a more unquestioned inference may be established on the inestimable value of Milford-Haven to the empire, if its capabilities were liberally cherished. Government ought to foster its peculiar advantages with greater care than it has hitherto done; and a cheery truce, with *blue and orange* around its shores, would animate such exertions for its future prosperity, that a joyful shout would triumphantly proclaim to distant parts, "*That Wales was truly rendered happy by inheriting such a haven* \*."

July, 1817.

\* The best charts at present of *Milford-Haven*, and the coasts of *Pembrokeshire*, between Stumble Head and Lenny Head, are to be met with at Messrs. Laurie and Whittle's, Fleet-street; and at E. Williams, No. 11, Strand.

## ORIGINAL LETTERS.

To the Most Vertuous and Noble Prince Elizabeth, by the Grace of God, of England, France, and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, &c.

**W**HEN I call to remembrance as well the face of corrupted religion in England, at what time, Paul's Church-yard, in the city, was occupied by makers of alabaster images to be set up in churches, and they at Pater Noster Row earned their living by making pater-noster beads only; they of Ave-lane by selling Ave-beads; of Creed-lane, by making of creed-beads: as also the vain rites crept into our country of Wales; when, instead of the living God, men worshipped dead images of wood and stones, bells and bones, with other such uncertain relicks, I wot (not) what, and withal consider our late general revolt from God's most holy word once received, and daily hear of the like inforced upon our brethren in foreign countries; having most piteously sustained great calamities, bitter afflictions, and merciless persecutions, under which very many

do yet still remain. I cannot, most Christian prince and gracious sovereign; but even, as did the poor blind Bartimæus, or Samaritan leper, to our Saviour, so come I before your majesty's feet, and there lying prostrate not only for myself, but also for the delivery of many thousands of my country folks from the spiritual blindness of ignorance, and foul infection of old idolatry and false superstition, most humbly and dutifully to acknowledge your incomparable benefit bestowed upon us in granting the sacred scriptures, the very remedy and salve of our ghostly blindness and leprosy, to be had in our own best known tongue; which, as far as ever I can gather, (though Christ's true religion sometime flourished among our ancestors, the old Britons,) yet were never so entirely and universally had, as we now (God be thanked) have them. Our countrymen, in times past, were, indeed, most

most loth (and that not without good cause) to receive the Romish religion, and yet have they now since (such is the damage of evil custom) been loth to forsake the same, and to receive the Gosple of Jesus Christ. But after that this nation, as it is thought for their apostacy, had been sore plagued with long wars, and finally vanquished, and by rigorous laws kept under; yet at the last it pleased God of his accustomed clemency to look down again upon them, sending a most godly and noble David, and a wise Solomon; I mean Henry the VIIth, and his son, Henry the VIIIth, both kings of most famous memory, and your grace's father and grandfather; who graciously released their pains and mitigated their intolerable burdens, the one with charters of liberties, the other with acts of parliament; by abandoning from them all bondage and thralldom, and incorporating them with his other loving subjects of England. This, no doubt, was no small benefit, touching bodily wealth: but this benefit of your majesty's providence and goodness exceedeth that other so far as the soul doth the body.

Certain noblewomen, whereof some were chief rulers of this now your isle of Britain, are by antiquity unto us for their

singular learning and heroical virtues highly commended, as Cambra the fair, Martia the good, Bundicia the warrior, Claudia Ruffina, mentioned in St. Paul's epistle, and Helena, mother of the great and first Christian emperor Constantinus Magnus, and St. Ursula, with such other who are at this day still renowned: but of your majesty, I may, as I think, right well use the words of that king who surnamed himself Lemuel: "Many daughters have done "virtuously: but thou surmountest them all. Favour "is deceitful, and beauty vanity: "but a woman that feareth the "Lord, she shall be praised." For if Mary Magdalane, for the bestowing a box of material ointment, to anoint Christ's carnal body, be so famous throughout all the world where the Gospel was preached; how much more shall your munificence, by conferring the unction of the Holy Ghost to anoint his spiritual body, the church, be ever had in memory? But to conclude, and to draw near to offer up my vow. Whereas I, by our most vigilant pastors the bishops of Wales, am called and substituted, though unworthy, somewhat to deal in the perusing and setting forth of this so worthy a matter, I think it my



most bounden duty here in their name to present to your majesty (as the chiefest first-fruit) a book of the New Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ, translated into the British language, which is our vulgar tongue, wishing, and most humbly praying, if it shall so seem to your wisdom, that it might remain in your majesty's library for a perpetual monument of your gracious bounty shewed herein to our country, and the church of Christ there. And would to God that your grace's subjects of Wales might also have the whole book of God's word brought to like pass; then might their fellow-subjects of England rejoicingly pronounce of them in these words: "The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwelled in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined. Blessed are the people that be so; yea, blessed are the people whose God is the Lord." Yea, then would they both together thus bro-

therly say, "Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of Jacob, and he will teach us his ways, and we will walk in his paths." And thus to end, I beseech Almighty God, that, as your grace's circumspect providence doth perfectly accomplish and discharge your princely vocation and governance towards all your humble subjects, that we also on our part may, towards God and your highness, demean ourselves in such wise, that his justice abridge not these halcyon and quiet days, (which hitherto, since the beginning of your happy reign, have most calmly and peaceably continued,) but that we may long enjoy your gracious presence, and most prosperous reign over us; which we beseech God, for our Saviour Jesus Christ's sake, most mercifully to grant us. Amen.

Your majesty's  
Most humble and faithful  
subject,  
WILLIAM SALESBURY\*.

\* This eminent antiquary flourished at the close of the 16th century, and translated the New Testament into Welsh, in conjunction with Bishop Davies, which was printed in 1620. See CAMBRIAN BIOGRAPHY, 12mo. page 812.

*A Copy of a Letter relating to St. Asaph sent to the Author, transcribed as supposed from the Papers of Mr. Davies, of Llanmerch.*

SIR,

I can give you no better account of St. Asaph, than that it seems to have been very anciently an episcopal see, though very little is known now of its foundation.

The general tradition is, that one Kentigern, about 550, was succeeded by Asaph, from whom the church is now called. The traditions we have concerning these two seem to be no better grounded than upon the credit of John of Tinmouth, a monk of the 14th century, who (as also his transcribers, Capgrave, &c.) tells many wonders of them. The Life of Kentigern is in Bollandi Acta Sanctorum, in Jan. 13, p. 819; and probably the Life of St. Asaph, too, is in some other part of that voluminous work. Of Kentigern, see also Usher's Primordia, cap. 15, p. 681, of the quarto edition; Spotswood, p. 11; Nicholson's Library, vol. ii.; and Leland's Collectanea. The two aisles of the lower church are, at this day, distinguished by the names of

eglwys Asaph and eglwys Kyn-deyrn, which distinction is taken notice of by Percy Enderby, in folio. It should seem that the church took its name (as did also St. David's) not from its founder, but from that bishop who was most in esteem with the people; and might, perhaps, govern this see in the time of Austin, the monk (see Alexander Piedmont, p. 255). St. Asaph was dead before 601, when Austin came into these parts (if there was a second bishop of his name, it might be to raise the esteem of the former), and stood up bravely against him in defence of the British church, and probably his name was Hassa; for that seems to have been the right pronunciation of it, by the names of several places in the neighbourhood, which are called from him Ffynnon Hassa, Llan Hassa, and Opnen Hassa; which in some old seals of the bishops is spelt, as Mr. Wharton does observe, Assaven. As to the bounds of the diocese, its being intermixed in some parts with that of Bangor seems to shew that the bishoprick belonged anciently to the Lords Marchers and the Princes of Powys; whereas the diocese of Bangor was the territory of the Prince of North Wales.

There was an ancient register of this church lost in the Oliverian times, and is commonly called Coch Asaph. This book hath been read by Dr. John Davies of Mallwyd, who took some notes out of it, and these notes are what Mr. Wharton quotes under the name of Liber Ruter Assavensis. I suppose the ancientest things in this book are still preserved at Llannerch, among the papers of Mr. Davies, who has the original instrument under the episcopal seal of Bishop William Hughes, in these words: *Universis Christi fidelibus*, as hereafter. In this Llan Elwy is called *civitas*, which seems to be a very improper word, for the village does not give denomination to any township, the cathedral itself standing in that of Bryn y Polyn; whereas the villas afterwards mentioned are townships; and if they are to be understood as such, then the present division would seem settled in Wales sooner than in England (whereas it is generally supposed to have obtained in Alfred's time, according to Ingulf, p. 286, *History of Croyland*); but it is improbable it should be sooner here, notwithstanding that my Lord Coke talks otherwise (p. 168, upon Littleton, according to his skill in matters beyond his trade).

GULIELMUS ASAPHENSIS.

*From Mr. Edward Williams to the Publisher.*

*Flimston, near Cowbridge,  
April 23d, 1809.*

DEAR SIR,

My asthmatic complaint has been such that I have not been able to lie down in a bed for more than two years; this has greatly debilitated both my body and mind. I am not able to pursue my studies with my former perseverance. Habit is, however, a wonderful thing!—The human constitution, I find, is capable of accommodating itself to strange things; and, in some instances, things almost incredible. Thus, my being obliged to sit up in a chair all night, and continually, does not bear so hard upon me as at first it did; and I find myself better in health, in spirits, and in bodily strength, than I have been.

In your friendly letter of 13th January, you express a wish to know something of my plans; I suppose you mean my literary plans.

My *History of the Bards* is almost ready; and I might begin to print, if I had time and spirits sufficient to engage in it. It will make two quarto volumes.

I have

I have translated the Aberpergwm copy of Caradoc of Lancarvan, printed in the Welsh Archaiology; and have prepared some notes for it: it will make a good octavo volume, price about 12s.

I have also translated *Brut I Saison*, i. e. *History of the Saxons*, from a copy in the British Museum; a very old MS. printed also in the Welsh Archaiology. It will make, with the notes, a nine or ten shilling volume, octavo.

I am translating *Bonedd Saint Ynys Prydain*, i. e. *The History of the Ancient British Saints*, with notes, and with it the book of TWROG, of which I found a copy in an odd corner of Wales, in 1803. It would have been in the hands of Owen Jones, and consequently in the Archaiology, had not his conduct towards me excited suspicions that I found to be very just. This will make a large octavo volume, including notes.

I have some other translations finished, others in hand, but I shall never be able to print them on any plan that will enable me to superintend the press myself, with retaining, at least, half the copyright in my own possession;

and, otherwise, they never shall be printed: my son, I hope, will live to print them; but I hope he will never trust to any *patronage*, to any *Owain Myfir*, to any fit to be named with him.

I wrote the short View of the Ancient Welsh MSS., prefixed to the first volume of Archaiology; wherein I have advanced some arguments in vindication of the authenticity of the Welsh MSS. I have since enlarged it into a volume, wherein (I trust) I have fully refuted the cavils of the Pinkertonians.

Besides the above I have nearly completed my Analytical Dissertation on the Welsh Language.

My Grammar on the Silurian Dialect ancient and modern. The ancient literary dialect is purely Silurian.

My Grammar of the Modern Literary Dialect, as distinct from, and not confounded with, the Ancient.

My son is entering deeply into these studies, and will, *to my sorrow*, become an *author*; will, most probably, like myself, "FALL ON EVIL DAYS AND EVIL TONGUES."

I have

I have made numerous improvements in my English Poems, preparing them for a second edition, which I shall never see printed; to which I have added many additional pieces, equal, I trust, to any that have been printed, some possibly superior.

I have written a good deal of the *History of my Life*. Can you furnish me, for it, any anecdote of *Owain Myfir*? There are a few in London that can; I have received two or three good ones.

A great part of my spare time for the last eighteen months has been employed in arranging my Welsh Poetry, which I prefer to all other literary attempts.

I hope to be in London some time in the course of the summer, and shall be glad if I can find, in or near the *Strand*, a place where I may be accommodated with a little room, (a decent garret will do,) wherein I may write by day and sit up at night, for a month or two: a bed will not be wanted,—I cannot make any use of it.

Your letter of January last requires answers to other things in it, but I have wasted all the room that this sheet allows me. I will write again to you, sir, in

a month or so; possibly sooner. Be pleased to favour me with a line, but it must be to please me, such a long line, as, being divided into parts, will fill up a *whole sheet*!!! Yes, sir, and let some of the fragments of your *long line* inform me how Mr. D. Williams is?—where Mr. W. Owen?—what he is about?—whether he still holds fast to the faith of Johanna Southcott, or not?

I am, Sir, yours,

EDWARD WILLIAMS.

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Mr. Edward Williams to the Publisher.

Flimston, near Cowbridge, Glamorgan.

Jan. 16th, 1810.

DEAR SIR,

I know not whether it may be worth your while to print a new edition of the late Reverend John Walters's Welsh and English Dictionary, in quarto, or not; but if you think it as what may be called a *Stock Book*, it is my firm opinion that it would, in time, turn to no bad account. Many consider the work as being very prolix. It is APPARENTLY so, indeed, to those who know but little of the Welsh language; but the idiomatic renderings of Mr. Walters afford a rich fund of those beautiful and energetic modes of expression

pression that constitute (as I may express myself) the most brilliant JEWELS of the WELSH LANGUAGE. Mr. Walters was master of the idiom and figurative phraseology of the language beyond any one that has appeared for three or four hundred years, at least beyond any one of this age, and, I greatly fear, beyond any one that will soon appear in the world. Yet I am willing to allow that an able *idiomist* (if I may use the term) might expunge some prolixities without any injury to the work; but the danger would be very great that too much would be lopt off. To be master of the Welsh language, it is not enough to have the memory charged with all its vocables and radical import; many be possessed of this knowledge who are not able to put ten words of it together with any degree of elegance, or even grammatical propriety. I know but very few that I would confide in on such an occasion; not one of your *be-cockneyed Welsh scribblers*; a man who has, for nearly the whole of forty or fifty years, studied the language in (not out of) Wales, might be found capable, but no other. I have conceived a good opinion of the Rev. Mr. Peter Roberts; but would he undertake such a work? I know one or two in

N. Wales, as many in S. Wales, but they will not engage in any such labour. Mr. Walters died June 1, 1797, so that the copy-right term of fourteen years will soon expire. I know not whether this is of any consequence, or whether such a thing can exist as copy-right in a dictionary, for the words of a language must be a common property of every man who may understand their meanings.

I have written a great part of the History of my Life. I endeavour to make it the vehicle of such remarks as I may be able to make on Welsh Literature, ancient and modern; on the Welsh Language, and its several Dialects; on Welsh History, Manners, Habits of Living, Various Popular Antiquities, &c. &c. I endeavour, as much as possible, to avoid frivolous egotism,—a thing rather difficult for one to accomplish handsomely, who writes his own history. I have sometimes thought of writing it, like Julius Cæsar, in the *third person*: this will cost me no great trouble in preparing press-copy. My great object in this work is to illustrate the Literature, History, and Manners of the Welsh Nation: these are the topics that will render it interesting, and not the mere incidents of the life

life of such an obscure and insignificant person as I am. I should be glad to submit my copy, or some parts of it, to the opinions of some of my London literary friends; amongst the first of whom I must name Mr. David Williams\*. I was sorry to hear in your last that he was in a bad state of health; I hope he is now much better; and I shall thank you for a line or two as soon as convenient, to inform how he is: do me the favour, sir, of presenting my warmest respects to him; my most respectful compliments also to Mrs. Williams and your family; I hope all are well. I long to have another peep at London, to visit a few old friends there, and some of its scenes that would afford me pleasure; but it is very uncertain whether my bad state of health and decays of age will ever permit me to see it again. Six years hence I shall be *three-score years and ten*, the full age of man, and it is not probable that my bad constitution will hold out so long, notwithstanding my unconquerable temperance, which has always most miraculously propped me up. The History of my Life with respect to this particular will be but little; if any thing, less re-

markable than that of old CONNARO THE VENETIAN. Should you happen to see Mr. D. Williams, be pleased to tell him that I have a long letter in readiness for him, and should have sent it some months ago, but I thought it unseasonable, as he was so greatly indisposed, as I have been informed by your letter: I hope he is now recovered, for much better reasons than that of affording me an opportunity of intruding upon him with my letter. Mr. Owen is (or lately was), as you inform me, in London, at his *old trade of basket-making*, manufacturing a basket possibly for hawking about the *curious wares of Johanna Southcott*. I thought Mr. Owen, at one time, a bit of a philosopher. I also thought *Owen Myfir* to be an honest man: how have I been mistaken in such opinions! I have seen strange things in this world, much as I have secluded myself from its odd inhabitants: but, as an old worthy friend of my early youth would often say, "*There is nothing strange to a man of sixty.*" My health has been worse than usual for some months, and I have not been able to do much this winter, either at my trade or at my stu-

\* The celebrated David Williams, Founder of the Literary Fund; who was a native of Glamorganshire, and died at the Society's house in London, June 29th, 1816; in the 78th year of his age.

dies; during the rainy weather gasping for breath, more than usually afflicted with my asthmatical complaint: the frost brought on my rheumatic pains more severely than I have for some years felt them, and they still continue, though the frost is over; the return of rain aggravates my asthma: I am involved in difficulties out of which I know not how to extricate myself.

I have had long in hand, and at last have finished it, a little treatise on the Versification of Welsh Poetry, from the earliest ages of which we have any remains to the present day; and I will venture to affirm that I have clearly, by a regular analysis, discovered the principles on which the versification of different ages have been formed. We find some metres of a structure so peculiar, that it may fairly be inferred that they are originally British; others are, beyond a doubt, derived, even exactly copied, from the Roman poetry. Something has been borrowed from the poetry of the Anglo-Saxons, whose versification I have analysed, and have thence ascertained its principles, which, I believe, have not hitherto been done by any. The *Scaldic* and *Scandinavian* principles of versification were

introduced by Gruffudd ap Cynan, from Ireland, about the year 1100; this is clear, beyond the possibility of a doubt, to every one who may be at the pains of acquainting himself with the *Scaldic* and *middle-age Welsh* rules of verse. This Essay has been, to me, a work of more labour than has been ever taken before by any one on the subject; and there is not, at present, in all Wales, a man capable of forming an opinion on this matter. I will endeavour in the course of the ensuing spring to divest my Essay of a needless prolixity, and will then propose it for the Cambrian Register, reserving a right to make use of it in my History of the Bards, the first volume of which might be put almost immediately in the press, would I bestow on it the time necessary for preparing press-copy. My boy has acquired a considerable proficiency in his trade of a *marble* and *free-stone mason*, or *stone-cutter*, as in this country we term it; but I am not able to put under his hands a little trade-stock of stone, which I greatly wish to do, were it possible. He might, as a journeyman, do well enough in London, or anywhere else; but his constitution is not strong enough to brave the air of a great city; besides, I wish to prevent his becoming infected with the



the *cacoethes scribendi*, of which the danger is not great in this country, for he is fond of poetry, has written many pieces both in Welsh and English that have been well-spoken of by good judges, and, in each of these languages, he is, I really believe, the best poet in this county, at least; possibly the best in Wales. I have seldom met with thoughts more truly new and original than his very frequently are. Could I establish him in his trade at home, he would be, in a great measure, out of the way of literary poverty; perhaps you may say that it is singular enough, and seemingly contradictory, that I should apply to the Literary Fund for the means of discouraging literary pursuits in my boy; but it is so, and yet nothing adds more to my happiness than to see him possessed and fond of literary knowledge and abilities; I may add, of a poetical genius. You know, sir, that we poets (or would-be poets, as you may term us) have the vanity to suppose, with Aristotle, that a poetical is superior to every other kind of genius, believing that the *frigid zone of philosophy* seldom produces fruits of such poignant flavour, or (to use the phrase of Sir William Temple) of such a *delicious race*, as the

*torrid zone of poetry*. Let this be called vanity, if you please, unless you like the term madness better. I shall leave you in full enjoyment of your own ideas, and even admit the correcting of them. I wish to plant my boy in a genial soil, within the temperate *zone of common sense*, neither in *philosophy's Lapland* or *poetry's Negroland of slaves*, whose inhabitants are infinitely the more enslaved from their being of an opinion, that of all other beings they are the most free; but I must hold my tongue, or you will believe that you hear the language of (*said Negroland*), as lawyers and accountants would curiously phrase it. If we can prevail on Henry Walters to send you the books, I will pack up with them another long oration in the *Torrid-Zonian dialect*, and with it a letter to Mr. D. Williams, as a bone for his 40th-degree-of-latitude philosophy to pick. Hence you see in which of the three zones I have placed him, where I hope he will grow on for many years yet to come, without feeling a blight on any of his leaves. I hope that the sirocco that lately afflicted him is blown over. Will you, sir, be pleased to write as short a letter as you please to me pretty soon? still, I shall like it better if it may be

be as long as I please. Most of my literary labours are passed over this dreary desert, wherein I feel myself planted, and for ever beyond the reach of epistolary correspondence. Of this I enjoy but little now. Tell Mr. D. Williams, that, if health and spirits will enable him, I should esteem it a very great favour if he would oblige me with his opinion of *self-biography* after he has seen this letter. I know and feel it a very delicate, and very difficult thing to manage with neatness and propriety. To be, and at the same time appear not to be, the hero of my own story, is a thing of difficult management. He may possibly be pleased to favour me with a few short lessons. I have twenty good reasons, said somebody, for not buying the horse now, the first of which is, I HAVE NO MONEY; and I had twenty good reasons for concluding my letter sooner, the last of which is, and I allow its force, I HAVE NO MORE PAPER.

I am, Sir,

Your most whimsically

Humble servant,

EDWARD WILLIAMS.

*A Letter from Theophilus Jones, Esq., of Brecon, Author of the History of Brecknockshire, to the Publisher.*

Brecon, January 10, 1797.

DEAR SIR,

I embrace the first moment the wheel will permit me to thank you for a few hours agreeable amusement, received in the perusal of your Register. The book has much merit, and will, I think, *claim* and deserve the public attention; and, as you desire my free thoughts upon it, you shall have them freely and candidly. It has its faults, and I will point out to you what appear to me to be such; not for the purpose of displaying my learning, or indulging an ill-natured, but too prevalent, propensity to disparage the labours of others; but merely to point out inaccuracies which may be corrected, and some trifling errors or instances of neglect, which, by a very little attention, may be avoided, either in a future edition or volume. You know I wish well to the work, and I am sure you will require no further apology.

You have published a very sensible letter of Mr. Lewis Morris's, about Geoffrey of Monmouth, and his giants; and yet I am afraid, that, under the title

title of History, you are publishing Geoffrey and not Tyssilio's history; or, at all events, you have translated Cawr, a giant, which is by no means the *sole* or exclusive meaning of the word. You remember in my MS. review, for my own amusement, of Mr. Williams's History of Monmouthshire, I observed that Choir Gawr (Stone Henge) does not probably mean chorea gigantum, but chorea regum, principum, sacerdotum, legislatorum, or probably of all those characters united. Cawr had much the same meaning, or might, at least, be as equivocally applied, as a great man in English, a term which applies equally to size and abilities. How the deuce came Penteulu to be translated patron of the family; a term neither intelligible, nor warranted by the original? The office meant in the original was well known in all, or at least most, monarchical courts, and has existed ever since, though the duties of it may differ in different countries; and I think you anticipate what I can hardly call information, when I say that the master of the household is meant. Gostegur might as well have been translated by Crier as Silentiary, as the former is now much more easily understood.

As I have pointed out to you

all the faults which now occur to me (and believe me I am not as trite to pick out more), let me notice the beauties. The observations upon the language, the origin of the Cymri, has much learning, much sound sense, great ingenuity, bordering now and then upon our favourite topic, etymology; (*Pail up, and ease us!*) and will, if continued and conducted in the same manner, not disgrace any publication, in however high estimation among the learned, few of whom but may condescend to pick up *instruction* as well as amusement from it. Sir Rhys ap Thomas's Life is a precious morceau. As a piece of modern biography, indeed, it would be considered as tedious; but, as a specimen of the style of the age in which it was written, containing many particulars which cannot be generally known, it is a valuable curiosity. Pray do not omit to continue the Mabinogion; you must endeavour to please all palates, and these have the double chance of amusing the antiquarian and the novelist, or, at least, the romance-reader: there are indeed some Welshisms that I could wish were dropped, as "Of all the hounds in *the world* he had ever seen:" Of all that he had ever *seen* in *conversing* with her, she was most unembarrassed. Perhaps it is  
presumption

presumption in me to say I could better this style, but I cannot help saying I should have been glad to have seen it before it was published, to have suggested my opinion upon it, whatever attention had been paid to it. I am pleased to see a translation of Hywel's Laws, though there is one in Latin, but the book is so scarce that they are little known. Pray continue them, except those as to fornication or adultery, which I am certain neither Mr. Owen's nor your modesty will permit you to read, much less to clothe in an English dress. Your two first statists are men of sense, and valuable correspondents. The parson of Llanrhug has sent you, I really believe, a literal copy of his answer to the bishop's queries at the last visitation:—"In my parish" is so extremely like that style, that, accustomed to it as I have been, I could hardly help turning the leaf to see whether I had marked upon it the payment of his visitation fees.—More of Lewis Morris's letters\*, and more of every thing that belongs to him, *pour l'amour du bon Dieu*. This part of your work is worth its weight in gold. I did not think

Evan Prydydd Hîr the poet he was. I knew him well, but I suppose the *Cwrw* had expelled the *Awen*, before I became acquainted with him.

Your vignette is elegantly executed, and will not attract the eyes of a street-lounger as he passes by the shop—O'ch! to be sure—No, it will not; and you had no idea of its attracting attention.

God bless you! and be as merry and as happy as a warm room, a piece of roast beef, mince pies or good port, an amiable wife, a prattling little one, and a good conscience, will give you leave. Make my compliments to that same rib of yours, and to Owen, when you see him, and believe me to be,

Dear Williams,

Yours, &c.

THEOPHILUS JONES.

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*A Letter from Mr. Edward Williams to the Publisher.*

*Flimston, near Cowbridge,  
March 31st, 1811.*

DEAR SIR,

I am glad to hear that you intend to publish, quarterly, a

\* Lewis Morris's Letters are delightful, I hope there is no end to them; Gronwy Owen does not write as well as from his adversary I should have expected. The history of Pembrokeshire has much curious and genuine information, but upon the whole hangs heavy—I trust in God the tale from Mabinogion can be completed; if it cannot, you have only tantalized us.

*Cambrian Magazine*—This, in judicious hands, may be rendered interesting, not only to the inhabitants of Wales, but also to English readers in general; but, to answer this purpose, it will be necessary that the writer or rather writers should be possessed of eyes that can see nature, that can discriminate truth from error; that they should give matter of fact, rather than of hobby-horsical imagination. Our Welsh poneys are in some degree known to the public; but the Welsh hobby-horses, on which nearly all Welsh writers trot about, are not, as such, sufficiently known. They are very untoward creatures, like their harlequin-dressed jockeys, with whom they gallop away into the most entangled wildernesses. *Pinkerton* and his *imps* have justly enough *flagellated* those *shallow* fellows. I do not intend by what I thus say to grant him what he wishes from the conduct of such scribblers to prove; far from it; our Welsh Antiquarians, or those that would be so, are somewhat numerous; such as the *Rowlands*, the *Yorks*, and the *Warringtons*; but good labourers in this line are very scarce; such that are really and truly capable of giving such accounts of the natural peculiarities of our country, of the man-

ners and habits of its present race of old Britons, of our antiquities, Druidical, Roman, Norman, &c.—The false ideas entertained of our ancient literature have never by native writers been corrected;—but they have long been heaping error upon error, blunder upon blunder, till an enormous pile has at length been raised. A very sensible old gentleman, with whom I was very intimately acquainted for the last forty years of his continuance in this world, called such self-conceited scribblers *Smatter-dashers*; who, with a very slight smattering of what they never could understand, dashed away through thick and thin at an uncommon rate; and *Smatter-dasher*, *Edward Davies* has recently performed wonders upon wonders in this dashing line. His smattering knowledge of our language, our literary and Bardic antiquities, &c., has instigated him to publish what sooner or later will render him truly *ridiculous*. Other bold *smatter-dashers* might be named, who think themselves great as Bardic antiquaries; but I shall pass over them in silence, and leave some truths in the hands of Old Father Time, who will sooner or later hold them up to public view. It is a theme to us all, Cambrian scribblers, that a  
mere

mere English gentleman, who with a most wonderful rapidity acquired the knowledge of our language, Mr. Sharon Turner, is the best writer that has ever appeared on our literary antiquities.

Mr. Coxe, the celebrated traveller, in his *Vindication of the Celts*, has written very injudiciously; I wish that he understood the language. The Rev. *Peter Roberts*, amongst our own countrymen, has written with great judgment and effect, and is a most able Welsh critic. I wish I was able to name another. The public of Wales have their eyes at present fixed with idiotic stare on two or three grand *smatter-dashers*. We have had a swarm of Welsh tourists of late years, ambling on their hobbies in old beaten tracks: these are also *smatter-dashers*; their purblind eyes discern nothing of nature: something that is unnatural they now and then see through a hugely magnifying medium; they see a few instances of *singularity*, *oddity*, and *eccentricity*, in a few individuals; these things they set down for national manners!!!—Poor devils!!!

I will attempt something for your *Cambrian Magazine*; I am, however, afraid to make

promises, lest I should not be able to fulfil them, for I am so constantly obliged to attend to such means as I have of getting my scanty livelihood, that I am not able to follow my literary pursuits; for which reason every thing remains with me in an unfinished state: I will, however, *attempt something*.

I thank you, for your offers as a bookseller, of encouragement; one passage in your letter is as follows:—"Suppose a small annuity were offered you; what would satisfy your wishes? and in what way would it be agreeable to you to receive it?"—I know not well how to answer you, for I do not clearly understand what is meant or intended; my abstemious habits of living require but little, but that little cannot be procured but at a great price; the rapidly raising trade, commerce, and manufactures, especially in collieries, iron, copper, brass, and tin works, with considerable woollen manufactures, potteries, &c., have occasioned such an advance in the prices of all the necessaries of life in this country, that living is, in most things, more expensive here than in London; in every thing, I believe, but house rent and firing; which, though greatly advanced, are still less expensive

sive than in London; but of every thing else this cannot now be said; bread, and many other essential necessities, are much dearer. The finest wheat is in London no more than twelve shillings, or twelve shillings and sixpence, per bushel; here it is more than sixteen shillings; so almost every other article of life; all shop-goods, all articles of clothing, &c., one third dearer than in London. Myself and family have been obliged to relinquish animal food for more than ten years; bread, cheese, butter, tea, and the vegetables of our garden, furnish our tables; we have nothing in our cellar but old father Adam's wine; and yet we cannot furnish these simple articles at their present high prices for a guinea per week; hence it will appear that an annuity that would enable me to pursue my studies effectually, and disengaged from every thing but the little exercise that health would require, could not be less than from £60 to £70 per annum. But, as I do not well understand what is meant, I shall only say, that an annuity that would be unconditional, should such be the intention and the boon of pure liberality, however little, would be accepted with grateful thanks, and would be received by me in the way most

agreeable to my benefactors; but an annuity on given conditions must be otherwise estimated; the nature and practicability of such conditions and expenses attending them must be considered. I have nothing further to say until I am more fully informed. If you will have the goodness to explain these things a little more to me, I shall thank you. Let me add this to what I have said: there are persons in the world from whom, after what I have experienced, I could not accept of any thing whatever; but such cannot otherwise than miraculously be those, who, through your interference, have hinted any such thing as an annuity to me.

Correct accounts of our ancient literature, with good, not hobbi-horsical, translations of well chosen extracts, would be proper enough for your Magazine. Some notice may also be taken of our modern literature, which is at present comparatively in a flourishing state. The last fifty years have added more than a thousand to the number of books in our language. Hints to Welsh writers would possibly be of some use, especially to those who have done all in their power to reduce our very copious, very energetic, fine, euphonical,

euphonical, anciently and highly cultivated language, into a state of cacophonous barbarism, beyond what has hitherto been known in any language whatever.

I have lately read, and a hard labour it was, though but a very little book, a publication of TWM OR NANT. He professes to imitate BARDŷ CWSŷ, to travel in the same track with that charming writer; but at what an immense distance does poor TWM follow him? losing ground in every hobbling stop. This book of his is entitled GREGLAIS O GROGLOFFT; which may not improperly be Englished "The SKRIEKS of a man hanged on the *Newgate Drop*," and would be more rational and nearer to the truth than the sense which he has endeavoured to put upon it. TWM OR NANT has been called the *Shakespeare* of Wales. What blasphemy, to name him with the *Shakespeare* of England! You have most probably seen a foolish crambo sometimes put into the hands of little children beginning to read—" *This is the House that Jack built*."—It is much fairer to compare this to the writings of Shakespeare than any thing that was ever written by TWM OR NANT, whose interludes consist of nothing but the lowest, and frequently the

most indecent, buffoonery that can be imagined. I have stuffed my paper as tight as a *Kentish hop-sack*.

I am, Dear Sir,

Truly yours,

EDWARD WILLIAMS.

Mr. E. Williams,

Bookseller,

Strand, London.

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The Rev. Edward Davies to the  
Publisher.

Sodbury, Gloucestershire,  
February 1st, 1797.

DEAR SIR,

GRATITUDE will no longer permit me to defer my warmest acknowledgment of your kind and most welcome present, which I received about a week ago. With the eagerness of a British virtuoso, I have hastily run over every article in the *Cambrian Register*, felicitating my countrymen on the retrieval of their ancient splendour, and thanking the patriotic Editor, who, with such manly zeal, stands forward in their cause.

You demand my opinion of this elegant and important volume. I am, as yet, prepared only to express my feelings; and indeed I must candidly own, that, after the



most diligent perusal, I shall hardly deem myself qualified to pronounce an opinion on a work abounding with such a variety of learning. You will, therefore, excuse what I have now to say, should you find the sentences flow less from the head than from the heart.

When Mr. Theophilus Jones shewed me a prospectus of the work, last summer, I recollected that our LLWYD'S and our MORRIS'S were no more. The wishes I conceived for its success faintly rose from what an old bard most pathetically calls "*Oer galon dan vron o vraw.*" The impression of despondency, however, was gradually defaced, as I proceeded in the *Cambrian Register*. In your authors and compilers I seem to perceive a capacity equal to the task.

On the old pieces, which are selected with discernment and taste, I would only observe, that I had been taught to believe there existed copies or transcripts of copies of Brut y Brenhinoedd, of a date prior to the age of Geoffrey and Walter, and uncontaminated by their flourishes and interpolations. I could have wished some such copy had been presented to the public, instead of the transla-

tion of Geoffrey, though I consider that as a fine specimen of the old *Gwenhwysog*.

The original essays, together with extensive learning and competent abilities, display an intimate knowledge of the subjects which they profess to elucidate. Taking them altogether, I think they must prove advantageous to the general cause of literature, and highly gratifying to that spirit of universal inquiry, by which the present age is distinguished. The topographical and statistical papers are very respectable; particularly that from Llanymyneich is an admirable communication, and highly valuable in a variety of views. I think you would do well to nurse the author of it, and authorize him to extend his province over the Salopian plains, and trace the footsteps of our princes and heroes over the celebrated Can-tress of Powisland. I do not mean that the formal account of any parish should be given beyond the present limits of Wales; but the occasional excursions of a man of genius and information would not fail to throw considerable light on the works of some of our most respectable bards, whose scenes of history are confined to that part of the island.

In

In the historical essay, with which the volume opens, I see a vigorous fancy sallying forth over the regions of obscurity, supported by sound judgment and extensive erudition. The author goes hand in hand with some of the first scholars of Europe, as far as they venture; but where they stop short, or creep with a timid step, he boldly penetrates the shade, and forces his way over the trackless waste. I fear the present race of criticks will not readily acknowledge all the venerable truths contained in his research. The antiquarian department, in our reviews, is, I believe, still occupied by the Pinkertonian school; and where we have more to apprehend from the *dolus* than the *virtus* of our adversaries—when men are more disposed to cavil and censure than to judge and determine—the closest circumspection, the most clear deduction, and the constant support of authorities, are highly requisite.

I will give you an instance or two of the petulance you may expect from criticism, and you will not judge the resemblance to be less striking if the remarks should be found to have originated in my own ignorance. In the first place, then, I cannot conceive how some of the

words adduced in the analogical series, under *Bal*, can be considered as relevant in the cause they are designed to establish. In near one-third of the number the idea of *projection* seems to be totally lost. Again, I presume not to deny the existence of Prydain, the son of Aedd Mawr, and some other worthies, who are said to have communicated their names to countries and districts. I am aware there are facts to prove that this was sometimes the case among the Britons; but, where the name itself is more descriptive of a situation than a person, may we not, with deference to our ancient documents, suppose that it originally belonged to the place, and that the prince or hero obtained his historical designation from his patrimony, or the country in which he signalized himself? and may not the compilers of our Triades and Genealogies have committed an error in judgment, in this particular, without forfeiting the character of true historians? Were the chain of the Roman history lost, a research into antiquity might innocently assert, that Africanus, Britannicus, and Germanicus, communicated their names to countries which had hitherto been called Lybia, Albion, or what you please. After all, the old tradition upon

which

which this early notice in the Triades was founded might imply no more than that the Britons were descended from the *Ædúi* (*Aeddwy's*), concerning which flourishing and powerful nation Cæsar—docebat—*Ut, omni tempore, totius Gallie principatum Ædúi tenuissent, prius etiam quam nostram* (Romanorum) amicitiam adpetissent. Bell. Gal. i. 43.

If this idea is just, it must follow that both Prydain and Aedd Mawr were allegorical persons. And the same may be said of several worthies, mentioned in *Brut y Brenhinoedd*. The three sons of Brutus, for instance, taken in the order of seniority, may imply nothing more (in British mythology,) than that Loegria was first peopled; next Cambria, and then Albania. Yet I cannot conceive that the name of Master Locrinus is of very remote antiquity. The name of Lloegyr, in our old writers, seems to be confined to the Roman province of *Flavia*. When they have occasion to mention any part of Britannia Prima, they say *Ceint, Dyvir-dint*, or *Edrnyw*, &c.; and their general term for Maxima, or the province from Humber to the wall, was Prydin. Some of our antiquarians extend Prydin to Alban; but, I think, im-

properly. Nay more, if I am not much mistaken, the word Lloegyr was formed from the British pronunciation of *Flavia*, (*Llawè*, or *Llœ*;) and *gŷr*, the old plural of *gôr*, a limit—Llœgyr, q. d. *Flavia confines*; and Lloegrwys, by adding *wŷs*; contracted from *gwdis* the plural of *gwas* q. d. *Flaviani*. Our historical notices, in my opinion, are founded in truth, but strangely distorted by the writers of the middle ages, probably for want of rightly apprehending the figurative language of the bards, from whom they drew their resources. These are trifles, but I see they are filling the sheet, to the exclusion of many things I intended to say.

When you have read thus far, you will probably feel little anxiety for an answer to the remaining part of your letter. Mr. Jones undoubtedly spoke of me as he thought; but the friendly intercourse that has subsisted between us, almost from boys, may have induced him to think too favourably. I will, however, justify his opinion and your expectation as far as it can be done by zeal and diligence and, as far as my little abilities, clogged and cramped as they are by *res augustæ domi*, and by the duties of

a little vexatious school, will permit. Use me as you please, if you can by any means make me useful. I will immediately set about preparing something for you, and, to prevent disappointment, request the favour of a line, intimating by what time you must have any article intended for your second vo-

lume. In the mean time, I remain with sincere esteem, and best wishes for that extensive patronage which you deserve from the public,

DEAR SIR,

Your obliged  
and most humble servant,  
EDWARD DAVIES.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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**CAMBRIA DEPICTA; being**  
*a Tour through North Wales,—*  
*illustrated with 72 picturesque*  
*Views of that romantic Country.*  
*Royal 4to.—Williams, 1816.*

**W**EAKE comparatively as the effect upon the mind must be, which is produced by any verbal description of the scenery of a romantic country, books of voyages and travels were generally read with avidity, even when not illustrated by the aid of the pencil and the engraver. But so sensibly is the want of their aid always felt, so much does the imagination fail in the attempt to picture to itself objects of which the eye has seen no resemblance, or none to which the imagination can refer as a subject of comparison, that even rude outlines or sketches, where no better could be had, have proved of considerable value. They afford, though not perhaps correct ideas, something on which the apprehension may seize as the means of

attaining a more just conception of that which is described,—a something by which it forms a probable mental image of the original; and the more so as that original, in its appearance, presents regularity of outline and simplicity of composition, or similarity to objects with which we are familiar.

From the verbal description of a fortress, a temple, or a piece of sculpture, we can derive a degree of information, because the general forms of their component parts are unknown to few. In like manner we have some knowledge of the effects of light and shade, of the beauty of a rich valley, and the majesty of lofty mountains that rise above the regions of the clouds; but, unless the landscape be seen, or such a representation as lays its peculiar character before the eye, the impression made by mere description on the mind is at best indistinct, and feebly felt:  
it

it rather disappoints than gratifies. It creates a desire to see what has excited the various sensations of pleasure or terror, of which we read with interest: we wish to participate in the same emotions, but are not satisfied with an indistinct perception, that conjecture alone cannot remedy. Hence it is that the art, which is the parent of that which communicates the thoughts, has been of late so much employed and so ably exerted for the illustration of the writings of those who have travelled in search of knowledge, whether of foreign countries or our own; and thus a larger portion of not only the knowledge, but much of the interest and pleasure, of the traveller, is communicated to the reader of his narrative. The scenes which he has viewed present themselves, if not in their real extent and full effect, still in their proper character and semblance; and the imagination, proportionally magnifying the miniature, acquires a just and lively idea of the archetype, which it can with pleasure dwell upon.

Nor is the pleasure less when such representations assist us to retrace the scenes we have ourselves visited; when they enable us to point out to others the peculiar features of local in-

terest, to mark the spot endeared to memory, or distinguished by accident; to dwell on the several concurrent circumstances, or combined beauties or horrors, that raised admiration, or alarmed the apprehension; to compare the vestiges of antiquity with modern improvement; and renovate and impart the sensations of the past with double gratification.

For these purposes the book before us presents superior advantages to any other we have met with on the same subject, both in the selection of views, and the number of highly finished engravings, and the excellence of the colouring. Of these the volume contains seventy-one; and for the correctness of the views we can, from our own knowledge of many of them, answer for their merit, and have every reason to believe the same of the rest. Amongst these the views of Pont y Cammau, a mill near Caer Hŷn, the rock called the Bishop's Throne, Nant y Bela Egarth rocks, and others, exhibit bold traits of the romantic scenery; whilst those of Cadnant, the Vale of Mold, Bryn Bella, represent some of the milder beauties of landscape which adorn the country; portraits also, of some singular characters

characters, are added; and the whole is engraved and coloured in a manner that does much credit to the artists.

can recommend to our readers, without any serious apprehension that they will feel themselves disappointed.

Of the selection of views, the author in the Preface, says, "I have abandoned the common practice of giving portraits of towns, castles, &c., which have been so often repeated, that they now fill every portfolio." He adds, "the picturesque embellishments of this volume, are all (as far as I know) new to the public, except that of St. Winifred's well, and that of the monument at Maes Garmon. We believe they are so, and they are therefore the more valuable.

We do not, however, confine our estimate of the merits of Mr. Pugh to his skill in delineation. As a writer of a tour, he is one of the most pleasing we have met with. The style of his narrative is good, his observation just and he treats his subject with an interest which a lively attachment to it naturally inspires. If he had not the advantages of the learning and powers of research of a Penant, he had genius, and taste and humour, of no ordinary description, which enabled him to produce a very entertaining composition, which as such we

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*Poems by Richard Llwyd, Author of Beaumares Bay, Gayton Wake, &c.—Chester, 1804. 12mo.*

IN the writings of self-taught genius, it is more natural to look for original thoughts, and simplicity of expression, than in those of men, who, with the advantages of regular education, are not unlikely to attach themselves to certain modes of contemplation, and particular views of nature and of science, as well as to certain established rules of composition. We are, however, apt also to conceive, that these rules are so essential, that little worthy of notice can be done without them; and, limiting the restriction to the few general rules necessary to give unity and regularity to a composition, we conceive justly. Beyond these it is not necessary, nor would it, perhaps, be beneficial to insist upon them; and these, the just perception that always accompanies real genius is sufficient to suggest and enforce. In the Poems before us there is considerable merit and interest, and more especially to the

the inhabitants of the principality, as many circumstances of its history are given in a lively and pleasing manner in the notes to several of the poems; and, from the specimens which Mr. Llwyd has given of translations from the Welsh, we are induced to wish he should find it agreeable to his own mind to turn his attention more particularly to the works of the ancient bards of his country, which his knowledge of the language and history would, we are persuaded, enable him to exhibit with advantage in an English dress. We do not mean by this that Mr. L. is not possessed of merits of his own. The general character of his own poems is, that they are the effusions of a good and upright mind, independent in itself, and warm in its feelings of esteem or of friendship. The tales are told with simplicity, and enlivened by pointed remark and humorous description. The Odes, and particularly that to temperance, and the one entitled the Bard of Snowdon to his Countrymen, are spirited compositions. Upon a general view, therefore, of these poems, we are pleased that we can recommend them to the notice of our readers; and we hope that the author will find in the attention of the public, and more

especially that of his countrymen, that encouragement which he seems to us to deserve.

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*Animadversions on the Critique of a Writer in the Edinburgh Review, upon Mr. Turner's Vindication of ancient British Poems, 8vo.*—Printed for E. Williams, Strand, London, 1803.

It has generally been assumed as a maxim, to which experience, or a respect for superior attainment, had given a kind of prescriptive authority, that literary pursuits had the salutary influence over the mind of softening its asperities, and tempering its exertions; of giving a liberal, if not a delicate, turn to the thought; and which, whatever be the subject, will naturally be attended by a congenial mode of expression. If then we look for these effects in men of literature in general, much more do we expect to find them in those who take upon themselves to be the arbiters of literary merit; because that, if candour and impartiality do not mark the decision, it can never be a safe one to abide by. It is not easy to avoid such reflections as these in perusing some parts of a review, which has, not long ago, begun its career



reer at Edinburgh; and I have been now immediately led to them by the perusal of a critique, in the review for April, 1804, upon Mr. Turner's Vindication of some ancient Welsh Poems, as the writer of this critique has indulged himself in a mode of censure from which periodical publications of this kind have, in general, been respectfully free. Such indeed appears to be the animosity of the writer against the very subject, and such is the manner in which it is displayed, that were it not for the sake of others, who may construe silence into concession of the point in question, it would be a very superfluous occupation in any one to bestow a line upon it.

The temper of the writer discovers itself immediately by a reflection that is equally illiberal and unjust towards a whole nation, which is thus expressed: "The predilection of the Welsh  
" for the antiquities of their native country, and the jealous  
" eye with which they still regard the interference of a  
" Saxon in this sacred subject, are so notorious, that we are  
" strongly inclined to indulge a  
" suspicious smile at their allowing Mr. Turner to anticipate themselves in vindicating the genuineness of

" their most ancient and favourite bards."

That the Welsh have a predilection for the antiquities of their country, is true: it is the result of one of the best feelings of the human heart, the love of their country itself; and I trust they will ever retain it. But the author certainly mistakes their character when he applies to it an illiberal exclusive jealousy as to the natives of every other: nor is he less mistaken as to their sentiments of Mr. Turner's Vindication. It is not true that they have been *jealous as to an interference*, as this writer terms it, with their antiquities: on the contrary, Caius, Usher, Wolton, Langhorne, and the author of the Vindication, as well as many others, have written upon them, without exciting any murmurs against them; and that the libraries of Wales were open to those who wished to consult them has in general been experienced, and particularly by Usher and Wotton, who have profited amply by them. That the Welsh have been warm defenders of their national history is granted; and it would be strange, if, believing their general purport founded in fact, as they did, they were not so; and, where Usher and Langhorne

horne could agree with Price and Lhwyd, it will at least be allowed that it was supported on no trivial grounds. As to Mr. Turner's Vindication of the Welsh Poems, an unprejudiced mind will naturally consider it as a considerable testimony in favour of their being genuine; and had any Saxon so interfered in favour of the genuineness of the Poems attributed to Ossian, it would probably have been so considered with respect to them. As to what this writer calls allowing Mr. Turner to anticipate them in the Vindication; with respect to Mr. Turner, he had certainly a right to vindicate his own assertions; and so far were they from being jealous of his Vindication, that they were pleased to find the force of the evidence of the genuineness such, as to influence one of another nation to assert that of which they were persuaded; and they were inclined to think it more respectful to the public, and more honourable to the subject, to let his Vindication precede any of their own. There was also another reason. An eager and hasty vindication is not always the mark of a good cause; it is frequently the reverse. Where nothing wrong is known or intended, the mind is not easily affected by an idle suspicion or an illiberal re-

mark; it is more apt to pass it by with contempt. It is only when minds of real worth and liberality are worked upon by them that notice seems to become necessary; and, as this appears to be the case in the present instance, I trust I shall, by that public, be excused, if, as a Welshman, I offer some observations on the reviewer's critique, as well as some few additional arguments in support of the genuineness of the poems referred to.

As the question undoubtedly is, whether Mr. Turner has proved what he has proposed or not, this is the proper subject of the discussion; and I am content to follow the order which the reviewer has laid down for his own progress. And here it unfortunately happens, that, in the very first step, he has shewn how little competent he is to the employment he has engaged in; as it requires something more than occasionally dipping into an old author to be able to decide, or even to form an opinion, on subjects, which those who do understand them will not treat lightly. As to the Poems of Aneurin, Taliesin, Llywarch Hen, and Merddin, this writer remarks, "The testimony of Nennius is first adduced. Mr. Turner observes, *that Gale places him in the seventh century; he may*

" *may have belonged to the ninth.*  
 " Now, the author of the history attributed to Nennius wrote, as he expressly informs us in his preface, in 858, and consequently is very insufficient authority for the existence of bards in the sixth century."

From this observation it would naturally be inferred that Mr. Turner had quoted Gale incorrectly, which is not the fact. It is evident that Mr. T. was aware of the date in the preface of Nennius: but, whether by an error of the press or not, Gale certainly does, in his own preface, place Nennius in the seventh century. If, however, an ancient author is insufficient testimony for the traditions of any country for two hundred years back, and especially in a nation by which they were carefully attended to; upon this principle the writer may dispense with all ancient history; and, to say the truth, he may find it convenient to do so.  
 " But, *secondly*, the passage alluded to is not in the printed copy. It is found only in one MS., and the very style and contents of the whole chapter, in which the passage occurs, proves it to have been the addition of a different, and, most probably, a

" later writer." Now it unfortunately happens that this very passage is in the printed copy of the 15 *Scriptores* by Gale, and immediately subjoined to Nennius. By the expression, *the* printed copy, it should seem that the Reviewer has seen but one: there are, however, two at least; the one in Gale, the other a duodecimo edition. Whether this passage be in the latter, I do not recollect; and, not having the book within my reach, cannot ascertain it; but it is in Gale; and, as the reviewer quotes him, he might easily have found it. It certainly is also in Archbishop Usher's corrected copy of Nennius. That it was not written by Nennius, is, I think, most likely; but it is as probable that it was written earlier as later: it was evidently written by one who was a better writer than Nennius, and who has given valuable information, as far as it goes.

The reviewer next remarks, that " the passage, as it stands, mentions *no bard* but Taliesin. Item, Talhaiarn, Iatanguen, in poemata claruit, & Nuevin, & Taliesin, & Bluchbar, & Cian, qui vocatur Gueinehguant, simul uno tempore in poemate Britannico floruerunt. Hence, allowing

“ lowing that Nennius wrote in  
 “ the seventh century, and that  
 “ this passage is really genuine;  
 “ still we must grant Mr. Tur-  
 “ ner another favour before it  
 “ can be of much advantage to  
 “ him. By the assistance of  
 “ Mr. Evans he changes Nue-  
 “ vin into Aneurin, and Bluch-  
 “ bar into Llywarch; so that  
 “ Mr. Turner merely requests  
 “ his reader to allow him to fix  
 “ the æra of an author, to at-  
 “ tribute to him on the slight  
 “ authority of one MS., a chap-  
 “ ter not found in the other  
 “ MSS., and very different in  
 “ style and matter, and to alter  
 “ the words as he pleases; and  
 “ then he undertakes to prove  
 “ his proposition.”

It would not be possible, I be-  
 lieve, in the whole school of Vol-  
 taire to find out a statement more  
 unfair and uncandid. Mr. Turner  
 says, “ Gale places him (Nen-  
 “ nius) in the seventh century;  
 “ *he may have belonged to the*  
 “ *ninth.*” This the reviewer  
 interprets into a request to *fix*  
*the æra*, and assumes it as fixing  
 it to the seventh, contrary to  
 the very terms of Mr. Turner,  
 which is a wilful perversion of  
 the words. Mr. Turner has  
 said the manuscript is, at least,

a very ancient composition.  
 Usher and Gale were of the  
 same opinion! The reviewer  
 calls the authority of a single  
 MS. a *slight* one; if so, we  
 have a slight authority, indeed,  
 for some of the most celebrated  
 writings of antiquity; Longinus,  
 Ammianus Marcellinus, &c.—  
 We are told, that, “ by the as-  
 “ sistance of Mr. Evans, he  
 “ changes Neuvin into Aneurin,  
 “ and Bluchbar into Llywarch.”  
 The reason for the change,  
 however, is consistently omit-  
 ted. Mr. Turner observes,  
 that the Welsh had bards of  
 the names of *Talkaiarn* and  
*Cian* about this time, but no  
*Nuevin*, and no *Bluchbar*. In  
 the adjuncts to the two former,  
 the MSS. give *Ialanguen*,  
*Gueinchguant*, for *Tatangun*  
 and *Gwynngwn*; and he draws a  
 fair inference, that, by a simi-  
 lar error of copyists, *Neuvin*  
 may have been written for *Aneu-*  
*rin*. Very little indeed must that  
 man know of MSS. who can find  
 any difficulty in the inference in  
 this name. In the printed edi-  
 tion of *Giraldus Cambrensis*,  
 for *Zethus* and *Amphion*, we  
 have *Zetus* and *Anxeon*. In  
*Asserius's* Life of *Alfred*, he  
 quotes \* *Gildus*, *Melchin*, and  
*Nennius Kentigernus*, as three

\* *Quidem autem Thebesum Linnar, Zatuar, & Anxeon, musica arte primos claruisse. Topog. Hibernia, Pars 3, Cap. 13. P. 16. Ed. Francofurti, 1603.*

ancient historians. The two latter names can scarcely be supposed to mean any other than Maelgwyn and Nennius. Such variations have so often occurred in printing from MS. copies, and much more so in transcribing, that it would be idle to insist upon it, if the objection, trivial as it is, had not been founded upon it. As to the name, Bluchbar, I must acknowledge that the change appears to me too violent to be admitted upon mere conjecture. I ought, perhaps, to apologize to the reader for answering seriously a passage such as this. It may be a strange, though not,\* unprecedented idea, to suppose that the reviewer does not understand the Latin passage he has quoted; and yet, when immediately after having asserted, "that the passage, as it stands, mentions *no bard* but *Taliesin*," I find, in that very quotation, immediately subjoined these words, "Item *Talhaiarn* Jatangua in poemata claruit, et Nuevin, & *Taliesin*, & Bluchbar, & Cian, simul uno tempore in poemate Britannico floruerunt." "*Talhaiarn* Jatangua *also was distinguished as a poet; and the British poets, Nuevin and Taliesin, and Bluchbar and Cian, flourished*

*together at one time;*" in which no less than *four more* are mentioned, be the names correctly written or not. In what other than this strange light can it be considered, unless the very serious one of intentional misrepresentation? The error seems, however, really too glaring to be intentional; and, as it is not the only one of the kind in this critique, it can only be lamented that the reviewer should be so confident of what he is least assured.

We now come to the great argument, on which the denial of the genuineness of these poems is disputed. The reviewer says, "The disbelievers in the genuineness of the poems attributed to the bards of the sixth century maintain that they were forged in the twelfth century." This species of argument has not, indeed, much novelty or ingenuity to recommend it. It is very nearly, if not precisely, the same with that of Harduin, when he attempted to prove the works of Virgil and Horace to be forgeries,—an attempt which is sufficiently known to have terminated in his discredit. Let us, however, examine the plea upon which this argument rests:—"They" (the disbelievers)

\* See an excellent paper in the Antijacobin Review for November 1804. Page 314.  
ground

“ground their opinion on two “undisputed facts—that the “Welsh do not pretend to “possess the works of *any* “bards between the sixth and “eleventh or twelfth centuries, “and that *all* the Welsh MSS. “appear to have been written “in the twelfth century.” This is admirable; it is clearing the ground with a whirlwind. The most charitable supposition is, that the reviewer was not aware of what he was asserting when he wrote it.—Were it granted that no MS. older than the twelfth century exists, which, though Llwyd, certainly a good judge, implies in referring one of the oldest he had seen to that date, does it follow that there is none of an earlier date? So far from it, that, in a passage quoted by Mr. Turner, from Llwyd, he expressly says, that “the former part of the book of Hengwrt is “*considerably older than the latter* ;” and the latter he attributes to the middle of the twelfth century. In another place he says, of the same book, “the first “half of this seems to have “been written in a *very ancient* “large hand. The rest is in a “later hand, but ancient.” The difference in the age of these two parts of MS. cannot then, I should conceive, be so small in Llwyd’s estimation as sixty

or seventy years; and, if so, the former part must have been considered by him as written in the eleventh century, if not earlier. That Llwyd has not conceded the assumption of the reviewer is certain. Whether any one else has done so, I know not; but from Mr. Turner’s words, “the first part, by the style of “writing, seems, as I am informed, to be the production “of the tenth century, or “thereabouts,” it is so evident that it is not conceded by Welsh antiquaries at present, that it is difficult to imagine how any man, with the book before him, could have the hardihood to assert the contrary. Supposing, however, that there were no existing MS. of an earlier date, it would no more follow that the poems were not of the sixth century; than it would that the *Æneid* of Virgil was not of the Augustan age, because the oldest MS. known was written several centuries after his time. The argument in itself is trifling in the extreme; and, to any one acquainted with the history of MSS., of no weight whatsoever; unless it can be proved of a manuscript, that the art of writing was unknown at the time and place to which it is referred. Had the reviewer looked into the Welsh Archaiology, he would have found

found there, as well as in the Vindication, that there are several poems referred to the intermediate centuries between the sixth and twelfth; which is sufficient at least to shew that the reviewer's assertion extends beyond the fact. That a few only have been published, and that probably there may not be many, may be admitted. But is there no assignable reason for this? Certainly there is, and a very sufficient one: both why poetry should have been cultivated in the sixth, have been neglected till the twelfth, and then revived. In the interval, from the time that the Romans left the island till the contest with the Saxons became of serious consequence, there was a sufficient degree of tranquillity to admit of what Gildas considered a period of luxury. The arts and sciences rarely flourish but in times of peace; and, during the continued troubles, other objects of more immediate interest must necessarily have occupied the minds of the Britons too much, to suffer them to pay that attention requisite to encourage the arts, which administer more to entertainment than necessities. If they could preserve, during these tempestuous times, any of the works of their chief bards, who had flourished in a favourable period,

and acquired celebrity, it is all that can rationally be expected. Had these poems been referred to a period of warfare, this might have given some just ground of suspicion against their authenticity: as it is, the mere deficiency of poems in times of danger and disturbance is no argument whatsoever against the probability of composition in preceding times, which were peaceable, and comparatively happy. On the contrary, the reference to such a period, on unanimous tradition, is an argument in their favour. Indeed, what knowledge of antiquity does the reviewer's argument point out? Certainly not a real and profound knowledge, if it be seriously urged; and, if not seriously urged, it is its own comment. When the want of MSS. of an earlier date than the twelfth century shall have been acknowledged to preclude the probability of prior MSS. having existed, from which MSS. of the twelfth may have been copied, it will be time enough to answer this frivolous and idle argument further. Supposing, however, that the very few who have written upon the subject had granted that the Welsh do not possess the works of any bards between the sixth and eleventh century, they would have granted but what might well

well have been the case, from the continual troubles of the whole interval; they could have granted no farther than their own knowledge extended, and they would have granted more than they had been justifiable in having granted, as it is not the fact; though the occasional difficulty of consulting MSS. might have left the grantors in ignorance. Have the editors of the *Archaology* (and none more competent to decide the question) granted it? No.—Then how is the fact *undisputed*? So far from it, that they have published poems of these very centuries. As to the nature of the notices which these poems and the triads contain, it is sufficient that they confirm the tradition that such poets did previously flourish, and that their names were in high estimation.

To proceed with the reviewer's objections. The next is taken to the testimony of Giraldus Cambrensis, as adduced by Mr. Turner, in these words, "Giraldus Cambrensis is cited, and his evidence is said to be complete and decisive. In one passage he expressly says, that, in the twelfth century, the Cambrian bards and singers, or reciters, have the genealogy of their princes

written in their ancient and authentic books in Welsh. The poems of the bards are not mentioned; yet Mr. Turner affirms, 'that he speaks of the genealogies but as a part of the contents of these ancient and authentic books.'"

The words of Giraldus are, indeed, not sufficiently precise to mark absolutely whether the ancient books he referred to contained poems or not; they are, however, sufficiently general to admit of Mr. Turner's inference. What is contained in any book or books does not necessarily make the whole of its contents, and, by being said to be so contained, the natural inference is, that something more is also comprised.—There is a critique on Mr. Turner's book in the *Edinburgh Review*; does it then follow that this critique is not a part, but the whole of that Review? What is of real importance in the writings of Giraldus is, that he affirms positively that the Welsh *had* ANCIENT and AUTHENTIC writings, and that he had read them. Of this, however, I shall hereafter have occasion to say more. In the next quotation the reviewer's observation is still less justifiable, or rather totally unjustifiable. Mr. Turner infers that the ancient British



had *historical* singers; and he infers it truly from these words of Giraldus: Rex Angliæ Henricus Secundus, sicut ab historico cantore Britone audiverat antiquo. Upon this inference of Mr. Turner the reviewer asks, "Cannot Mr. Turner perceive that king Henry had *heard* (concerning Arthur) from an ancient British bard?" Mr. Turner certainly might, and did, perceive not only this, but moreover what the reviewer, it ought to be hoped, did not perceive, as it is omitted by him, viz., the word *historico*, which proves that this bard was an *historical bard*: if a bard, one whose subject was history. Nor can it readily be conceived how, otherwise than by so glaring an omission, it could be remarked, as it is in the very next paragraph, that "*the entire silence* of Giraldus Cambrensis renders it extremely probable that in his time (about 1200) there were no poems of an ancient date, either traditional or written." That Giraldus has not been silent on the subject, the preceding quotation is a proof; which is decisively confirmed by the following words of Giraldus himself:

Bardi et Cantores, seu recitatores, genealogiam habent. It. Cam. Lib. 1. Cap. 3.; from which it is evident, that the cantor or singer was not a *bard*, as the reviewer mistranslates it, but a *reciter of the compositions of the bards*, which necessarily includes that such compositions were known and studied; and that the subject of some, at least, was history. That the Welsh had, in the time of Giraldus, a written history, whether in poetry or prose (I believe in both); is so clear, from the continual references to it, as to be \* beyond a doubt. As to the poems of Merddin, some of them are, it is true, interpolated, and that clumsily; and how few ancient works are there, which have not been interpolated! It may require skill and good sense to distinguish between what is genuine and what is not so, but to reject all, for the sake of a part, does not seem to be a very sensible mode of proceeding. As to the mystical poetry of Taliesin, which the reviewer allows to contain the most unequivocal marks of being genuine, as I believe they do, Mr. Turner does indeed say, that he *leaves them to their fate*; but

\* Iter. Hib. Pars 1. C. 18. P. 3. C. 8, 39; Expug. L. 2. C. 7; and many other places, wherein he quotes circumstances found only in the Brut y Brenhinoedd, (History of the kings), and from it in Geoffrey of Monmouth.

he also gives a reason for so doing, which the reviewer, had he observed it, would have found not to imply any doubt of their being genuine, but merely the honest apology for not undertaking a defence of them, because, says he "they are not now intelligible." "In other words," says the reviewer, "he gives up the defence of those which bear the most unequivocal marks of antiquity, and selects as genuine *only* those which, according to his own criterion, are destitute of them." These are, indeed, other words; words which are in direct opposition to what Mr. Turner has himself said, at the outset, as to the selection he has made. "In selecting the above," Mr. T. says, "I do not mean to insinuate that some others, which are ascribed to these authors, *may not be genuine likewise*. I am satisfied that some are not genuine, and that some have been interpolated. There are *several others*, however, especially of Taliesin, *which may be genuine*." If, then, such misrepresentations of an author are admitted into a review, what dependence is there to be placed upon it? what author is safe?

The attack upon Mr. Tur-

ner's work has hitherto been carried on with some regularity; and, if it was to be demolished, it must at least be confessed that the assailant has at least shewn address in the arrangement of his forces, and the conduct of the attack. After a light skirmish at the advanced posts, the out-works are to be overthrown, and the whole force of the artillery to beat upon the citadel, and force it to a surrender. The order of the composition is first to be broken through; the MSS. to be beaten down five centuries; the history, written or traditional, to be overthrown; and finally written language itself to be rased and obliterated, as the *hostile aratrum* drives its deepest share through every vestige of British antiquities. Mr. Turner has noticed two Latin inscriptions found in Wales, of the date of the sixth century, which certainly prove that the Welsh ecclesiastics could and did write Latin; and the coins of Cuno-beline prove the use of the Roman letters by the Britons long before; but could they therefore make use of the same letters for their own language? Was it any thing unprecedented or impossible that a nation, having the use of letters, or borrowing a new alphabet from another, should apply the acquisition

sition to its own language? Is the use of letters necessarily confined to the language by which they are introduced; or had the Greeks no written language at an early period, because the Phœnician alphabet was introduced among them by Cadmus? The answer to these and similar questions may more properly be said to be implied than given in the negative by the reviewer. The manner in which it is implied appears to give so very high an idea of the judgment of the reviewer, that it might possibly be excessive temerity even to hint a doubt of its infallibility. The writer of this has no knowledge of Mr. Turner, farther than from what he has published; but the reception of his works by the public (almost, if not quite, as competent a judge as the reviewer) does not justify the unmerited censure; and the great modesty with which Mr. T. has laid his works before the public might have been entitled, at least, to an exemption from the severity of a reflection, which the reviewer most certainly was not entitled to make. It would now be a hopeless task to endeavour to determine at what

time the Welsh poetry was first committed to writing; for though the ancient Britons applied the art of writing to public and private business, in the time of \*Julius Cæsar, yet their poetry was not then so preserved. There may, however, have been two motives for the change of the custom, and the commission of them to writing. They could not but know that the poetry of the Romans was so preserved, and may have imitated their practice; and, secondly, they might have felt the necessity, even in the time when the Romans were in Britain, of so doing, as the only means of preserving many of them. The *Cantores Historici* (reciters of historical poems) existed in the days of Giraldus: they are now no more, and even they may have preserved to his time much which is now lost irrecoverably. Of the fidelity of such oral tradition, the poems of Homer by it, probably through two centuries at least, and, more decisively, the accurate traditional record of treaties by the Indians, are a sufficient illustration. One observation, on the earliest MSS. of these poems now known, is however

\* All that can be inferred from Cæsar's letters to Cicero, written in the Greek character, is, that the Nervii, or other tribes, through which his messenger was to pass, did not understand them. The Helvetii, as well as the Britons, used them.

of importance; and it is this, that these cannot have been more than copies from preceding MSS. This observation cannot be better inferred than by the arguments of the very able writer of the preface to the Welsh Archaiology. The Welsh language affords, he asserts, and he knows well what he does assert, upwards of a thousand MSS. of very considerable antiquity, upon various branches of literature, clearly evinced to be of various antiquities by the very various appearances of age, colour, decays of hand-writing, &c.; and a multiplicity of various readings are found, on comparing the most ancient copies. He then justly observes, that "such a multiplicity of copies, of variations in readings, of apparent but very various antiquities, evinced by the effects of time upon them, can never be produced but by a long series of ages. These things are, as we may term them, the grey hairs and wrinkles of old age, which never deceive those who behold them. The many copies extant of the ancient Welsh bards have been thus acted upon by time and by accident; of course they are authentic, or there must have existed a *very great number of forgers* somewhere, and at some time as remote

"at least as the appearances of the greatly decayed MSS. indicate, who combined thus to impose on the world; and in every age there must have been a succession of forgers, who, possessed of a secret, very similar to that of free-masons, continued the fraud, and all to no purpose. If there are any who can possibly believe such a thing, we congratulate them on the peculiar superiority of their understandings, who can stand under mountains of absurdities and improbabilities without falling." Having said thus much as to the MSS. themselves, I proceed to consider the objections of the reviewer as to internal evidence. What subject a forger might select or invent can be inquired into only upon the supposed probability of its being, or appearing to be, such as would be likely to ensure the success of the imposition; and, to do this, the forgery must interest those to whom it is presented. How any poem recording the defeat of the Britons could be interesting, or any way acceptable to the Britons, during the whole of their contests with their neighbours, it would be difficult to conceive; or how, upon any other principle than a belief of such a poem's being genuine, it

it would be tolerated. But to me the recording of the defeat does not appear to be the real subject of the *Gododin*. Homer has sung of the *Wrath of Achilles destructive to the Greeks*; but are the disgraceful consequences the proper subject of the *Iliad*? Has he written to record indelibly that the Greeks were put to shame, and, disgraced by intestine quarrels, beaten by the Trojans, and that, even with the assistance of Achilles (had he not been favoured with supernatural aid), they never could have taken Troy? This the *Iliad* does record: but surely no one will consider it as the proper subject. Infinitely below Homer, as *Aneurin* certainly is, yet in this respect the subject of both poems may be considered in the same point of view, viz., as a wholesome lesson to posterity. In Homer it is that of the danger of indulging resentment; in *Aneurin* it is that of the danger of inebriety, by deploing an instance in which it had excited a few brave men to a contest too rash and too imprudent for sober men to have engaged in. To the valour of his countrymen he does ample justice; and, if he laments, it is that such powers were exerted where they must have been so to their own destruction

in the event; and he laments the error with the feelings of one who had participated in it; he laments his own imprudence, and that of the friends he loved and lost. Such appears to me to be the real and proper subject of this ancient poem. And here I must notice an error of the reviewer's, in which, as I presume he does not understand the Welsh language, and has not looked over the catalogue of the poetry contained in the *Archaiology*, he may so far be excusable for a mis-statement. "These poems in general," he asserts, "record the defeats of the Britons." The poem of *Aneurin* certainly does record a defeat. The elegies record several who fell in battle, but the events of the several battles must, in general, be learned from other writers. Of one hundred and twenty-five poems attributed to the earliest bards, thirteen only are elegies. Of the remainder, upwards of fifty have no relation to British wars; and the rest, a few only excepted, mention them in general, with allusions to their events past or predicted; sometimes as successful, and sometimes the reverse. From this statement, which is, I believe, correct, the reader will be able to form a more just idea of the subjects of these poems than the mistake  
of

of the reviewer presents him with. I will content myself with leaving that part of the internal evidence (to the genuineness of these poems,) which Mr. Turner has collected from the instances of natural expression, to his representation of it, as it appears to me to be a fair and strong argument, as far as the argument goes. I cannot, however, pass over another objection of the reviewer. Mr. Turner observes, that an allusion of Merddin to his insanity is interesting. To this it is objected, "We merely ask, is it "in the least consistent with the "known character of madmen, "that they should, in their lucid "intervals, speak of their calamity?" For a full answer to this question, I trust it will be amply sufficient to refer to the writings of the first poet of the age,—one to be admired for his talents, and lamented for his misfortune, whilst a sympathizing heart shall beat—Cowper.

As to the silence of the Saxon Chronicle respecting battles mentioned by the Welsh bards, this silence is not a contradiction. Some of them may possibly be mentioned under different names. How few of those, who glory in the battle of Blenheim, would know any

thing of the battle of Hochstet even now! and, were the accounts of it to descend to posterity under both names, would either therefore be fictitious?

As to Geoffrey of Monmouth, the real ground of the offence which was taken at his history by the age he lived in seems to have been his having recorded the prophecies of Merlin, and a history of Prince Arthur; both of which were in direct opposition to the views of Henry II. Had it not been for these, the rest would probably have given little umbrage, as it contains few circumstances to which Giraldus himself does not appeal as true history. Mr. Turner argues, that, if these poems had been forged in the twelfth century, "in some" of them "the miraculous facts of Jeffrey's history would have appeared. The very contrary, "however, is found." This is not arguing, as the reviewer represents it, that the contradiction of a fable must be true; but that, if these poets did not allude to or adopt a fable popular in its day, it may be presumed it was because they wrote before it was invented.

The last observation of the reviewer, which seems to require notice, is one upon these

words of Giraldus, "In cantilenis, rhythmicis, et dictamine, tum subtiles inveniuntur, &c.;" upon which he remarks, that "*rhythmicis* is evidently the adjective agreeing with *cantilenis*; and, even if it be considered as a substantive, it will not bear the meaning which the objector (Mr. Turner) has given it, since it never means verses." That the word *rhythmicis* does not mean *verses*, I agree: the signification is here peculiarly appropriate, not to *verses*, as such; but to the particular *structure* of Welsh *versification*. This structure is a rhythm, formed mostly by a repetition of the same consonants at certain intervals; and

it is to this the word is to be referred. In fact, the whole sentence appears to me to have been misunderstood, from want of attention to the language and the context, in Giraldus. This mode of considering it will shew that the passage ought to be thus translated:—*In music, rhythms, and repartees, they are so exquisitely skilled, &c.* Of each of these he gives particular descriptions under their several heads; of the rapidity of their execution in playing; the variety of modulation, and a degree of counterpoint in music; of the rhythm or rhythmical repetition of the consonant in the lines he has adduced. Thus, in these verses,

Digon duw da yu unig

\*God in high is good enough, i. e. sufficient good;

Wrth pol pwyll crybwyll parod;

the rhythm consists in the first line, in the repetition of the letter *d* of the first and third words, which begin the hemistichs of the verse; and in the latter, in that of the repetition of the *p* and *ll* in places where they form a rhythm to the ear; and which places depend on the form of the verse. Of the repartee he also gives several instances. It is not then verses,

but the rhythms of the verses, that Giraldus means; and I acknowledge that it requires a knowledge of the structure of Welsh versification to understand him: but the conclusion is inevitably, that poetry had attained to a considerable degree of cultivation in his time, and that he considered it as entitled to no small share of praise.

\* The translation imitates the rhythm.

Thus far it has been necessary to say, in answer to the objections of the reviewer, in order to point out the gross errors and misrepresentations he has fallen into, from whatever cause; and it will, perhaps, not be easy to produce so many from any other writer, within the small compass of nine pages. One reflection cannot here be avoided:—It is a serious and a dangerous predicament to which a writer must expose himself, if the public opinion is affected by censure, because it is bold, without being assured that the authority from which it comes is deserving of attention: or if it adopts an opinion of works of laborious research or real learning from the decision of those who are incapable of estimating either justly. Happily the public opinion is seldom misled by such for any length of time. The meteor glares, surprises, passes away, and is thought of no more; and the mild and steady splendour of the real and permanent powers of illumination resumes its influence, and fixes the attention.

Having said thus far in answer to objections, I will now add a few arguments, in addition to those which I have seen in favour of the genuineness of some of these ancient poems,

comprised in as few words as possible. On a general view of the earliest poems, and especially such as are generally attributed to Taliesin, they appear to be strongly marked by a peculiar style, which may be distinguished by the appellation of *mixt bardic*; the subjects of which they treat, and the principle which they manifest, being a mixture of those of the ancient bards with the principles of Christianity. For the present purpose it will be sufficient to consider the marks of genuineness in the poems attributed to *Taliesin*. The first that offers itself is the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul. *Taliesin*, in the poem entitled his History, gives a description of the various circumstances of the transmigrations he had undergone, and assumes the doctrine as an established, or at least accredited one, in several other poems; not professedly, but incidentally. This doctrine is so inconsistent with Christianity, and the tendency of it was so decidedly checked by the condemnation of Pelagius, that its appearing in the manner it does in these poems seems to be a strong argument for referring them to the date usually assigned.

Secondly.—Another striking circumstance



circumstance in these poems is a *dialectic* mixture of Latin with the Welsh. Not quotations or whole phrases, but single words and portions of phrases; which are common with *Taliesin*, as in the following instances, in which his use of Latin words will appear, by the similar one in the translations annexed.

Treuthwch sinehudionn  
Or *Mundi* Maon.

Trace the phænomena,  
Of the *Mundi* (World's) elements.

D. Elp. p. 20.

Waith Rex Rexedd,  
Ein Tad ein Pater.

The work of Rex of *Rexes*,  
Our Father, our *Pater*  
(Father).

Ir Gwynt, p. 23.

Ry gorwg Duw fry  
Ar y *planete*.

Superior is God their Author.  
Over the *planeta* (the planets).

Canu y Byd, p. 25.

Pump grwegis *terra*.

Five zones of *Terra* (the earth).

Ibid.

*Pector* David.

*Pector* (the *breast*) of David.

Prif. Gryf. p. 33.

Daragan dwfu *Domini*.

For telling the mystery of  
*Domini* (the Lord).

Ib. p. 34.

Pedwar *iccor*  
Plaen'r Aepht.

The fourth (of the plagues of  
Egypt was) *ichor* (*blood*).

P. 40.

From some other poems, attributed to *Taliesin*, the *dialectic* use of the Latin appears to have assumed a termination of Latin words in *a*. Thus, in the *Awdl fraith*, we have *Arca fœdera*, for *Arca fœderis*; and in

the *Difregawd*, *Mare rubra* for *Mare rubrum*; *extra porta* for *extra portam*; and these terminations are ascertained, by rhiming with those of the preceding lines, to have been the ones used by the author.

To

To these instances many more might be added; but these will, I apprehend, be fully sufficient to shew, that, at the time when these poems were written, there was that species of mixture of Latin words in the Welsh language (and that only) which would naturally be derived from an intercourse with the Romans, and subsist only a short time after their departure. And that one, at least, of these poems, was composed whilst there remained some of the descendants of the Roman soldiers in the island, as a distinct race, the following passage from Taliesin's *Primary Gratulation*, will render highly probable:—

Prif gyfarch gelfydd; pan rylead,  
 Pwy cyntaf, tywyll an golenad;  
 Neu addaf pan fu, pa dydd y gread  
 Neu y dan tyllwidd py yr y seiliad,  
 A fo Lleion, nis myn pwyllad,  
 Est qui peccator am niferiad,  
 Collant gwled nef,

The first object of science is, when it is read,  
 Whether was first, darkness, or light?  
 When Adune was (come into existence), on what day he was  
 created?  
 Under what ordinance he was established?  
 He, who is a *legionary*, rejects the wisdom of  
*Est qui peccator*, (him who is a sinner,) for the sake of many,  
 They will love the country of Heaven.

And again:—

O Leon hirig  
 Dyrchafawd Gwledig.

From the *mailed legion*  
 Was Gwledig (Ambrosius) exalted.

Ambrosius the great was of the word Lleion in the former. Roman descent, and this latter It appears also from the Triads, quotation is therefore adduced, that, about the time when Taliesin wrote, efforts were made,

and

and great ones, by the Welsh, for the conversion of their neighbours; and the poem intimates that these efforts were not as successful as they deserved to have been. This poem thus agrees with the circumstances of the times in which tradition reports it to have been written, both as to historic facts, and a dialectic mixture of language, which could only have belonged to that period; and it is a mixture, of which there is scarcely a vestige in the poetry of the tenth century. There is also a peculiarity in the use of the words *ichor* and *pector*, and the Welsh plural of *Rex* (*Rexedd*), which it will be difficult, if not impossible, to account for on any other principle than such an use as has been referred to.

Thirdly.—The metre of these poems is much more simple and artless than that of the writers of centuries which follow. It is simply in general, a short one, with a terminating rhyme; and though, from the very structure of the language, the species of rhythm alluded to by Giraldus, sometimes, though rarely, occurs, it evidently has not the artificial and really injurious use of it, which was an established rule in the time of Cynddelu; and has continued (as an improvement, though very much in general the

reverse) down to the present times.

Fourthly.—These poems frequently allude to astronomy, and other branches of natural history. The Triads inform us, that one, at least, of the three great astronomers of Britain, lived about the time of Taliesin, and allusions to these sciences from a bard are therefore consistent with that period. Superior as he held himself to the generality of his coteremporaries, and as tradition represents him to have been, it was natural that he should have been exposed to their envy, and that he should employ his powers to expose ignorance, and to assert himself. Accordingly the subject of several of his poems is a challenge to contend with him in science, accompanied with bitter invectives against the manners and ignorance of the poetasters and minstrels of his time.

To these sciences there is scarcely an allusion to be found in the bards of the twelfth century; nor could any such be reasonably expected from them.

Fifthly.—The religious tenets, as they respect Christianity, are certainly not those of the twelfth century. The doctrine of the Trinity, and of salvation through

through Jesus Christ, is clearly mentioned; but of the worship of saints, the supremacy of St. Peter, or addresses to the Virgin Mary, no trace is to be found in *Taliesin*: whereas the progress and adoption of the latter doctrines may be regularly perceived in the poems from the ninth to the twelfth century, when they are fully acknowledged.

Sixthly.—The poets of the twelfth century expressly mention the \* *Gododin of Aneurin*, and refer to poems of *Taliesin* as then extant, and in particular those addressed to Elphin, as ancient poems.

Seventhly.—Many of those poems, and in particular the *Cad Godden*, or *Battle of the Trees*, and *Priddian Anncon*, or *Spirits of the Abyss*, refer to a mythology which it would be now in vain perhaps to search for, and of which the poets of the twelfth century have left nothing more than a few very faint notices in their writings.

Eighthly.—The connected ideas of bard and prophet are another distinctive characteristic of these poems, as well as of those of *Merddin*; a characteristic which the poets of the twelfth century are more ready to appeal to in them, than to assume to themselves; and which they do appeal to, as a † *druidic* privilege in them.

Ninthly.—The poems of the twelfth century have been transmitted in a state very little corrupted by the copyist, if compared with the earlier poems; whereas the latter are frequently, for many lines together, unintelligible.

Tenthly.—Some of these poems have evidently been corrupted, in order to accommodate them to the prevailing doctrines of the times. Of this the following is a striking instance. In the poem called *Difregawd Taliesin*, that is, *Taliesin's Confession* (of his faith),—the following lines occur:

Gwae ddigasog saint  
Ni Mynnal en baint  
*Nis addola.*

Woe to him who hates the saints,  
Who supports not their dignity,  
*Who adores them not.*

\* Davydd Benfres, p. 308.

† Noon Cyf. p. 221, and Canu Bychain, p. 303-4.

For the words *Nis addola*, one MS. gives *Yn Sabbath* (*in the sabbath*). The latter of these readings is one, which, from the tenth to the fifteenth century, would not have been substituted for the other; which, as it enjoins the worship of the saints, evidently appears to have been the substitute. Even as it is, this quotation makes a part of seventeen stanzas, all of which are evidently an interpolation, the language of the rest being in the mixed dialect of Latin and Welsh; and these, one word excepted (*inferna*), in very pure Welsh. The former is probably the composition of Taliesin; the interpolation that of \* Jones, the instructor of St. David, to whom the whole poem is in some books attributed. That interpolations do occur in some others of the poems of Taliesin, those upon popular subjects in particular, may and must be granted; as also that, in these

and others, lines are omitted, and the original order has sometimes been disturbed, whether by writing them from memory, or oral delivery. There are, however, several, in which the subject is regularly carried on, and which have considerable merit. Such are his poem to Elphin, his satire on the Minstrels, and a short poem annexed improperly to the Address to the Wind. The difficulty of translation, in many instances, and the improbabilities in some, are therefore confessed.

Having stated thus far truly to the utmost of my power, it cannot be expected that any appeal should be made to those, whose proper motto would be *οὐ μὲν πιστεύει οὐδ' αὖ μὲν ἰπιστεύει* who, determined to reject, are determined not to be convinced; but to the public in general, and those who, though not ready to assent without a fair examination, *can* and will examine,

\* This learned man lived in the tenth century, and the following extracts from the interpolation are therefore interesting.

Gware offeiriad  
Nl ddifet ei ddefaid  
Rhag bleiddian Rhufeiniad  
*Au ffen gloppa.*

Nad oes dadolwch

Nag edifierwch,  
*Tith wedi yma.*

Woe to the priest  
Who guards not his flock  
From Romish wolves  
*And their crook-staff.*

Nor is there *alleviation* (to the wicked)

Nor repentance  
*Ever after this life.*

Purgatory, or the Pope's supremacy or infallibility, were most certainly no part of the creed of the Welsh in this poet's time.

and

and upon rational ground assert, or give credit according to the evidence, I will appeal with the respect and deference always due to such abilities and dispositions. I will request of them to consider whether, under all the circumstances above mentioned, the poems referred to can be deemed forgeries. From what motive could they be forged? The general motives for forgery have been either pride or avarice; to give importance to doctrines or facts, and gain either reputation or wealth by the pretended discovery; and, to prevail in either respect, the discovery must have something strongly interesting to the public mind at the time. These poems contain, however, few historic facts; doctrines contrary to the prejudices of the times in which it is objected they were forged: they contain principles of science, and a mythology, and are written in a dialect which the poets of those times were little acquainted with. Would a forger have produced writings, as those of the most celebrated Welsh poets, in a versification as distant as possible from that which was in the highest estimation to the poets, who were labouring to improve their metrical system? or poems, which

favoured none of the innovations in Christianity, to divines labouring to establish them? Would a poet of the twelfth century, or, indeed, could he, invent the *dialectic* intermixture of the Latin, and use the Latin in such a manner as to make it to be a dialectic use? And, to complete the design, would he have published them when compositions acknowledged to be Taliesin's were familiarly referred to? If all this be credible, either all must be so, or these poems are genuine. Surely all this is not credible. To me the poems which I have quoted appear therefore to be really the compositions of Taliesin, with the exception of a few interpolations, not difficult to ascertain, as do also those enumerated by Mr. Turner and the mystic poems.

If then what has been said proves (as I hope it does) that some poems, undoubtedly of the sixth century, have been preserved, and that the poems of Taliesin already quoted are such, the question upon which the whole stress of the controversy rests is decided. If some of that century have been preserved, others of that, and a portion of later, may. The further question of the genuineness of

of any particular poem, will be a matter of distinct consideration.

Of the Gododin it may be right to add, that it appears to me to be genuine, and therefore that I ought to obviate an objection advanced in the Critical Review, which if well

founded, would be a weight, viz., that *Edinburgh* is mentioned in it. The only expression in the poem that I have been able to find, after a careful examination, that could give rise to this representation, is in a passage quoted by Mr. Turner (page 176 of his Vindication), viz.

Gwelais y dullo ben tir Odren.

I beheld the scene from the *high land of Odren*.

One MS. makes *Adoen* for *Odren*, and I believe rightly. There is nothing said of a *town* in this passage, nor is the place near *Edinburgh*: it is simply the *high ground* near the *river Eden*, in Cumberland.

The reader will not suppose that because I do not enter further into a defence, and extend it to the other poems selected by Mr. Turner for vindication,

that I therefore abandon them as indefensible. So far am I from thinking so, that, exclusive of what Mr. Turner has so well urged in their favour, I think the progress of facts and of versification may give additional force to his arguments. I decline entering on the subject, as not coming within what I had proposed to consider, being willing to hope that no more is immediately necessary.

LLYWARCH

## POETRY.

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[For the entertainment of our numerous and respectable English readers, we insert the following translations from the bards of our first epoch; and from *Dafydd ab Gwilym*, a favourite bard of the fourteenth century.

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A N

### ODE TO WALLOC,

*The Son of Lïenoc.*

THE hero of this little poem is that prince of the Whiter, or Gallovia Britons, whom Malmesbury\* calls Walwein†, the nephew of Arthur. With a bravery not unworthy of his noble relation, he defended his country against the incursions of

\* Fol. 6.

† In another old poem he is called *Gwawlgwn* (the Valentian chief), whence the name of Walwein.



the Northumbrian king\*; and, though overpowered at last, he made the Saxons suffer severely in their conquest.

He was contemporary with the great Urien of Reged†, his adversary and his survivor‡.

It should even seem, that he lived to rescue his dominions from the power of the invaders; for, in a curious fragment, ascribed to Meigant, we read—

Y digones gwydyr Gwallawg  
Eiliwed Cattraeth vawr vygodawg.

“ The brave Walloc amply revenged the disgrace of the great  
“ renowned Cattraeth.”

The bards mention several of his actions, which are not recorded in the piece before us; but the particular occasion and topography of them havenot been, as yet, sufficiently investigated.



By him that rules the ample skies !  
The guardian of his friends shall rise,  
And far dispel our anxious fear :  
And soon the trembling foe shall yield,  
Or glut with death the crimson field,  
Where Walloc points his glittering, princely spear.

\* Ethelfrid, as Mr. Whitaker thinks. See Hist. Manch. B. II. Chap. 4.

† See Owen's Ll. Hên. p. 9. Introduction.

‡ Ib. p. 37.

Ambitious of the martial toil,  
 His chiefs, whom dangers never foil,  
     With gory armour close his train :  
 Protect \* Lleenoc's fair recess,  
 Or bold on hostile squadrons press,  
     With ponderous lances shiver'd o'er the plain.

Foremost in strains of bright renown,  
 Where Britain's deathless songs are known,  
     To time's last bound their name shall roll :  
 They scorn the aid of † Mava's land,  
 Or lofty ‡ Eidyn's warlike band,  
     Confiding in the greatness of their soul.

Yet § Clydwyn came with patriot aid ;  
 The glittering shafts his fleet display'd,  
     Quick bounding o'er the purple wave :  
 And these shall teach th' insulting foe,  
 That dares advance with hardy brow,  
     Ambition leads him only to the grave.

There Walloc wakes the direful fray :  
 Where'er he winds his wasteful way,  
     The greedy jaws of War he fills :  
 And who that dares to poise the spear  
 Would deign to strike the flying bear ?  
     A chase inglorious on the northern hills.

\* Llan Lleenaw, perhaps *Hellan Lleenaw*, a small island in the Frith of Clyde.

† Mau ; the land of the Maiaſæ or Maæſæ, who are frequently mentioned by the bards by the name of Māon, or Malet.

‡ Eidyn ; Edinburgh.

§ Clydwyn ; the man of Clyde ; a chief of the Strathclwyd Britons. The kingdom of Whittern and Strathclwyd united together for their common safety Hist. Manch. B. II. Ch. 4.

Fame tells where brave \* Agathes stood,  
 And drench'd the field with hostile blood,  
     To injur'd worth a vengeance due.  
 On † Bretwyn's steep the day was tried ;  
 And, while the timid warrior died,  
     Glory's fair flame led on the hero's view.

At ‡ Ir they fought in firm array,  
 And § Aeron's banks record a fray,  
     Replete with death and dire alarms :  
 But Aeron and || Ardunion's plain  
 Impress an everlasting stain  
     On dastard chiefs, who shun the shock of arms.

Next blush'd the spear with human blood,  
 When close in ¶ Beida's dreadful wood  
     The ambush'd foes of freedom lay :  
 From \*\* Mabon and †† Llydawdol's plains,  
 The bard, in patriotic strains,  
     Has told of none who 'scap'd the fatal day.

From thence advanc'd to meet the foe,  
 They brought Löegria's empire low,

\* Agathes. A heroine, the sister of Walloc.

† Bro Bretwyn. The district of the promontory. One of the Malls.

‡ Ir; hence Irwin.

§ Aeron; the district of the river Aire.

|| Ardunion; on the river Dun.

¶ Coed Beid; the forest of Beid, unknown.

\*\* Mabon; Loch Maban, in Annan Dale, where stood an ancient fortress.

†† Llydawdawl; the dale of the river Lid; in an old copy, Raywydawl, the dale of the boundary stream, near the south end of the Catrail, once the eastern boundary of the kingdom of Whittern.

On \*Gwenysteri's reeking plain:  
 There, hissing, flew the hasty spear,  
 Shiver'd with dreadful force—and there  
 The valiant gasp'd amongst the heaps of slain

Red rose the dawn—a day of woe  
 On † Tera's bloody plain!—The bow,  
 Indignant, hurl'd the bolts of death.  
 Soon as the dreadful shout was giv'n,  
 That, echoing, shook the vault of heav'n,  
 By glorious patriots—prodigal of breath.

Of Britain's sons, who spoil'd the foes,  
 Hëarndur and stern Huvaïd rose,  
 And Walloc's unresisted train;  
 And Owen; he, from Mona's shore,  
 Whose head a steely helmet bore,  
 Oft laid the Picts convulsive on the plain.

Behind a forest's horrid shade,  
 A grove of swords its gleam display'd;  
 And straight along the crimson ground,  
 Transpierc'd with steel, whole squadrons lay;—  
 The hovering ravens eye their prey,—  
 In wild confusion croak and skim around.

\* Gwensteri; perhaps on the river Winster, in Westmorland.

† Tera, otherwise Y Tereu. In Eng. Bëdd. we read,  
 Yn y Tereu tormeü tir,  
 Yn Carrawe Gwallawg Hîr

“ The grave of the lofty Walloc is in Tereu, in the land of waves, in Carrawc.”  
 Perhaps on the coast of Carriët,

Hence \* Prydin and fair Eidyn's band,  
And fam'd † Brycheiog's distant land,  
And ‡ Gavran's haughty warriors own,  
That, clad in terror, Walloc treads  
The boldest path where glory leads ;  
No chief shall e'er eclipse his bright renown.

\* Prydyn; Bernicia.

† Brycheiawg; Brigantia.

‡ Gavran; east riding of Yorkshire. Hist. Manch. B. I. Chap. I.

## CONVELYN'S INCANTATION:

COMPOSED BY

ANEURIN,\* A NORTHUMBRIAN BARD,

*In the sixth century.*

IN this specimen of the incantations practised by the ancient Britons, we are furnished with a curious comment upon a passage in Tacitus. The *præces diræ*, which the druids of Mona with uplifted hands invoked upon Suetonius and the Romans, were undoubtedly of the same character.

The subject of the poem, as nearly as the translator can collect it from internal evidence, is as follows:—

Convelyn, the son of Calvan, descended from a family in Gwynedd, or North Wales, was a chief of the Ottadini. We may suppose him stationed with his army on an eminence, called Carn Gaphan, in the neighbourhood of Edinborough, and that he had another band to co-operate with his designs, in a place called *Gilbach*, which signifies *the recess or lurking-place*. Before he sallied forth to attack the Angles, who had killed his father, and were making continual encroachments upon his territories, he engaged the Bard to sing his *song of protection*.

\* The bard acknowledges himself to be one of those who survived the battle of Cattraeth. This circumstance alone is sufficient to establish the claim of Aneurin to this poem, against the authority of a note prefixed to an ancient copy, which assigns it to Taliesin.

Involving

Involving his numbers in that mysterious obscurity which has always been found indispensable in the business of enchantment, the sage prosecutes his task, extols the efficacy of his art, and promises to Convelyn certain victory, perfect security, and the destruction of his foes. He insinuates that Calvan fell for want of such a protection, and concludes by reciting the fate of the warriors who fought at Cattraeth, as a warning to Tegvan, the son of Convelyn, never to engage the foe without an incantation.

Aneurin professed himself a Christian; but I find no sentiment in the present poem that might not have suited a Pagan altogether as well. This work, amongst a multitude of others, affords a sufficient proof that the Britons indulged themselves in some druidical rites after their conversion to Christianity.

---

WERE I the mystic rhyme to sing,  
 Did I but touch the magic string,  
 Starting from the teeming ground,  
 Dreadful forms would stalk around ;  
 As when the hoary wizard's hand  
 The circle trac'd with potent wand.  
 More precious than the haughty boast  
 Of \* Tork, who guides his elfin host;  
 † The fairest kine, a just reward,  
 Should grace Convelyn's matchless bard.

\* *Twrch Trwyth*: *the washed swine*. A famous adversary of the Britons in the sixth century, and a reputed magician.

This reproachful name, an allusion to a proverb in the Gospel, is applied to a prince, w.o. having been baptized, returned to heathenish practices, or committed acts of brutality unworthy of a Christian.

† The best kine taken from the enemy, after the king had separated his thirds, was the bard's perquisite by the old British laws. Leg. Wall. 1. 19. 7.

From

From Caphan's rock, with torrent sweep  
 Bursting o'er the craggy steep,  
 I'd speed the warriors—man and horse  
 Should drop before their furious course;  
 And strait from G'nva's ambush'd shade  
 The patriot band, with timely aid,  
 O'er the bloody plain should chase  
 The remnant of the alien race.

See—I ratify the deed!  
 'Tis just! The Angles' host shall bleed.  
 Hark! The ravens claim their prey:  
 Heaps of slain shall mark our way.

Before the man whose infant tongue  
 Fate endow'd with mystic song,  
 Unlocking dark enchantment's lore,  
 Light reveals the secret pow'r  
 To act, secure, the daring deed;  
 To snatch the hero's deathless meed;  
 To execute avenging wrath  
 Where bolts and snares bestrew the path;  
 Where hidden cleft the ambush sends,  
 Or gold the treacherous wile subtends:  
 And, while the foe their loss bewail,  
 Safe to regain his native vale;  
 His glitt'ring goblet cover'd o'er  
 With glorious stains of hostile gore,  
 And drops of crimson proudly shed  
 O'er the mantling, yellow mead.  
 That cup Convelyn's hand shall hold;

Gore



Gore shall mark the flaming gold.  
His foaming mead shall shew the stain—  
His foe's indignant shame and pain.

Pillar of devouring fire,  
Rise ! Convelyn point thine ire :  
Screaming eagles hover near,  
Pamper'd by thy reeking spear.

Binding Fate in brazen chains,  
From thee the bard his treasure gains:  
And powerful shall the spell be found  
As Morion's form that rocks the ground.

O'er pleasant hills advancing far,  
In firm array, to wasteful war,  
Awaken'd from the gloomy deep,  
Sprites of hideous might shall sweep  
Beneath each chieftain—unseen steeds  
Rushing to immortal deeds.

Yet must I touch a note of woe—  
Yet for thy generous sire must flow  
The grateful tear ; no more he calls  
The tuneful bard to enchant his halls :  
Meteor of death, o'er Britain's foes,  
In war his ruddy spear arose  
Undaunted, till the fatal day  
When silent on the field he lay.  
But if the glorious Calvin fell,  
Unguarded by the potent spell,  
Not so Convelyn's deathless arm,  
Shielded by the mystic charm ;  
And charms as bold as those I sing  
Ne'er trembled on the vocal string,

'Midst hostile chiefs for war addrest,  
Safe they guard Convelyn's breast;  
Secure from wand'ring bolts defend  
Joy's bounteous source—his people's friend.

Dear chief, from hardy Gwynedd sprung,  
Lead thy conqu'ring hosts along,  
Grasping firm with nervous hand  
Thy pond'rous spear, to guard the land:  
While Eidyn from her azure tow'rs,  
Inur'd to arms, thy squadron pours.

Be this Aneurin's worthy theme,  
More precious than the ruddy gem!  
But tinkling soft a dulcet lay  
To some vain prince, profusely gay,—  
His flowing cup—his bounding steed—  
My harp disdains the venal deed!  
With oaks majestic, tow'ring fair,  
Let not the creeping furze compare;  
Soon would its sick'ning honours fade  
Beneath the venerable shade.

In vain should fierce invading foes—  
In vain should Odin's self oppose,  
Convelyn's arm;—this powerful strain  
Devotes them on Gododin's plain.

Convelyn, grac'd with ample spoil,  
Returning from the martial toil,  
Gave to his loyal bard to bear,  
Studded with gold, a pond'rous spear:  
Nor vain the gift, his loyal bard  
Shall strike the harp—a great reward!

He too shall have his just renown ;  
 Tegvan, the brave Convelyn's son,  
 Whene'er the spoil of distant lands  
 He parts, or counts his warlike bands :  
 Endow'd with Calvin's gen'rous fire,  
 In fortune like his conqu'ring sire,  
 When hostile wolves imbru'd the ground  
 With gore, and dealt destruction round,  
 Quick, at danger's call he ran,  
 Glittering in the glorious van,  
 To guard with unresisted hand  
 The safety of his native land.

On Cattraeth's glorious, fatal day,  
 \*Four hundred warriors sped their way  
 From golden cups of flowing mead,  
 To trace the path where danger led.  
 Their sons rever'd their deeds, and mourn'd  
 Their mighty fall, for none return'd—  
 †None but three of all the throng—  
 Themes of the Ottadinian song.  
 Conan and Cattraeth's deathless name  
 Live to grace the lists of fame.  
 But for their bard, whom many a wound  
 Laid gasping on the bleeding ground,  
 Young chiefs an ample ransom told  
 In silver, steel, and royal gold ;

\* The true number of the nobles or warriors, distinguished by golden torques, who went to the battle of Cattraeth, was 363 ; the translator has taken the nearest round number.

† The names of the three who survived, as appears from the Gododin, were Cindihi and Cinric, or Cinon of Adron, in Galloway ; and Cynon Dearawd.

With

And high they rais'd the funeral fires,  
With sorrow, to their fallen sires,  
Who fought without the mystic pow'r  
To guard them in the dreadful hour.

O, had Convelyn's potent strain  
Been chanted on the crimson plain,  
Still had they grac'd the festive hall,  
Nor should their country mourn their fall !

Warriors I saw who led the fray,  
Stern desolation strew'd their way;  
Aloft the glitt'ring blade they bore,  
Their garments hung with clotted gore.  
The furious thrust, the clanging shield,  
Confound the long-disputed field.

But, when Reged's chief pursues,  
His way through iron ranks he hews;  
Hills pil'd on hills, the strangers bleed:  
Amaz'd I view his daring deed!  
Destruction frowning on his brow,  
Close he urg'd the panting foe,  
'Till, hemm'd around, they met the shock,  
Before Galysten's hoary rock.  
Death and torment strew'd his path;  
His dreadful blade obey'd his wrath:  
Beneath their shields the strangers lay,  
Shrinking from the fatal day.

Thus, in victorious armour bright,  
Thou brave Euronwy, pant for fight:  
With such examples in thine eyes,  
Haste to grasp the hero's prize.

And till old age has left me dumb—  
Till death has call'd me to the tomb—  
May cheerful joy ne'er crown my days,  
Unless I sing of Urien's praise!

## AN ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH OF OWEN, THE SON OF URIEN,

*PRINCE OF REGED.*

BY THE SAME.



NOW Urien's son is number'd with the dead;  
 Shield him, great Father, with transcendent pow'r!  
 At thy command brave Owen's spirit fled;  
 O safely guide him in his trying hour!

The grassy turf lies heavy on his breast;  
 From Reged's loyal eyes it hides the chief:  
 Death is his lot, and everlasting rest;  
 But ling'ring life is our's, and hopeless grief.

Through ev'ry land the bard's immortal song  
 Has made his virtues and his prowess known:  
 Brave Owen's name is learnt by ev'ry tongue,  
 And with his name they learn his just renown.

With gen'rous wine his mantling goblet rose  
 To cheer the bard, to animate the strain;  
 And, when his spear was turn'd against the foes,  
 Whizzing it glitter'd, wing'd with mortal pain.

Pride of his glorious race! no more we meet  
A lord so great in fair Leveny's vale;  
Firm was his nervous arm—his onset fleet,  
And furious as the wave-impelling gale.

When from his side the burnish'd blade he drew,  
To reap the harvest of the crimson field,  
Rapt admiration trembled at the view,  
And Britain's foemen gasp'd beneath their shield.

To Reged's plains Bernicia's hero came:  
The blaze of war was kindled by his breath;  
But Owen stemm'd his fury, damp'd his flame,  
And laid him prostrate on the sleep of death.

Wide o'er the field Loegria's scatter'd host  
Was lull'd in slumber on that glorious day;  
Their lives, their champion, and the victory lost,  
Supine they glar'd upon the scorching ray.

No chance was left but death or shameful flight,  
No refuge else from Owen's wrathful shock:  
Thus the gaunt wolf, with unrelenting might,  
Mangles and scatters wide th' unwarlike flock.

Conspicuous hero! through the bleeding plain  
Sublime he rode, and grac'd with warlike steeds  
The valiant leaders of his faithful train,  
Who shar'd the same and danger of his deeds.

Since

Since thus his royal wealth, with lib'ral hand,  
Generous he scatter'd in his mortal course;  
He liv'd the blessing of a grateful land,  
Above the wiles of Fortune and her force.

But now, alas ! great Urien's son is dead ;  
Shield him, O Father! with transcendent pow'r  
At thy command brave Owen's spirit fled;  
O safely guide him in his trying hour!



## POEMS

*Translated from the Welsh of Dafydd ab Gwilym.*

---

OUR present author was contemporary with Chaucer, and still continues to be a distinguished favourite amongst his countrymen. The curious reader may find an account of his life in the introduction to the elegant edition of his works, published in London, 1789, by E. Williams, Strand.

For the elucidation of the following poems it may be proper to observe in this place, that our bard, in his youth, became violently enamoured of MORVIDA, a young lady of exquisite beauty ; and, after a long courtship, was privately married to her by a layman. The lady's parents, disapproving of the match, took away their daughter, and gave her to a wealthy old gentleman, whose unseasonable taste for youth and beauty imbittered the remainder of his days. Gwilym stigmatized this formidable rival with the name of *Little Hunchback*, and continually harassed him, by taking every opportunity to gain an interview with Morvida, whom he still considered as his own. After some time, he prevailed on her to elope with him ; and, as it appears, from a poem upon the occasion, the happy pair got safe from North Wales into Glamorganshire, where the bard had respectable relations. The injured husband had recourse to law : heavy damages were awarded against our young adventurer, and he was compelled to make restitution of the lady. Poor David's estate lay principally about the skirts of Parnassus. His old rival, and the lawyers, would not accept of a mortgage in a province they were totally unacquainted with ; they therefore thought proper to secure the person of the defaulter. Some gentlemen of Glamorganshire, commiserating the rigorous imprisonment of their favourite bard, generously paid the damages, and procured his enlargement.

These circumstances are frequently alluded to in the following poems.

THE

## THE BARD'S ADMONITION.

*To a Young Lady.*

[No. 222. Lond. Edit.]

THE delicate reader will excuse the insertion of this warm little poem, as it is highly characteristic of the manner of our author. A few passages, which nothing but the licentiousness of his age could excuse, are either softened or omitted in the translation.

THOU who wilt comprehend my lay,  
In flowing crimson, tall and gay,  
O lovely lass, attend my vows!  
Though not so fair the lily blows,  
That meekest daughter of the light,  
Nor costly beryl shines so bright:  
Not pearl on the young ousel's down,  
Nor snow on Aran's lofty crown,  
Can emulate the white that breaks  
The conscious roses in thy cheeks.—  
How sweet! Ne'er did the wave at eve  
So softly sweet a crimson give!

Ah! whither turns thy face, my fair?  
Hast thou forgot the pow'r to hear?  
Or know'st thou not that beauty's made  
First to bloom, and then to fade?  
Why still thy am'rous bard despise,  
Confiding in those lovely eyes?

Celestial

Celestial gems I own they are,  
Yet other lands may have as fair.  
Love courts thee now, but waits not long :  
A timid bird, he's quickly sprung.

Now then exert thy beauty's pow'r:  
Let this be love's triumphant hour.

When those dear locks—(forgive the lay)—  
Those auburn locks—are ting'd with grey;  
When Time has plough'd his furrows there,  
Where blooming roses now appear;  
Cold age—alas ! my love, 'tis true—  
Cold age will seize on me—and you.

Then wilt thou totter to thy glass,  
And sadly view thy faded face :  
No harp will move the trembling string,  
To thee no raptur'd youth will sing :  
Then, while the loves around thee play,  
Seize—seize their wings, dear girl, to-day !

Behold, the darkling grove is nigh !  
Thither, with speed, O let us fly !  
There should some rival swain invade,  
With curious step, our blissful shade,  
To seek us in a hundred bow'rs,  
His be the care, whilst love is ours.

Haste thee, then, beneath the boughs,  
Lovely object of my vows !  
Haste, while youth and warm desires  
Kindle love's resistless fires !  
Haste, my life ! no more delay,  
Lest idle eyes should mark our way.

See yon vault of lovely blue,  
Dipt in April's freshest hue :  
See where jolly May has spread  
His op'ning buds around our bed !

A youth uncheck'd by surly sire,  
I yield the rein to fond desire :  
In stately halls let others rove ;  
For me—I love the birchen grove.

AN  
ADDRESS TO THE SUMMER.

---

[No. 12, Appendix.]

THOU, Summer! so lovely and gay,  
 Ah! whither so soon art thou gone?  
 The world will attend to my lay  
 While thy absence I sadly bemoan:  
 With flow'rs hast thou cherish'd the glade,  
 The fair orchard with opening buds,—  
 The hedge-rows with darkening shade,  
 And with verdure the meadows and woods.

How calm in the vale by the brook—  
 How blithe o'er the lawn—did'st thou rove,  
 To prepare the fresh bow'r in the nook  
 For the damsel whose wishes were love:  
 When, smiling with heaven's bright beam,  
 Thou didst paint every hillock and field,  
 And reflect, in the smooth limpid stream,  
 All the elegance nature could yield.

Perfuming the rose on the bush,  
 And arching the eglantine spray,  
 Thou wast seen by the blackbird and thrush,  
 And they chanted the rapturous lay:

By

By yon river that bends o'er the plain,  
 With alders and willows o'erhung,  
 Each warbler perceiv'd the glad strain,  
 And join'd in the numerous song.

Here the nightingale perch'd on the thorn,  
 The poet and prince of the grove,  
 Inviting the lingering morn,  
 Taught the bard the soft descant of love :  
 And there, from the brake by the rill,  
 When night's sober steps have retir'd,  
 Ten thousand gay choristers thrill  
 Sweet confusion with rapture inspir'd.

Then the maiden, conducted by May,  
 Persuasive adviser of love,  
 With smiles that would rival thy ray,  
 Nimble trips to the bow'r in the grove ;  
 Where sweetly I warble the song  
 Which beauty's soft glances inspire ;  
 And, while melody flows from my tongue,  
 My soul is inrapt with desire.

But how sadly revers'd is the strain !  
 How doleful ! since thou art away ;  
 Every copse, every hillock and plain,  
 Has been mourning for many a day :  
 My bow'r, on the verge of the glade,  
 Where I sported in rapturous ease,

Once

Once the haunt of the delicate maid—  
 She forsakes it, and—how can it please?  
 Nor blame I the damsel who flies,  
 When winter, with threatening gale,  
 Loudly howls through the dark frozen skies,  
 And scatters the leaves o'er the vale :  
 In vain to the thicket I look  
 For the birds that enchanted the fair,  
 Or gaze on the wide-spreading oak ;  
 No shelter, no music, is there.

But tempests, with hideous yell,  
 Chase the mist o'er the brow of the hill  
 And grey torrents in every dell  
 Deform the soft murmuring rill :  
 And the hail, or the sleet, or the snow,  
 On Winter's harsh mandate attends :  
 To banishment, hence may they go—  
 Earth's tyrants, and Destiny's friends\*!

But thou, glorious Summer, return,  
 And visit the destitute plains ;  
 Nor suffer thy poet to mourn,  
 Unheeded, in languishing strains :  
 O ! come on the wing of the breeze,  
 And open the bloom of the thorn ;  
 Display thy green robe o'er the trees,  
 And all nature with beauty adorn!

\* Some lines of the original are here omitted, and this stanza is borrowed from the Bard's Description of Winter, No. 116.

'Midst the bow'rs of the fresh-blooming May,  
Where the odours of violets float,  
Each bird, on his quivering spray,  
Will remember his sprightliest note :  
Then the golden-hair'd lass, with a song,  
Will deign to revisit the grove ;  
Then, too, my old harp shall be strung,  
To welcome the season of love.



## THE REBUKE.

*To Young Ladies too ambitious of Ornaments.*

[No. 207.]

THIS piece exhibits a curious picture of the provincial mode of dress in the time of Edward the Third. Our author appears throughout his works to have been an admirer of the pure graces of nature ; yet it is not improbable that the advice he now gives to his mistress was suggested as much by the state of his finances, as by the peculiar simplicity of his taste.

To push their market on th' important day,—  
 The wake or fair,—our lasses, vainly gay,  
 Round their sweet brows the pearly network spread,  
 And rubies blush in gold to deck their head :  
 Of green or crimson is their bright attire,  
 To fix the vagrant glance of fond desire.  
 Amidst the crowd, we cannot seize an arm,  
 But sparkling bracelets vaunt their borrow'd charm.  
 A rosary each beauteous bosom bears ;  
 For pray'rs I own, but—not for heav'nly pray'rs.  
 With ornaments they mask fair Nature's grace ;  
 But woe's the man that wins the skittish lass,—  
 The dolt, who ne'er suspects that treachery lies  
 Conceal'd where grace and beauty meet the eyes.

Thus the false yew, that with one nervous strain  
 Would cheat the archer's hand, and burst in twain,  
 With studious art is gilded on the back,  
 And hides with ornaments the hideous crack :  
 Some dupe's allur'd by specious glittering gold,—  
 For trusty stuff the crazy weapon's sold.      And,

And, as the polish'd wall, that strikes the sight,  
Illum'd with modest lime—so chaste, so white—  
A worse effect for usefulness or grace,  
Than if the painter's tawdry brush should trace  
Quivers of gold and orbs of warlike shields,  
And ev'ry whim a feverish fancy yields :  
If so, ' the fairest creature, I allow,  
May need some sparkling toy to shade her brow :  
If not, how many belles their treasure waste  
And murder beauty by their want of taste ?

And, truth to tell, whene'er I see those eyes,  
More bright than stars in clear December's skies,  
Trick'd off with gems, and of such baubles vain,  
It gives anxiety, disgust, and pain.

Those pearls that deck thy mouth are brighter far,  
Sweet maid, than what the vain and ugly wear :  
Disguise not thou, at least, thy charming face,  
Nor dress and ogle in the paltry glass  
For studied charms to make thy lover bleed :  
Kind nature's grace alone will do the deed.  
Shall Sol, unrivall'd, from his orbit stray,  
In quest of brighter beams to gild the day ?

No object ever bless'd my raptur'd sight,  
Sweet as the modest fair in virgin white :  
The flaunting countess, in her gorgeous dress,  
Is less divine by far, and pleases vastly less.

## THE BARD'S DEVOTION.

[No. 149.]

THIS narrative of a conversation between the bard and a friar, and several others of the same kind in the works of Dafydd ab Gwilym, furnish a just idea of the degree of veneration in which he held the Roman priesthood. An ingenious editor of Chaucer has suggested a hint that his sarcasms upon the vices of the clergy might have predisposed the nation to a rejection of their errors; the same observation may be extended to his lively contemporary in Wales. Gwilym's recantation is indeed published amongst his Poems; but from the style, and other circumstances, I should conclude that the monks made him recant when in Purgatory.

Ah ! could I tell the lovely maid,  
Whose fair abode's in yonder shade,  
The converse I have held to-day  
With a staunch friar clad in grey !

Approaching to the holy man,  
My frank confession I began ;  
As thus :—" Dread sir, to idle rhyme  
" And amorous sighs I give my time ;  
" In a dark brow and beauteous face  
" My earthly paradise I place :

" Yet

" Yet neither sighs nor anxious care,  
" Nor tuneful pathos moves the fair.  
" Tho' doom'd to love her whilst I live,  
" To sigh, to languish, and to grieve;  
" Tho' doom'd to waft her fair renown  
" O'er Cambria's hills—I lie alone;  
" In broken dreams I seek in vain  
" To clasp the soother of my pain."

Next hear the rev'rend priest begin :—

" As you'd escape a mortal sin,  
" Your past transgressions thus retrieve—  
" Attend the good advice I give!  
" To love a maid, however fair,  
" Hear me! henceforth you must forbear.  
" This life is not a solace given,  
" 'Tis a dark passage up to heaven;  
" Then root out pleasures from the flesh,  
" And in the soul they'll spring afresh.  
" And wouldst thou save thy spotted soul,  
" Nor let old Satan gulp thee whole,  
" Inure thy hand to pious deeds—  
" Go—pay thy tithes, and tell thy beads;  
" No more indulge such idle ways—  
" Forego thy love, and burn thy lays.  
" To heav'n we trip not with an air,  
" Religion's work is more severe.  
" Your worldly strains, O bards, abound  
" With jests profane and empty sound:

" The

" The heedless youth ye lead astray,  
 " And lure them down the crooked way,  
 " 'Till, at the last, ye give at once,  
 " Body and soul to *David Jones*."

When the good priest, in formal fashion,  
 Had clos'd the solemn peroration,  
 I mus'd awhile upon his preachment,  
 Then to each tittle of impeachment  
 I gave for answer—" By your leave,  
 " Most humbly, doctor, I conceive  
 " The Master whom we all obey  
 " Is not so strict as elders say:  
 " On musty parchments though ye pore,  
 " Ye cannot thus our senses *bore*.

" To love three things, you needs must know,  
 " Sure we're not damn'd for doing so!  
 " The world's resolv'd, and so am I—  
 " A maid—sound health—a cloudless sky.  
 " In all creation's ample round,  
 " A maid's the fairest flow'r that's found:  
 " 'Twas love and maids produc'd us all,  
 " And gave us what we mothers call:  
 " Good reason then we surely find  
 " For the sweet love of womankind.

" From Heav'n if pleasure must proceed,  
 " And sadness from—the place you dread;  
 " Whilst sick and well, whilst old and young,  
 " Experience pleasure in a song;  
 " Acknowledge 'tis an equal thing  
 " For you to preach, and me to sing:  
 " And let me join the tuneful band,  
 " Whilst you extend the *craving hand*.

" An

" E'en pious David did compose  
 " In verse—who made the psalter prose ?

" You live not on a single dish ;  
 " Now beef's preferr'd, and now 'tis fish ;  
 " Just so, for all things there's a time,  
 " For preaching now, and now to rhyme.  
 " In ev'ry banquet, far and near,  
 " We've songs to please the female ear ;  
 " And preaching too, in sacred dome,  
 " To fit us for—a time to come.

" Regaling with his bards, a sage,  
 " Whose name is spar'd by envious age,  
 " Full well observ'd ; his words I quote,  
 " And hope you'll find them worth your note—  
 " ' The cheerful face has many friends,  
 " But woe the sullen churl attends.'  
 " Some think it best to shave their crown ;  
 " I love good cheer as well, I own.

" My noble art's attain'd by few,  
 " But, doctor, is it so with you ?  
 " Visions and proverbs you impart,  
 " Which ev'ry dunce has got by heart :  
 " From hence you'll gather, if you please,  
 " An ode is not the soul's disease.

" If e'er the world should heed your tongue  
 " As much as Gwilym's sprightly song,—  
 " Should Cambria's damsels love so well  
 " The sober tale that you can tell,—

I'd

" I'd ape the sanctimonious train,

" And tune no more the raptur'd strain."

F. " Perdition seize thee, with thy song!"

B. " To friars alone may that belong!"

F. " Begone to thine infernal nest!"

B. " To thee I leave it, canting priest."

## THE CUCKOO'S TALE.

[No. 70.]



BY a personification familiar to the Welsh bards, our author introduces the cuckoo, as giving him the first intimation of his rival's success, and the perfidy of his mistress. By defending the character of Morvida, and insisting on the sacredness of her vows, the poet takes occasion to reproach her inconstancy with great delicacy and address.

WHILE on the dewy grass I stand,  
 A mantling forest nigh at hand,  
 To bright Morvida, peerless fair !  
 I hum the love-inspiring air.  
 Aloft the opening branches play,  
 Cheer'd with the freshest morn of May ;  
 And soft and sweet the eastern beam  
 Gilds the fair lawn beside the stream.  
 O'er hill and vale, from shade to shade,  
 Through ev'ry path that love has made,  
 With ardent hope mine eyes I roll,  
 To seek the treasure of my soul ;  
 Nor yet the charming lass I find,  
 Though with her looks my life's entwin'd.

But, lo ! the cuckoo, 'midst the grove,  
 Attunes the note I us'd to love ;  
 For, sweeter than that cheerful bird,  
 What song of minstrel can be heard  
 By lonely bard that strays serene,  
 Musing amidst the rural scene ?



My clear-ton'd voice my joy express'd,  
 Whilst thus the songstress I address'd :—

“ Pleasant seasons may'st thou find,  
 “ Soother of the pensive mind !  
 “ Gen'rous bird, that loves to bring  
 “ News to enchant the meek-ey'd spring ;  
 “ Proclaiming to the raptur'd land  
 “ That golden summer's nigh at hand ;—  
 “ Summer, that leads the maid of love  
 “ Blushing to the conscious grove,  
 “ Conducts her happy bard along,—  
 “ Strings his harp ; and wakes the song,—  
 “ With verdure clothes the bow'ring trees,  
 “ And, with her health-inspiring breeze,  
 “ To ev'ry beauteous face imparts  
 “ The tender glance that wins our hearts !

“ And may the summer cheer thee long,  
 “ For pleasant is thy annual song :  
 “ Prophetic minstrel of the grove,  
 “ It is the gen'rous wine of love !  
 “ O say then, in thy poet's ear,  
 “ Why thus delays the ling'ring fair ?”

*Cuckoo.*

“ Poet of the rural strain,  
 “ The tale I tell will give thee pain :—  
 “ This dismal year will seal thy fate :  
 “ For thee, what loads of anguish wait !  
 “ Thy raptur'd song, thy anxious care,  
 “ Are lost on this regardless fair :  
 “ Ungrateful,

- " Ungrateful, she forgets her vows;  
 " Yet prudent seeks a wealthier spouse.  
 " O, give thy hopeless passion o'er!  
 " *Morvida* can be thine no more."

*Bard.*

- " Ah hush! Thou songstress of the grove,  
 " Nor thus revile my spotless love!  
 " Such cruel jests will nought avail;  
 " Can *Gwilym* e'er believe thy tale?  
 " Can I my dearest love resign?  
 " Her sacred oath confirms her mine;  
 " Her sacred oath and pledge of love  
 " She gave me in this blissful grove.  
 " 'Twas here our mutual hands were giv'n,—  
 " Conceal'd from men, though seen by Heav'n;  
 " While *Madoc*, sharer of my breast,  
 " Perform'd the office of the priest.  
 " Ah! bode not then a dismal year,—  
 " *Morvida* will her vows revere.

- " But why, O cuckoo! errs thy song?  
 " Why thus impertinent thy tongue?  
 " Some dire delusion turns thy brain;  
 " Henceforward who will heed thy strain?"

*Cuckoo.*

- " More prudence learn, thou wayward youth!  
 " Nor thus reject a grating truth.  
 " In vain you languish in the grove,—  
 " *Morvida* weds another love:  
 " Disguis'd with smiles, her cruel heart  
 " Acts by thee a treacherous part:

" And

“ And such misfortunes must thou bear ;  
“ ’Twas mad to love a maid so fair,—  
“ To dote on bright *Morvida’s* eyes,  
“ When *little hunchback* has the prize.”

*Bard,*

“ For this thine execrable song,  
“ Eternal silence seize thy tongue,  
“ Ill-boding bird ! And may’st thou rove  
“ Confounded through the naked grove !  
“ May the fair sun deny thee light !  
“ May balmy summer shun thy sight !  
“ And smit with winter’s deadly breeze,  
“ Vile sorceress, may thy heart-spring freeze !”

## THE DREAM.

[No. 3, Appendix.

IN this poem, the occasion of which may be collected from the preceding, the bard exculpates his mistress, and fixes the blame upon the avarice and tyranny of her parents.

KEEN was the northern blast, and dark the vale,  
 As yester-eve I trac'd my weary way,  
 Till, shrinking from the bleak and wintry gale,  
 Desponding on the furze-clad earth I lay.

Now slumber lulls the torture of my soul,  
 But hideous dreams to anxious thoughts succeed:  
 From distant valley, lo! the torrents roll,  
 And round my couch their gather'd billows spread.

Rough roars the stream, as Taf's impetuous course,  
 Fed with the deluge of a hundred hills;  
 Strong as the raging bull's assailing force;—  
 Unmanly dread my panting bosom fills.

Au

And, rushing headlong—dreadful is the fall !  
Astonish'd, from the treacherous brink I glide ;  
In vain to mortal man for succour call,  
Or pray to heav'n for strength to stem the tide.

What can my efforts do? Tremendous rocks  
Assail, beneath the gulf, my wounded breast :  
My vigour yields to unremitted shocks,—  
My heart expires, by toil and dread oppress'd.

I see the day quick vanish from the skies,  
And night, with horrid gloom, invest me round :  
I hear the wind's tremendous roar arise,  
Responsive to the torrent's deep'ning sound :

And, struggling long, with many a vigorous strain,  
Toss'd and confounded on the whelming wave—  
My cries, my pray'rs, my efforts—all are vain !  
I sink, reluctant, to the wat'ry grave. ‡

Awaking when the dawn, with dubious light,  
First ting'd the east ; 'midst dread and anxious pain,  
I lay and ponder'd on the ominous sight,  
With aching heart and sore distracted brain.

And well, alas ! I know the fatal truth,  
Though nothing vers'd in sage diviners' lore :  
For many a tedious year (a wayward youth !)  
I pine with love—nor are my troubles o'er.

Nor

Nor deigns success to cheer, or hope beguile,  
 My lingering pain, or Time's slow hand remove:  
 Nor dares the fair relieve me with a smile,  
 Or (fond delusion!) bless me with her love.

Yet wizard Fancy leads me many an hour  
 To fairy scenes, where Pleasure gladly strays;  
 And brings my darling to the bridal bow'r,  
 Which Love had form'd amidst the quiv'ring sprays;—

And shews thy wavy locks, my blooming fair!  
 And willing step, light tripping o'er the lawn;  
 While thy gay lover chants his daily air,  
 'Midst raptur'd dalliance, to the list'ning dawn.

Avaunt, Delusion! Though I wake the strain  
 With transport now, and now with anguish mourn;  
 My love, my treasure, ne'er can I obtain,  
 Or tell her how I languish—how I burn.

An odious rival (oh! tormenting thought!)  
 My ruin plans—a spectre dire and old!  
 Gold is his merit. 'Love with gold is bought,  
 And youth and beauty yield, insnar'd with gold.

Hideous, decrepit, tottering o'er the grave,  
 The wealthy dotard will my love beguile:  
 In scorn of me her griping parents rave,  
 Nor dares *Morvida* bless me with a smile.

These are the dreadful forms that murder sleep,—  
The shelving rocks,—the waves of deadly weight,—  
The storm,—the fury of the darken'd deep,—  
And all the dismal vision of my fate.—

Thus have I struggled with th' impetuous tide,  
With idle hope to stem the threat'ning doom ;  
Till o'er my head affliction's billows ride,  
And, ruthless, drag me ling'ring to the tomb.

## THE INVOCATION.

*To the Summer.*

[No. 14, Appendix.

THIS poem is a tribute of the bard's gratitude to the gentle men of Glamorganshire, who generously relieved him from the vexatious consequences of his rival's suit.

PARENT of the genial year,  
 Again thy gentle smiles appear!  
 The hedge-rows bud—the fragrant gale  
 Wakes into life yon slumb'ring vale;  
 Our high-arch'd walks thy garlands shade,  
 O monarch of the vernal glade!  
 On dale and hill thy flow'rs arise,  
 Breathing sweet incense to the skies:  
 In nature's fervid, various lays,  
 The jocund warblers chant thy praise:  
 While, lurking in the woodbine-bow'r,  
 We hear the vocal ousel pour  
 His raptur'd descant;—at his voice  
 The hills and green-rob'd fields rejoice;  
 The human heart with transport burns,  
 For more than paradise returns.

Yet hear me, beauteous Summer, hear  
 With speed thy poet's mandate bear  
 From Gwyneth's horrid wild domains  
 To fair Siluria's happier plains:

Nor



Nor stop thy course 'till to thine eyes  
Glamorgan's sea-girt coast arise.

And, when you've reach'd the blissful seat,  
My kindest wishes oft repeat :  
Blessings and health, with lib'ral hand,  
Show'r on that gen'rous, dear-lov'd land.  
Its bounds a hundred times survey,  
With ling'ring step and fond delay.

There Nature sheds her copious stores,  
Her vig'rous leaves and rural flow'rs :  
Three kinds of hay, and eight of grain,  
Their highly-cultur'd fields sustain.  
Here scented trefoil clothes the ground,  
Shaded with orchards all around :  
There slope the hills, and on the sprays  
Ten thousand warblers pour their lays :  
Here waving verdure decks the soil ;  
There by the stream the anglers toil :  
The vineyard here its boon supplies ;  
And, where the stone-built mansions rise,  
If chance the wand'ring stranger come,  
There Hospitality's at home :  
The gen'rous lord proclaims the feast ;  
His nectar flows to ev'ry guest ;  
And chiefs that love the tuneful throng,  
With gold and mead reward the song :  
Their praise the frequent minstrels sing  
With mellow voice, and sound the string.

Where fair Siluria crowns the isle,  
There court and fame with plenty smile ;  
And strangers, on the distant shore,  
From thence derive their copious store.

If then, O sire of golden days,  
 If thou respect thy poet's lays,  
 Thy world-reviving smile remove  
 To that dear land I ever love.  
 Propitious, let thine eye divine  
 On ev'ry generous mansion shine ;  
 And hail, in morning's roseate hue,  
 Their splendid domes ; their mirth renew.  
 Around thy balmy honours fling,  
 Thy bending sprays, thy robes of spring :  
 On ev'ry tree thy chosen store,  
 Thy loads of rich abundance, pour ;  
 And let thy copious gifts adorn  
 The vernal mead and yellow corn.

\* Where'er the vines extend in rows,  
 Where'er the luscious orchard blows,  
 Where'er the gardens grace the land,  
 Diffuse the bounties of thine hand.

Yet, lo! amidst a scene so fair,  
 A painful duty claims my care :  
 From dewy lawns I'll pluck the rose,  
 And ev'ry fragrant flow'r that blows ;  
 The earliest primrose of the spring  
 To † *Ivor's* honour'd ‡ grave I'll bring.

\* Gwilym repeatedly celebrates the vineyards of Glamorganshire, in the fourteenth century, as clearly distinguished from their orchards.

† *Ivor, the generous*: a relation and bountiful patron of the bard. He was the brother of Morgan ab Llewelyn, from whom the Tredeger family descended in a direct line.

‡ The custom of decorating the graves of friends with flowers is still continued in Wales. See a pretty poem of Dr. Dodd's upon that subject.

This humble rite shall oft be paid,  
To deck the spot where he is laid;  
To shew how much for him I mourn,  
How much I weep o'er *Ivor's* urn\*.

§ The eight elegant lines which conclude this poem, and the six marked with inverted commas in *The Bard's Last Song*, are borrowed from the *Life of Gwilym*, prefixed to the London edition of his works. The present translator is conscious that he cannot improve, and he is loth to spoil them.

## THE RETROSPECT.

No. 9, Appendix.]

IN this poem, Gwilym has placed the good-humoured satisfaction of youth and the peevish querulousness of old age in a picturesque and striking contrast. He had now loved his *Morrída* during the whole age of a tree, and his sentiments respecting her are still warm and tender. We must observe, however, that time alone was not accountable for the depredation he complains of in the nuptial bower. In one of his satires he roundly lampoons his rival and his servant for their violation of that favourite spot.

THOU lily form, without compare!  
 Thou pride of Britain's matchless fair!  
 Dearest *Morrída*, mien divine!  
 Ne'er did a ray so lovely shine  
 On checquer'd glade or hillock green,  
 When, rising from the east serene,  
 Summer's first sun expands in gold—  
 How much, of thee, my song has told!

Late was the hour, when, o'er yon lawn,  
 Thou rival of the op'ning dawn,  
 Waiting, I sat beneath the grove,  
 Where first we told the tale of love;  
 Where May, the nurse of young Desire,  
 Did first the rosy blush inspire:  
 Around I gaz'd, and mus'd alone  
 On those dear moments;—ah! they're gone.

When

When first beneath the secret shade  
 I saw thy lovely form display'd,  
 And heard thy voice—our little grove  
 Around the gladsome hillock hove  
 Its tender twigs ;— the youthful trees,  
 Trembling, enjoy'd the balmy breeze.  
 We saw our stately birch arise  
 With vig'rous branches to the skies :  
 Its shade to what shall I compare ?  
 Love's rural temple, green and fair ;—  
 The bow'r of bliss, where thickwood sprays  
 Soften the sun's meridian rays ;—  
 The house of peace, where pleasure dwells,  
 Sweet sauntering in his leafy cells ;—  
 Or heavenly transport's tow'ring dome—  
 Enchantment's hall, and beauty's home

There birds, in sylvan music skill'd,  
 On distant boughs divinely thrill'd :  
 The ousel, poet of the grove,  
 Sung an ecstatic strain of love :  
 Clear was his note and sweetly bold—  
 You know the tender tale he told.  
 Next Philomel, sweet bird of night!  
 Suspending time's continual flight,  
 His descant chanted all night long,  
 While Rapture listen'd to his song.

But ah ! how diff'rent is the scene !  
 No more the blasted trees are green :  
 Now, seiz'd by horrid age, they drop  
 The shrivell'd leaf, the crazy top ;  
 The mutilated trunk decays,  
 And sadly mourns its better days.

Suspending

Stern winter desolates the bow'r,  
 And kills it with a frozen show'r:  
 While ruthless Time, with giant hand,  
 Grasps the fair shades our loves had plann'd,  
 And scatters on the dreary gale  
 Their honours o'er the desert vale.

No longer, in his usual haunts,  
 His golden lay the ouzle chants;  
 Nor here the darkling Philomel  
 (Night's wakeful minstrel!) deigns to dwell,  
 And thrill the soul-enchanting strain,  
 Where Winter, Age, and Silence, reign.

Just so before mine eyes are brought,  
 By pensive, life-devouring thought,  
 Thou dearest treasure of mine heart,  
 Those days of hope I've seen depart,—  
 Those golden days, when gay desire  
 Did first my happy breast inspire,  
 And those of endless care I bore  
 When I could call thee mine no more;  
 When hope and fear by turns oppress  
 This over-anxious, tender breast;  
 And jealous torture rack'd my brain,  
 Supporting life with ling'ring pain.  
 For tedious years I vainly woo'd,—  
 'Twas thee alone my heart pursu'd;  
 Till, like these once-delightful trees,  
 Life's joys with chilling anguish freeze.

With

With aching head and throbbing breast,  
Stranger to peace and soothing rest,  
By ceaseless cares I'm worn away,  
And sinking to the bed of clay.

THE  
BARD'S LAST SONG.

[No. 16, Appendix.

I'VE seen the days of youth depart!  
The shaft of sorrow stings my heart:  
Old age alone, and cares, remain—  
Heav'n support me through my pain!  
Gen'rous manhood now is o'er:  
The day was bright—it shines no more.  
Confus'd ideas rack my head;  
The noble love of fame is fled:  
Lost is th' harmonious voice, which long  
Cheer'd the sad heart and pour'd the song.  
“ *Ivor* is gone! my friend most dear;  
“ And \* *Nést*, sweet soother of my care!  
“ My soul's delight, *Morvida*, 's fled,—  
“ All moulder in their clay-cold bed!  
“ And I, oppress'd with woe, remain,  
“ Victim to age and ling'ring pain!”

Where larks their sprightly matins sing,—  
Where cuckoo hails the noon of spring,—

\* *Nést*.—The lady of *Ivor* the generous, mentioned in the Invocation to the Summer. She had always treated the Bard with peculiar esteem and tenderness.



Where Philomela's ev'ning lay  
Echoes melodious from the spray,—  
There did my bounding heart rejoice  
To hear the lovelorn damsel's voice ;  
There did the balmy kiss inspire  
The rapt'rous strain of warm desire.  
But, ah! no more I cheer the glade,  
Or chant beneath the vernal shade ;  
Tho' still the ling'ring memory last,  
'Tis o'er,—my lovely theme is past !  
Pains rack my head and dim the sight ;  
E'en beauty's charms no more delight :  
O'er vanish'd scenes of former loves  
The tortur'd thought but faintly roves :  
Unnerv'd and destitute I lie,—  
The giant Death stalks threat'ning by !  
My course is run,—I see the land ;—  
The grave—my home ! 'Tis just at hand.

O CHRIST, thy speedy succour send!  
Be thou my Pilot—thou my Friend !  
Safely conduct me to the shore—  
Be this my lot,—I need no more !

## AN ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN

BRITTON-FERRY CHURCH-YARD,

IN

GLAMORGAN,

BY

WILLIAM MASON;

*With Notes by the late Rev. William Thomas, B. D. Chancellor of the Cathedral of Landaff, and Vicar of Britton-Ferry; and additional Notes by Edward Williams, of Flimstone.*

FROM southern Cambria's richly-varied clime,  
Where Grace and Grandeur share an equal reign,—  
Where cliffs o'erhung with shade and hills sublime\*,  
Of mountain lineage, sweep into the main ;—

\* *Cliffs o'erhung with shade.*]—The woods about Britton-Ferry grow prosperously in the sea air; oaks, the most tender of all trees of sea air, grow here with their roots in the sea water. Perhaps the Bristol Channel cannot properly be called a sea: it is, correctly speaking, only the mouth of the Severn; and the numerous rivers falling into it from the English and Welsh side so qualify the waters, as to render the vapours or air from them less saline than what they are in other maritime places.

From

From bays where Commerce furls her wearied sails\*,  
 Proud to have dar'd the dangers of the deep,  
 And floats at anchor'd ease, enclos'd by vales,  
 To ocean's verge, where stray the vent'rous sheep ;—

From brilliant scenes like these I turn my eye,  
 And, lo ! a solemn circle meets its view ;  
 Wall'd, to protect inhum'd mortality,  
 And shaded close with poplar and with yew !

Deep in that dell the humble fane appears,  
 Whence pray'rs, if humble, best to Heav'n aspire :  
 No tow'r embattled, no proud spire, it rears ;  
 A moss-grown corslet decks its lowly choir.

And round that fane the sons of toil repose,  
 Who drove the ploughshare, or the sail who spread,  
 With wives, with children, all in measur'd rows ;  
 Two whiten'd stones well mark the feet and head†.

\* *Where Commerce furls her wearied sails.*]—Britton-Ferry church and village, with the elegant seat of Lord Vernon, and its most beautiful grounds, lie at the mouth of Neath river, which is frequented by great numbers of ships for the excellent coal that this part of Wales abounds with; also for copper, iron, &c., from the very large works for smelting and refining copper, the large iron foundries, furnaces, and forges, that are about the town of Neath, about three or four miles up the river.

† *Two whiten'd stones.*]—The poor, who cannot afford inscribed monumental stones over the graves of their friends, fix two common paving flags, or stones; one at the head, the other at the feet; and whitewash them thrice every year,—Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide.

While

While, these between, full many a simple flow'r\*,  
 Pansy and pink, with languid beauty smile;  
 The primrose, op'ning at the twilight hour,  
 And velvet tufts of fragrant chamomile.

For, more intent the smell than sight to please,  
 Surviving love selects its vernal race :  
 Plants that with early perfume feed the breeze †  
 May best each dank and noxious vapour chase.

The flaunting tulip, the carnation gay,  
 Turnsole and piony, and all the train  
 That love to glitter in the noontide ray,  
 Ill suit the place where Death and Silence reign.

\* *Full many a simple flow'r.*]—It is a very ancient and still very prevalent custom in Glamorganshire to plant flowers on the graves. The flowers must be always such as are sweet-scented; if not so, however beautiful they may be, they are not to be planted on graves. Sweet-scented herbs, as rosemary, southern-wood, hyssop, thyme, chamomile, &c., are also planted on graves. Many of the church-yards in Glamorgan are so profusely planted with flowers, as to be more like parterres, or flower-gardens, than any thing else: amongst these may be noticed the church-yards of Loughor, Lantrithyd, Whitchurch, &c. &c.

† *Plants that with early perfume, &c.*]—The plants and flowers must be sweet-scented. Ill-scented herbs or flowers are planted sometimes on the graves of old maids, old bachelors, and others, whose characters are not approved of; and nettles particularly on the grave of an old maid. This, however, is only done by waggish persons; and the friends of the dead remove such plants, most commonly, as soon as they discover them. The old bachelor's plant, amongst others, is a thistle.

Not

Not but, perchance, to deck some virgin's tomb,  
 Where violets sweet their two-fold purple spread,  
 Some rose of maiden blush may faintly bloom\*,  
 Or with'ring hang its emblematic head.

These to renew with more than annual caret,  
 That wakeful love with pensive step will go :  
 The hand that lifts the dibble shakes with fear,  
 Lest haply it disturb the friend below.

Vain fear ! for never shall disturber come,  
 Potent enough to wake such sleep profound,  
 Till the dread herald to the day of doom  
 Pours from his trump the world-dissolving sound.

Vain fear !—Yet who that boasts a heart to feel,  
 An eye to pity, would that fear reprove ?  
 They only who are curs'd with breasts of steel  
 Can mock the foibles of surviving love.

\* *Some rose of maiden blush, &c.*—The rose is planted on the graves of young virgins. This is not quite correct. The white rose is planted on a young virgin's grave. It is the custom in Glamorgan to strew with flowers the ways of a young couple going to be married : all the youth of both sexes, in the places where the parties live, join in this employment ; and when a single young man or woman dies, the ways they are to be carried to their ultimate homes are always strewed with flowers, and they are said to be going to their *marriage beds*, and not to their graves. Their coffins are always white ; white roses, and other sweet-scented white flowers, are planted in their graves.

† *These to renew, &c.*—The graves are dressed every spring, and such flowers planted as may be necessary. It is a common thing to hear the mournful planter say, " I am cultivating my own freehold."

Those

Those foibles, far beyond cold Reason's claim,  
 Have pow'r the social charities to spread;  
 They feed, sweet Tenderness! thy lambent flame,  
 Which, while it warms the heart, improves the head.

Its chemic aid a gradual heat supplies,  
 That from the dross of self each wish refines,  
 Extracts the lib'ral spirit, bids it rise,  
 Till with primeval purity it shines.

Take then, poor peasants, from the friend of Gray,  
 His humbler praise; for Gray or fail'd to see,  
 Or saw unnotic'd, what had wak'd a lay,  
 Rich in the pathos of true poesy.

Yes, had he pac'd this church-way path along,  
 Or lean'd, like me, against this ivy'd wall,  
 How sadly sweet had flow'd his Dorian song,—  
 Then sweetest when it flow'd at Nature's call!

Like Tadmor's King, his comprehensive mind  
 Each plant's peculiar character could seize;  
 And hence his moralizing Muse had join'd  
 To all these flow'rs a thousand similes.

But

But he, alas ! in distant village grave,  
 Has laid with dear maternal dust his own :  
 E'en now the pang which parting friendship gave  
 Thrills at my heart, and tells me he is gone.

Take then from me the pensive strain that flows,  
 Congenial to this consecrated gloom,  
 Where all that meets my eye some symbol shews  
 Of grief, like mine, which lives beyond the tomb ;—

~~Shews me that you, tho' doom'd the live-long year,~~  
 For scanty food, the toiling arm to ply,  
 Can smite your breasts, and find an inmate there  
 To heave, when Mem'ry bids the ready sigh.

~~Still purge that best of inmates, gentle swains !~~  
 Still act as heartfelt sympathy inspires :  
~~The taste that birth from education gains~~  
 Serves but to chill affection's native fires.

To you more knowledge than what shields from vice  
 Were but a gift to multiply your cares :  
 Of matter and of mind let reasoners nice  
 Dispute ; be patience your's,—presumption their's.

You

You know (what more can earthly science know ?)  
 That all must die : by Revelation's ray  
 Illum'd, you trust the ashes plac'd below  
 These flow'ry tufts shall rise to endless day.

What if you deem, by hoar tradition led,  
 To you perchance devolv'd from Druids old\*,  
 That parted souls at solemn seasons tread  
 The circles that their shrines of clay enfold?—

What if you deem they some sad pleasure take  
 These poor memorials of your love to view ;  
 And scent the perfume, for the planter's sake,  
 That breathes from vulgar rosemary and rue† ?

\* *Devolv'd from Druids old.*]—It is a common belief in Wales that the spirits of the dead hover about the graves where their bodies are laid.—Churches and church-yards are believed by some to be the only places where the ghosts of the departed may venture to appear, as in consecrated ground ; every where else they would be assailed by devils. This is rather a Papistical than a Druidical superstition, hence the idea that ghosts haunt churches and church-yards more than other places.

† *Scent the perfume—That breathes from vulgar rosemary and rue.*]—This is not correct : rue is never planted on the grave of a beloved person, for it is an ill-scented plant ; it is planted by wags now and then on the grave of a disliked person.

Unfeeling



Unfeeling Wit may scorn, and Pride may frown ;  
Yet Fancy, empress of the realms of song,  
Shall bless the decent mode ; and Reason own  
It may be right, for who can prove it wrong?

RICHARD LLWYD,  
*THE BARD OF SNOWDEN,*

TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

YE \*, whom Britain's earliest day  
 Saw among her meadows play,  
 Unconscious yet that Ocean's waves  
 Form'd the isle it loves and laves;—

Lords of realms as yet unknown,  
 A blest creation all your own;  
 A region yet by blood unstain'd,  
 Where Peace, unbroke, unruff'd, reign'd;—

\* Aborigines.

Ere yet the icy rocky North \*  
 Had pour'd her hungry myriads forth ;  
 The hordes that ravaged guiltless lands,  
 And forc'd to arms your pastoral bands.

Decreed to share a restless doom,  
 A world, in vain, resisted Rome :  
 Yet Claudius † heard, on Empire's throne,  
 A voice *then* greater than his own.

Led by rapine, fraud, and spoil,  
 Saxons, Normans, trod your soil ;  
 And Bards in strains of sorrow tell  
 That Britain's offspring fought and fell.

Lost your own paternal plains,  
 Florid fields and wide domains,  
 Fair Cambria saw with beckoning eyes,  
 And bade ERYRI's ‡ ramparts rise.

\* Invasions of the Danes and Norwegians.

† See an elegant version of the speech of Caractacus before Claudius, in the *Juvenilia* of my accomplished friend, J. H. L. Hunt, Esq.

‡ The ridge of Snowdonia.

Here, amid her cliffs of snow,  
 Ages saw you brave the foe;  
 Till Concord came, with efforts blest,  
 And sooth'd Contention's roar to rest!

United now to Britain's throne,  
 Your sires \* return, resume their own:  
 Chiefs of your country's ancient days  
 Britannia's wider sceptre sways!

O'er Britain's fair extended face,  
 One brave, one rich, and potent race,—  
 High in honour—high in fame,—  
 The first of nations—BOASTS YOUR NAME!

BRITONS, hear! that *name's* a host,  
 And forms a bulwark round your coast:  
 And Fame shall tell, in records fair,  
 You're worthy of the *name* you bear!

\* The restoration of the British line in Henry the VIIth., of the House of Tudor.

The foe that racks a suffering world,  
 At you the bolt of war has hurl'd;  
 And dares, in language loud and high,  
 Your warriors to the field defy;—

Dares, and hopes, by threats and wiles,  
 To ravage—rule—the Queen of Isles:  
 Her sons shall check his thirst of blood,  
 By all that's great, and all that's good!

By genuine Freedom's holy flame;  
 By your own Arthur, Alfred's name;  
 By Deva's \* waves, when Ida fled;  
 By Mona's sons, when Merfyn † led;—

By Rodri's ‡ bright and vengeful sword,  
 That gleam'd in Conway's lucid ford;  
 By Euloe's § forests, Berwyn's heath,  
 Where Owen gain'd the unfading wreath;—

\* The battle of Bangor, upon the Dee.

† That of Llanfaes, in Anglesey.

‡ *Dial Rodri*, or Roderick's revenge, at Cymryd, upon the river Conway.

§ In the forests of Euloe, in Flintshire, and on the mountain of Berwyn, the fortunes of Henry II., the power of England, aided by a diversion from Ireland upon the coasts of Wales, and a full exertion of the old maxim, *Divide et impera*, gave way to a combination of elemental warfare, an inaccessible country, and the prowess of Owen Gwynedd.

By

By Jorwerth \*—Cynan—Howel's name,—  
 By all that fills the rolls of fame,—  
 Unfold your banners, rend the air,  
 And proudly shew the shields † you bear!

Sons ‡ of Snowden, yours the meed!  
 Nobly live, or nobly bleed!  
 Your country, parents, children, save,  
 Or *fill one great and glorious grave!*

\* Llewelyn ap Jorwerth, Gryffyth ap Cynan, and Howel Dda (or the good), Princes of Wales.

† In the ages of contention and discord, before the incorporation by which we became one great and happy people, the now-neglected language of Shields, of Chivalry, and Arms, was that which symbolically recorded the actions of those to whom their country was indebted for safety in the hour of danger, whose names it is honourable to recollect, and whose exploits it is glorious to emulate. Of these, those of Gweryd ap Rhys Gôch, Ednyfed Vychan, Carwed of Twrcelyn, Meurig, from Hëdd Moelwynog. Howel y Fwyall, Dafydd Gam (see History, battles of Cressy and Poitiers), and that of the Lloyds of Bôd Idris in Iâl, are particularly instructive and entertaining.

‡ Llangcian 'r Eryri.

LINES

FOR

THE ANNIVERSARY

**OF SAINT DAVID'S,**

AT CHESTER, IN 1815.

---

Of yore, when Britain yet was young,  
 When Rome decreed oppression's date,  
 Our bards the strain consoling sung,  
 Inspir'd—foretold \* a happier fate—  
*" That ocean's waves should waft our fame—*  
*" The first of nations boast our NAME."*  
 Rule, Britannia! &c.

\* " TRA MÔR, TRA BRYTHON."—*Talesin*, A. D. 560.  
 Wherever the waves of ocean shall reach, Britons will be known.

In adverse days we left the plain,  
 And sought the summits \* unexplor'd,  
 Where never tyrant forg'd the chain,  
 And Cæsar's eagles never soar'd.

*That ocean, &c.*

There Freedom dwelt, a mountain fair—  
 There bade each Briton's † bosom glow;  
 With her they breath'd a purer air,  
 With her repell'd their ev'ry foe.

*That ocean, &c.*

Till Heav'n, in blissful healing hour,  
 Our sires ‡ restor'd to London's § throne,  
 Where union nerves their ample pow'r,  
 And empire's heir || is still our own.

*That ocean, &c.*

O'er

\* After the Romans, with a view to the quiet subjection of Britain, had drained it of its youth and strength, to fight their battles on the continent, the Britons were less able, on the extinction of the Roman power, to repel the repeated invasions of the Saxons, Danes, and Normans; and historians have observed, that the spirited and high-minded of them gradually retreated to the mountains, now called WALES, for *there*, as the Psalmist says, "The strength of the hills was *their's* also."

† The 27th Triade records the names of three warriors, whose determination it was—

"Nad cynt o gad, namyn ar eu heloran."

To leave the battle only on their biers.

‡ The restoration of the line of Henry the VIIth., of the House of Tudor.

"All hail, ye genuine Kings! Britannia's issue, hail!"

● GRAY'S *Bard*.

§ The sovereigns of the various nations that occupied that part of Britain, now called England, were by the Britons called KINGS OF LONDON, to distinguish them from the SEA KINGS, or Chiefs of the different banditti, which in the early ages infested the sea-coasts of Europe; and in so *foreign* a light were they beheld by the Britons, that the Norman invasion, and the submission of the Saxons after one battle only, was considered as a war between two *strange nations*, with which they had nothing to do!

|| The annexation of Wales to England was an event which *must*, from the disproportion of their power, at some period take place; but that it was not accom-



O'er Britain's \* fair extended face,  
 By culture, Commerce taught to smile;  
 One great, one rich, one potent race,  
 Now decks, defends, the "MIGHTY ISLE †."  
*That ocean, &c.*

In these triumphant brighter days,  
 Through friendly meads flows Tweed ‡—the Dee:  
 When Peace her olive branch displays,  
 We give this grateful hour to glee.

blished without the aid of policy, Edward's bringing his Queen to lie-in at CAERNARVON, and appointing the PRINCE OF WALES heir of Britain, is a proof. Another act of conciliation was his confiding the young Prince to the care of the mother of the celebrated SIR HOWEL Y PEDOLAU (Sir Howel of the horse-shoes), so called from his being able to straighten them by manual strength.—She was of the family of RIRID FLAIDD, Lord of PENLLYN, and then resident at NEUADD LLANFAELLOG, in Anglesea.

\* PRYDAIN the fairer beautiful Isle, from PRYD, the countenance or appearance—a radical and rational derivative, and not from *Britia*, as commonly said.

† Among the variety of poetical names by which Britain was described by the Bards, one was "YNYS Y CDEIRN" (Isle of the Mighty Men).—See the Sonnet on this subject—LLWYD's Poems.

‡ The Tweed and the Dee, unhappily, for ages divided fœs.

*Sons*

*Sons of SNOWDON—Sons of DEE\*,*

*We give this grateful day to glee!*

Da Capo.

*Sons of THAMES, TWEED, BOYNE—the DEE,*

*We give this grateful day to glee!*

Rule, Britannia! &c.

\* The building of Chester appears to have been predicted at a remote period for TUDUR ALED, in his Ode to the Castle of CROEN (Chirk), says—

“ Mae breuddwyd am Beryddon,

“ Yr ai Gaer hir ar gwr hon.

“ It was said of old that there will be a city or fortress on the shore of the PERAIDD, the sweet or delicious river, now the Dee.”

## SONNET

WRITTEN

ON THE TOMB OF EDWARD THE FIRST,  
*IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.*

HERE lies Ambition on his lowly bed—  
 Here lies the haughty and the humbled head\*—

\* The intelligent Rector of Llanallgo, in 1480, Sir Davydd Trevor, addressing the statue of this Prince over the grand entrance into the castle of Carnarvon, thus expressed himself :

Where ! ye now astonished cry—  
 Where does mighty Edward lie ;  
 He that gave these ramparts birth,  
 When prostrate Cambria lean'd on earth ?  
 Here still his image, rais'd on high,  
 Attracts the thoughtful, curious, eye ;  
 But he, long humbled from a throne,  
 Lies far beneath a massy stone.

Here

Here lies the lot of undistinguished clay \*—  
The tyrant and the terror of his day.

Shades of the Bards, who chant celestial airs—  
Shades of the brave, that for your Cambria fell—  
Shades of the good—eternity's blest heirs—  
How vain AMBITION'S CROWN ye *now* can tell!

Vain Arvon, Conway's † tall insulting towers—  
Vain were on Mona's shores the massy walls—  
Vain all the politician's ‡ wily pow'rs:  
For Death, like other men, the despot calls.

Nor

\* The same writer, in his pathetic Ode to the Warriors of the World, DEWRION  
BYD—

“ Oes a edwyn, syw ydych,  
“ Bridd y rham, rhag pridd y rhych!”  
Is there (tho' Wisdom hail'd his birth)  
That knows their dust from common earth?

† The fortresses of Conway, Carnarvon, and Beaumaris, originally erected to depress, are now highly ornamental to the country, particularly the two first: the latter, massy and extensive as it is, is less so from its low situation.

‡ Edward, like other monsters whose idol is dominion, was a compound of cunning and cruelty: in the attainment of his object in Wales, his bringing his Queen to lie-in at Carnarvon—his proposing to the British chieftains a Prince who could not speak a word of their hated English, and whose life no man could reproach—and his confiding the son of his hopes—his peace-offering to the fostering care of the mother of the famous Sir HOWELL Y PEDOLAU, a descendant of RIRID VLAIDD, Lord of PENLLYN—are striking instances of the former; the inhuman manner in which he murdered DAVYDD AP GRYFFYDD, brother to the last Prince of Wales, and the illustrious Scottish patriot, WALLACE, are atrocious proofs of the latter.

The

Nor these, nor MUNDANE CROWNS, nor arms, could save,  
Or guard their proud possessor from the grave.

R. LLWYD.

The accomplished Muse of Chester, Miss Holford, thus notices this vindictive proceeding in the *Minstrel's Song*, p. 215, 2d ed. of *The Fight of Falkirk*.

Nor see ye, bleaching in the blast,  
Those mangled relics of the brave!  
Can ye your slavish glances cast  
Upon yon vulture's foul repast,  
And dare not yield a grave?\*

\*\* Wallace was brought to Westminster, where he was arraigned as a traitor, who had burned villages, stormed castles, and slaughtered many English.—“ I am not a traitor,” said Wallace ; “ but of all the rest I am guilty ! ” He was executed with studied ignominy and rigour ; his head was placed on a pinnacle in London ; and his mangled limbs distributed over his own country.

## EINION LONYDD;

OR,

## \*EINION THE SOOTHER.

*To Mr. John Parry, the ingenious Composer,—as a lover of his  
Country, and its Melodies.*



THE beautiful allegory, of which the following lines are a translation, is supposed to be of Druidical origin.—CWSG was the SOMNUS of ancient Britain, and EINION LONYDD one of his many priests or agents, whose province it was to enter every dwelling where there were children, *early* in the evening, leaving his sandals at the entrance; then softly approaching, and at the

\* In the later ages, EINION has been known by the more modern and familiar name of HUWCYN LONYDD, or HUGO the QUIET, or SOOTHER.

same

same time beholding the child with a soothing and beneficent smile, to have sung as follows in *Pianissimo*, while, at each repetition of the words, "ONE, TWO, THREE," (*un, dau, tri,*) he gently drew his hand down the infant's forehead, to close its twinkling eyes.

The original British was commonly sung to TÒN Y FAMMAETH, the Nurse's Melody, or *Lullaby*; but I have adapted the translation to AR HYD Y NOS,—as a strain *more generally* known.

---

Look at me, my little dear!—One, two, three :  
 Let me whisper in thine ear ;—One, two, three ;  
 Bid thy playmates all retire ;  
 Sit thee down, and draw thee nigher ;  
 See the bright inviting fire!—One, two, three.

Supper o'er, my soul rejoices—One, &c.  
 When praise \* is sung by infant voices!—One, &c.  
 On lap maternal now undressing,  
 Brothers, sisters,—all caressing,  
 Bend the knee, and beg a blessing †!—One, two, three.

\* "THE MOLIANT I DDUW," or *Thanks be to God*,—so delightful is it to listen to the *lisping* of Gratitude.

† In Wales it is still customary, even for grown-up persons of both sexes, to fall on one knee, before each parent, *wherever* they meet them, on their return from any distance ; and always for the married couple, on coming home after the ceremony.

From

From toil the World itself reposes !—One, &c.  
Around him Night her curtain closes !—One, &c.  
Lo ! SLEEP thy tranquil bed's adorning,  
Playful dreams and plans are forming !  
Rest till Heav'n restores the morning !—One, two, three.

R. LLWYN.



**GALARNAD CYMDEITHAS**

Y

**GWYNEDDIGION AM EU THAD, &c.**

**MESUR-TRYMDER.**

*A Solemn Dirge to the Memory of Owen Jones, Esq. F. A. S. an  
eminent Furrier in Thames-street\*,*

**AND FOUNDER OF THE GWYNEDDIGION SOCIETY.**

**DYMA drymder dyfnder dwys  
O burlwys barch,  
I'n poeni o rym ein pen erioed  
A roed yn 'r arch;**

**Y mae**

\* The solemn Dirge, written by Mr. Jones, of Glan y gors, Bard to the Gwyneddigion or North Wales Society, and sung by him at the first meeting of the Society after the decease of Mr. Owen Jones, when it was resolved that every respect should be paid to the memory of its beloved founder and father.—The canopy over the President's chair—a well-executed  
-portrait

Y mae ochneidiau moddau maith,  
 A galar niwy am golofn Iaith,  
 A rhoddwr gwob'r am y gwaith  
 Barddoniaith iawn!

Pa

portrait of Mr. Jones, by the ingenious Mr. Vaughan—and the Harp, which was silent—were covered with black crape, when “*COFFADWRIAETH \* ANFARWOL AM OWEN JONES, MYFIR †*,” was drunk in solemn silence, the Society in deep mourning, standing and uncovered. The Dirge was received with tears of applause, while the Bard was evidently affected by his subject, and the mournful scene.

Mr. Jones was a younger son of a respectable family in Llanfihangel Glyn y Myfyr, in the county of Denbigh, descended from the same stock as the WYNNES OF VOELAS, PRICES OF RHIWLAS, &c., viz. MARCHWIETHIAN, founder of one of the fifteen tribes; the armorial distinction of which is *Gules, a Lion rampant, argent, armed, and langued azure*.—He began business early in life in London, and continued it till its close with credit and success. In his advanced years he married a most worthy woman, who survives him, by whom he has left three fine children, who I am happy to hear (notwithstanding some recent losses) will be respectably provided for.

Mr. Jones was at the expense of collecting and publishing all the historical documents and works of the earliest Bards of Britain, in three copious volumes of the Archaeology of Wales, or British Classics; the whole of Dafydd ap Gwiliam (the British Ovid's) Odes; and, for the benefit of his countrymen in humble life, an edition of that pious work, LLYFR Y RESOLUTION, OR DINHWYD Y CRISTON: he

also

---

\* That his memory will live for ever, I have no doubt; and I trust that his compatriots will do honour to *themselves and their country* by suitable memorials, in London and in Wales, of this rare union of private excellence and public worth: to this purpose the writer will be most happy to contribute.

† The Bards were always distinguished by the addition of some personal peculiarities, mental qualities, or the place of their nativity or abode. This last, with respect to Mr. Jones's love of literature, was singularly appropriate; Llanfihangel Glyn y Myfyr; that is, *St. Michael in the Valley of the Contemplative*. Such a coincidence was that of the late duke of Bridgewater succeeding to such a titular addition, when his genius (fortunately for his country) led him from courts to canals and bridges.—Mr. Jones died the 26th of September, 1814, aged 73.

Pa fodd y lluniwn ddim gwellad  
 Wrth ymg'leddu iaith ein gwlad?  
 Nid call ein tôn ow! colli ein Tâd  
 Ymddifad ddawn.

Am ddeall llyfrau goreu gŵr,  
 A gwaithiwr gwŷch  
 I godi hên ysgrifen Croen  
 Neu bapur crŷch;

E wŷr

also caused a transcript to be made of the writings of the most eminent of the British Poets, to the close of the 17th century, in sixty quarto volumes, in all which he was greatly assisted by the eminent talents of Mr. William Owen—the Johnson of Wales.—In September, 1802, the CAMBRIAN SOCIETY offered their thanks by public advertisement to Mr. Jones, for his generous and unremitting exertions for the preservation of the literature of his country.

“ And he who still, with lib’ral hand, explores  
 “ The storied hoard, Poetic page restores,  
 “ Unfolds the volumes to his country’s view,  
 “ And bids her Chiefs and Sages breathe anew!”

If the Mæcenases and the Medici of past times have deservedly received from grateful science the *Fama Superstes*; if patrons born on the lap of plenty, who have encouraged learning, and cherished its votaries with means which it has cost them no care to collect, no effort to create, and no forbearance to amass, live in *annwyl eiriau* (immortal strains); what need is to be given to that merit, which, born in a situation where industry was necessary to existence, has liberally given of its produce to rescue the neglected literature of his country from the destruction that awaited it? To munificence thus enhanced, the voice of Praise, the lyre,  
 and

E wŷr awduron radlon ri,  
 Pa faint yn ffraeth, a wnaeth i ni,  
 Oi fyn'd ir gro mae arnom gri  
 Mal cledi clwy.  
 Niddaeth mewn modd tufiewn i'n môr  
 Drwy y bywyd un mor bur,  
 Ni welwn cofiwn mawr ein cur  
 Mo 'r MYFYR mwy!!

Ni chlywir heno bibell fain  
 Ai Sain mal swŷn  
 Dwl yw'r fan lle dylau fod  
 Y delyn fwyn

Nid oes mwynder pwy ai medd?  
 Am dymmor bach tu yma i'r bedd,  
 Ceiff plant yr Awen lawen wledd  
 Mewn annedd nef,

and the lay, are alike unequal; but the reward which the bosom of Worth invariably pants for is to be found in the future.

" ——— Some there are, of nobler aim,  
 " Who spurn the inglorious lot, and feel within  
 " The generous hope of well-deserved praise."

Yes, posterity will recognise, with a grateful admiration, the Patron of learning, not in the possessor of a Coronet, but in the person of a citizen; not in the palace of opulence, but in the toil of Thames-street; and I contemplate with pleasure the day when those, on whose lips the ancient language of Britain shall still live, will place the name of OWEN JONES on the apex of the pyramid that shall rise to record the benefactors of their country.

*The Vision of Taliesin. — Llewellyn's Poems.*

Rhown

Rhown ein tai bob rhai mewn rhôl  
Cyn mynd i ddalfa angau ai ddôl,  
Ein galw a wna hab gilio yn ôl,  
I'w galyn ef.

# LINES

ADDRESSED TO

EDWARD MOSTYN LLOYD, ESQ.

ELDEST SON OF

SIR EDWARD PRYCE LLOYD, BART.

OF PENGWERN,

ON HIS COMING OF AGE, 17TH JANUARY, 1816.

---

*Tune—"Pr derri down \*."*

PEACE gives the wide portals of JANUS to close,  
And smiling invites human kind to repose,  
While she stops the mad steeds in BELLONA's red car,  
And pulls from his seat the dread Dæmon of War.  
Derry down, &c.

\* It is not generally known that the tune called "*Derry down*" is originally British—the words "*HAI I'R DERI DOWN*," *Hie to the oaken shades*, being Welsh these choral words having at length, like "*AR HYD Y NOS*," given name to the strain;—an English song, called the "*Abbot of Canterbury*," has also given it another:—the Celtic word *Deri* is still known as descriptive of a region originally sylvan, in the north of Ireland—the county of Derry.

To us in addition this joy-giving morn  
 Displays a bright vista which TIME shall adorn :  
 He saw at fair PENGWERN his MARCHUDD\* of yore,  
 And now says, exulting, " His race I'll restore."

Derry down, &c.

Look back, my young friend, on thy sires and their day ;  
 They live, and shall live, in the Muse's sweet lay :  
 While Honor directs thee, THY day shall be dear,—  
 In Cambria's fair annals thy name shall appear.

Derry down, &c.

There eye thy bright pattern †, the good and the brave,  
 Who dar'd the fell conflict his country to save :  
 In dignified virtue, remote from a throne,  
 The patriot delighted " to dwell with his own :"

Derry down, &c.

\* MARCHUDD (pre-eminently the *Equestrian*) lived in 820, was Lord of a district called *Is Dulas*, in Denbighshire, founder of one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales, and distinguished by a *Shield Gules, and thereon a Saracen's head crested, proper, wreathed argent and sable*. From this Chieftain, through Dyffryn Aled, and the Forest in Llansauan, is Sir E. P. Lloyd.—About A. D. 900, Pengwern was a Gavel from Marchudd, but that branch closed in an heiress, who married a descendant of Madoc Ddu, of Rhuddlan, from Edwin, Lord of Englefield, and founded the family of Griffith of Pengwern, extinct in our day in the person of the heiress and first lady of the late Sir Edward Lloyd, bart. This union restored Pengwern to another branch from its ancient possessor ; and let me add—*Eato perpetua*.

† One of Mr. Lloyd's ancestors, at the head of his *thousand* friends and neighbours, went to Bosworth to aid his compatriot, Henry VII., who, when quietly fixed on the throne, sent a gracious message to invite him to court ; but listen, ye sons of ambition, to his reply from holy writ—" I LOVE TO DWELL AMONG MINE OWN PEOPLE."

To

To chaplets eternal, the Virtues award,  
 The love of thy country—a blissful reward;  
 While Fame's many trumpets proclaim it aloud,  
 'Tis the Country of which it is praise \* to be proud.

Derry down, &c.

RICHARD LWYD.

\* The result of the investigation which has recently taken place into the mendicity of London by a committee of the house of commons, and some benevolent individuals, is, that there are at least 15,249, consisting of Irish, Scotch, parochial, and some foreign beggars, which daily infest that vast capital—"seeking whom they may deceive;" but in this mass of profligacy and deception—hear it, ye natives of Cambria, and enjoy it—not a *Welshman* was found!



LINES  
ON BODFEL HALL,

THE

Birth-Place

OF

MRS. H. L. PIOZZI.

YE, who with pleasure have perus'd  
How Death old Goodman Dobson used,  
Who blind, and halt, and deaf, could yet  
Hope to put off great Nature's debt,  
When ev'ry warning might assure him  
Death of his ills alone could cure him,—

To Bodfel ye the pleasure owe.

Nor

Nor ye, who, vers'd in critic lore,  
 O'er Johnson's Lives incessant pore,  
 And know how, propp'd with care, the sage  
 Prolong'd his course another stage,  
 Forget—as every page you turn,  
 With profit, or with rapture burn,—  
     To Bodfel ye the pleasure owe.

And ye, who, how with fluent tongue,  
 As oft he spoke his friends among,  
 Read—that, with wit and wisdom fraught,  
 Some he rebuk'd, and some he taught;  
 Learn, as the tales before your eyes,  
 Fix'd in immortal page, still rise,—  
     To Bodfel ye the pleasure owe.

And ye, who, without stirring, roam,  
 And see the world, yet stay at home,  
 If e'er your way has chanc'd to be  
 Thro' the bright plains of Italy,  
 Led on by that fair Guide, who here  
 First visited our atmosphere,—  
     To Bodfel ye the pleasure owe.

Ye too, who, thro' Time's circling dance,  
 Have thrown a RETROSPECTIVE glance,  
 And many a generation trac'd  
 In History's firm hold embrac'd,  
 Remember, while you well-pleas'd read  
 How heroes shine, how tyrants bleed,—  
     To Bodfel ye the pleasure owe.

To

To Bodfel, then, a grateful song,  
Its woods and meads and streams along,  
Thy aid I supplicate, O Muse,  
Nor thou the supplicated boon refuse;  
So may I haply forth to fame  
The short, but gracious, tale proclaim,—  
To Bodfel I these pleasures owe.

**LINES**  
**ADDRESSED TO THE TREE,**  
 ON  
**THE FIELD OF BATTLE IN SPAIN,**  
 IN WHICH THE  
**BRAVE COLONEL CADOGAN\* FELL.**



**PROUDLY** rear thy tow'ring head,  
 And spread thy sheft'ring branches round  
 The spot on which Cadogan bled,  
 For sacred is the honour'd ground !

\* This name (*Cadogan* in the original British) is compounded of *Cad*, a battle, and *Gog* fierce terrible, and is in this instance truly appropriate.

Where

Where Henry's dying eyes beheld  
 Gallia's proud eagles put to flight;  
 Liv'd till he saw the foe repell'd,  
 And died while gazing on the sight!—

And while all Europe mourn'd his fate,  
 And senates dwell upon his praise,  
 His high descent\*, his early date†,  
 His modest worth in heartfelt lays—

Let Downham's‡ shades with thine entwine  
 The cypress wreath of solemn woe,  
 To decorate the awful shrine  
 Of him who bravely fought the foe.

\* Athelstan Glodrudd was godson to the Saxon king, Athelstan, lord of the district between the rivers Severn and Wye, and founder of one of the five regal tribes of Wales; from his son, Cadogan, is earl Cadogan, and the late colonel, who has added fresh laurels to a race already illustrious: From Cadogan also are the Thomases of Coed Helen, and Edward Maurice, Esq. M.P. for Newport, Cornwall; but the branch of Rhiw 'r Saeson closed in Corbet Owen, Esq., the heiress of Athelstan Owen marrying Edward Maurice, of Ynys y maengwyn. Thus descended are the Pryces, of Newtown, Barts. and of Bodvach; the latter maternally represented by Sir Edward Pryce Lloyd, of Pengwern, Bart. M. P., and the Powels, of Heullan, afterwards of Worthen, by John Kynaston Powel, Esq. M.P. The Powels of Edenhope, of which house was the ingenious author of the *Pentarchia*, are, I believe, extinct.

The four first of these families bear, *as a paternal cost*, gules, a lion rampant regardant; *or*, quartered with *argent*, three boars' heads couped sable. The Pryces the lion *only*, and the Powels the boars' heads *only*.

† Aged only 32.

‡ Santon Downham, the family residence of Earl Cadogan, in Suffolk.—LLWYD.

And

And on his honour'd bier shall fall  
The anguish'd tears Affection sheds ;  
And Gratitude's fond voice recall  
The virtues of the mighty dead !

AN ODE, IN FIVE PARTS,  
TO  
LLEWELYN AP GRYFFYDD,  
PRINCE OF WALES,  
THE LAST OF THE BRITISH LINE,  
COMPOSED BY LLYGAD GWR;  
WRITTEN ABOUT 1270.

---

To heaven's high God, who loves to bless,  
The voice of praise I now address;  
Then let the pow'r of song proceed  
To give my prince the hero's meed.  
Descendant fair of Cambrian kings,  
A favour'd Bard attunes the strings.

*Arllechwedd's*

\*Arlechwedd's lord, and Gryffydd's heir,  
 Ever proud, †Deganwy courts his care,  
 He, whose presence strikes with awe,  
 Yes—his grateful country saw  
 The foe extend on yonder shore,  
 When his bright lance was stain'd with gore.  
 Where are they that dare invade  
 The chief that spurns a stranger's aid?  
 He nor waits th' impending blow,  
 Nor checks at home th' invading foe;  
 But, rushing with a Caesar's speed,  
 Bids the insulting Saxon bleed;—  
 Guides the terror wide and far;  
 England's centre feels the war.  
 Lion fierce of ‡Cemaes—see  
 The phalanx firm before him flee!  
 Thro' seas of blood the victor goes,  
 Stately steeds and flying foes.

\* Arlechwedd, a district in Carnarvonshire. Of this tract Jarddur ap Trahaearn was lord in 1230, when he was honoured by Llewelyn ap Jorwerth (grandfather to the subject of this ode) with the high office of Great Forester of Snowdon.

† Deganwy (Trefar Gonwy), an old castle on the shore, and near the mouth of the Conwy. It was, in ancient times, one of the residences of Maelgwyn Gwynedd, King of Wales, and was burnt by lightning in 811, but was afterwards rebuilt, and taken by an earl of Chester, who held it for some time. The princes of North Wales, however, retook it, and held it till the conquest of the country.

‡ Cemaes (Cefn Faes), a cultivated district. There are several places so called in Wales: that here meant is situate in the north-east of Anglesey, and is the property of Rice Thomas, esq., of Coed Helen.

Arvon's



\*Arvon's dragon gains the field,  
Cambria's pride, and †Gwynedd's shield.

## II.

Heir of ev'ry regal grace,  
Pride of ‡ Beli's princely race;  
Lion of the gen'rous breast,  
Who that sues that is not blest?  
Eagle fair—§ Eryri's pride,  
Who that asks by thee deny'd?  
The mountain wolf, for battle form'd,  
Leader when the breach is storm'd.  
¶ Grediawl-like, he scales the wall,  
And bids its brave defenders fall.  
There thy children ¶ Bryneich bled;  
There the hungry ravens fed.

\* Arvon-Eryri-Snowdonia, now called Carnarvonshire.

† Gwynedd, North Wales, the Venedotia of the Romans.

‡ Beli, Beli Mawr, Belinus Magnus. To this Prince our Bards have traced several of our warriors and remarkable men.

§ Eryri (Arvon)—Some derive this word from *Eryr*, an eagle; others, with more probability, from the more primitive etymon, *Eira*, snow.

¶ Grediawl, a warrior mentioned by Aneurin, in his ancient Epic, the Gododin.

¶ Bryneich, the Bernicia of the old Saxons, situate in the north of England.

Sons

Sons of rapine there be taught  
 How the gen'rous Briton fought:  
 From \*Pwllfordd to †Cydweli's bounds,  
 Shields were red from streaming wounds.  
 Strength of hosts, the bulwark, tow'r,  
 Distant ‡Teifi owns his pow'r;  
 His—when glory's race shall close—  
 His be honour, fame, repose.

## III.

Prudence marks Llewelyn's sway;  
 His grateful people, pleas'd, obey;  
 His friends partake the feast—but woe,  
 Despair, and death, await the foe:  
 His shield is in the conflict torn,  
 His lance in princely triumph borne.  
 Ah! what avails a guarded care,  
 When fierce Llewellyn grasps the spear?  
 May heaven, that gave him pow'r to bless,  
 To give his country's wrongs redress,—  
 May heaven, a harass'd people's friend,  
 To distant days his life extend!—

\* Pwllfordd (now Pulford), a village and parish in the flat country, between Chester and Gresford.

† Cydweli, a town and comot in Carmarthenshire.

‡ Teifi, a large river in Cardiganshire.

Round \*Mona's dragon fall the slain ;  
 †Arderydd-like, he heaps the plain :  
 He nor rues ‡Bryn Derwyn's day,  
 When hosts insulting felt dismay ;  
 Nor §Cefn Gelorwydd—face to face,—  
 For honour's offspring shun disgrace.  
 They that saw ¶Evionydd far,  
 Where, lion-like, he led the war,  
 Would see how vain ¶¶Daufynydd's force  
 To check the warrior's rapid course :  
 If God the Son be still his friend,  
 His spirit man in vain shall bend.

## IV.

A lion in pursuit of prey ;  
 A hurricane's tremendous way ;

\* Mona, the modern Anglesey.

† Arderydd, in Scotland. It is mentioned in the *Triads* as the scene of a battle between Gwenddolan ap Ceidiaw and Aeddan Tradawg, on one side, and Rhyddarch and Cael (or the Generous) on the other, in which Rhyddarch was victorious. The allusion here intimates that the conflict was severe and sanguinary; and Merddyn Wyllt, the Caledonian Bard, deploras most pathetically, in his Poem of the Orchard, his treatment from this Rhyddarch, King of Cumbria, for siding against him in this battle.

‡ Bryn Derwyn, unknown, if not the Berwyn, an extensive mountain in Merionethshire, and the scene of many encounters at different times.

§ Cefn Gelorwydd.—The situation of this ridge is also now unknown.

¶ Evionydd.—The district of rivers in the southern parts of Carnarvonshire.

¶¶ Daufynydd, a pass between two hills, but where is not known; there are several passes in Wales, described by the word *Drws*, literally a door, as Drws Ardudwy, Drws y Coed, &c. &c.

Insatiate

Insatiate as the spreading flame;  
 Such Llewelly'n's thirst of fame.  
 \*Bards foretold his triple sway,  
 And Fate's directed hours obey.  
 Old †Aberfraw's sovereign Iôr;  
 (Chief of distant ‡Dinevor).—  
 §Mathraval's sceptre too he wields,—  
 His strength insulted, Powis shields;  
 His bright Toledo gleams with gold,  
 The wearied edge his toils have told;  
 Uncheck'd in regions not his own,  
 In realms untried ||, and tongues unknown.  
 May Heaven from harm my chief defend,  
 In whom three nations hail a friend !

\* It was no impolitic thing in the princes of Britain, and of other countries, in past times, to make their Bards foretel a successful issue to their warlike enterprises. The people in general believed them inspired, and a confidence in the prophecy very materially contributed to its happy accomplishment. The English historians dwell much upon the prophecies of the two Merlins, Taliesin, and others, some of which are still extant; but this custom of foretelling ceased upon the ascension of the House of Tudor to the throne of Britain, and the reason is obvious.

† Aberfraw, in Anglesey, the regal residence of the princes of North Wales.

‡ Dinevor, once the delightful abode of the sovereigns of South Wales, now the property of the Rice family, descended from the great Sir Rhys ap Thomas, who so powerfully assisted Henry VII. at the decisive battle of Bosworth. The late Lady Cecil Talbot, daughter to Earl Talbot, descended in the female line from the princes of South Wales, and mother to the present nobleman, was created, in 1780, a peeress, by the title of Baroness Dinevor.

§ Mathraval, the ancient seat of the Reguli of Powis, now the property of Lord Clive, in right of his lady, the only sister and heiress of the late Earl of Powis.

|| In reading these ancient fragments, the circumscribed geography, the limited intercourse, and the general ignorance of the times, ought to be considered; indeed, a perpetual state of hostility almost precluded any knowledge of internal concerns; so much so, that a Powisian Bard describes the English as "the foe that speaks a barbarous tongue;" and so rare among our ancestors was a knowledge of English, that some of them who had acquired it had the addition of Sais (English) given them, as Cynotig Sais, Einion Sais, &c.

God—

## V.

God—to whom my voice I raise—  
 Grant my tongue the pow'r to praise ;  
 To praise as princely deeds require,  
 For such demand the poet's lyre.  
 Gwynedd's bulwark—yonder brow—  
 Saw his banners dare the foe.  
 \*Rhôs and Penfro's utmost bound  
 Felt the ruin raging round :  
 Normans fierce are fierce in vain ;  
 Saxon chiefs but crowd the slain !  
 †Lloegr's hosts advance, retire ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Her towns, her castles, feed the fire !  
 Foremost in the desp'rate deed,  
 Sudden as the lightning's speed ;  
 Swift as ‡Flemddwyn's dreadful car,  
 The carnage Cornwall fears afar ;  
 While border foes the lance shall feel,  
 That shines like Arthur's lance of steel.  
 Long may the princely leader live,  
 The gen'rous meed of song to give ;  
 To bid his patriot Bards repair,  
 The triumph and the feast to share ;  
 While mead runs o'er, the § hirlas foams,  
 And joy resounds thro' regal domes !  
 And may, when his career shall close,  
 At God's right hand my king repose.

\* Rhôs and Penfro, two cantreds in Pembrokeshire.

† Lloegr, England.

‡ Flemddwyn, a Saxon prince, against whom Urien, King of Cambria, and his son, fought the battle of Argoed Llwyfaen.

§ The name of the ancient drinking-horn among the Britons, a curious and beautiful specimen of which is now in the great hall at Penrhyn, the seat of Lord Penrhyn, in Carnarvonshire.

## OBITUARY.

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### LORD PENRHYN,

*DIED JAN. 21, 1808.*

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**T**HE sixteenth tribe, sometimes in our MSS. called that of Maelor, and of March, from the property of the founder being on the marches, or borders of Wales, has, in our day, given to its country two names, which has done honour to its records—the late Thomas Pen-nant, of Downing, esq., by his researches in the fields of science; and Lord Penrhyn, by his exertions in the province of improvement, which a happy union of mind, means, and the peculiar situation of his pro-

perty in Wales, enabled him to make.

His lordship was ninth in descent from Thomas, abbot of Basingwerk, or Dinas Basing, in 1480, who, quitting his abbey, married Angharad, daughter of Gwilim ap Gryffydd, of Penrhyn, esq., and founded the families of Bychton, Downing, and Hendre, all in the county of Flint; the last of which is extinct in the person of his lordship. He was also the third from Giffard Pennant, esq.,

who had a grant of lands in Jamaica during the protectorate, where he settled, and created the transatlantic opulence of this branch of the family.

He was returned for Petersfield in the first parliament of his present majesty, which he vacated in 1767, and took his seat for Liverpool, for which place he was again elected in 1768, 1774, and 1784. When his commercial experience and sound judgment are considered, a great trading town was never more ably and faithfully represented than that of Liverpool; and the House of Commons never contained a member of greater integrity and independence than Lord Penrhyn.

In 1765 he married Anne Sumannah, daughter and sole heiress of Lieutenant-General Warburton, of Winnington, in the county of Chester; and in right of her grandmother, Anne, second daughter and co-heiress of Sir Robert Williams, of Penrhyn, bt. became possessed of a moiety of that estate (the eldest, Frances, Lady of Lord William Russell, second son of the Duke of Bedford, having died without issue.) The other moiety the property

of the Yonge family, by the marriage of Gwen, the youngest, to Sir Walter Yonge, of Escot, in Devonshire, bart., was purchased of them by John Penrhyn, esq., his lordship's father; so that, by a peculiar good fortune, this compact property became again united in the persons of its noble proprietors.

When his lordship became an occasional resident in Wales, he had reached that period of life, when Nature, generally speaking, prefers repose to business, ease to exertion; and was in possession of such a fortune as would justify, in the eyes of many, an indolent and luxurious enjoyment of the remainder of his days. Yet, thus situated, did this true patriot begin labours that would have appalled other minds at five-and-twenty, and became as indefatigable in the various paths of quarrying, building, planting, and cultivating, as if his support had depended on his personal efforts; and he soon had the encouraging satisfaction of seeing his estate become as beautiful and attractive a feature on the countenance of Arven as his exemplary life will be an epoch in its history.

In

In 1793 he was advanced to the peerage. This dignity, created for him, has ceased with him; but his name has a higher claim—a firmer hold on the gratitude of the age, and the veneration of posterity, than any thing which the artificial distinctions of society could possibly confer. These, like the possessions attached to them, are alike the hereditary, collateral, or accidental acquisitions of worth and worthlessness, intellect and imbecility; but his name, independently of adventitious circumstances, will rank high in the public esteem while virtue is of value among men.

Yet, let us not, in the language of despondence, like the writer of the elegy on a distin-

guished prelate\* of the Penrhyn family, cry out

“ Fyth weled ei fath eilwaith;”

But, rather, like Sion Brwynog, when addressing a conspicuous cotemporary cultivator, exclaim

“ Rhai a ddél a wél dy waith!”

And hope that the industry which he has excited, the commerce which he has fostered, the intercourse which he has facilitated, and the district which he has ornamented, will excite in other proprietors a spirit of emulation, that will rank them, like him, among the benefactors of their country; and finally render the words of Augustus as applicable to them as they are justly to Lord Penrhyn:—

“ Urbem lateritiam, marmoream reliquit.”

R. LLWYD.

\* Archbishop Williams.



## THOMAS JOHNES, ESQ. M. P.

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WITH deep and sincere sorrow we have to mention the death of Thomas Johnes, esq., of Hafod, the representative in parliament, lord-lieutenant and custos rotulorum, for the county of Cardigan.

This melancholy event occurred at his seat, Langstone Cliffe, near Exeter, on the evening of the 23d of April, 1816, in the 67th year of his age.

The varied and the great and good qualities of this gentleman are too well known to require any memento among his contemporaries; and the benefits growing up from his useful designs, from his munificence and example, will be the living records of him in after-times. Yet who could wish to see noticed, merely in a "passing paragraph of praise," the character of such a man—of one whose taste and munificence appreciated and fostered the

works of the most exalted genius, while his benevolence stooped to comfort the fire-side of the humblest cottager? His creations at Hafod, and its "flourishing colony," afford abundant instances of this disposition in the late inhabitant. Previous to 1783, when Mr. Johnes began to erect his first residence, the roads were impassable; there was not a post-chaise in the county; the miserable huts of the peasantry he transferred into comfortable habitations; and he supplied medical attendants. He employed the population in planting millions of forest-trees upon the cheerless barrenness of the wastes and mountains, as well as in other improvements; and instituted schools, which he and Mrs. Johnes personally attended, having in view the two-fold designs to patronize literature and the arts, and to combine objects, which, together with the natural grandeur of the scenery,

scenery, might induce travelling to this remote part of the principality, and thereby ameliorate the condition of the natives. He enriched his residence with paintings and sculptures by the best masters; stored his library with the most valuable literature, ancient and modern; and in his pleasure-grounds he developed and enhanced the sublime scenery of nature. So intent was he in improving the agriculture of this forlorn county, that he brought farmers from Scotland, and other districts, and proposed, at one time, to introduce 100 Grison families, and to place them in the high uncultivated grounds; but various circumstances and objections prevented the execution of this latter plan. An agricultural society was commenced, for the purpose of encouraging cottagers, by giving premiums, and purchasing their productions; and he distributed an excellent tract, entitled, "A Cardiganshire Landlord's Advice to his Tenants." While Mr. Johnes was thus employing his talents and fortune for the benefit of his country, a destructive fire, on the 13th of March, 1807, consumed his house, with much of its valuable contents: the loss amounted, it is said, to 70,000*l*.

Notwithstanding this disaster, Mr. Johnes still resolved to inhabit this Eden, although driven out by the flaming minister. Hafod was once more rebuilt, and adorned anew. Amid these various occupations, and his business in parliament, Mr. Johnes translated the *Chronicles of Froissart*, 4 vols. folio; the *Travels of La Broigntoin*, 1 vol. 4to.; *Monstrelet*, 4 vols., and *Joinville*, 2 vols. 4to.: the three latter were printed at his own press, at Hafod. During the last few years he continued indefatigable in his improvements at Hafod, and in making roads and erecting bridges for the accommodation of the public. He lately succeeded in establishing a fund for the relief of the families of seamen, and others, who may suffer from casualties; and he conceived the idea of establishing a fishery on an extensive scale. In the winter of 1814, Mr. Johnes had an alarming illness, from which, however, he appeared to have recovered, and he purchased a residence in Devonshire for his winter resort, or, as he expressed it, a cradle for his age. Here it was that the hand of death arrested him, after a short illness.

Let

Let learning, arts, let universal worth,  
 Lament the patron lost—a friend and judge.  
 I, too, remember well that cheerful bowl,  
 Which round his table flow'd. The serious there  
 Mix'd with the sportive,—with the learn'd the plain:  
 Mirth soften'd Wisdom,—Candour temper'd Mirth,—  
 And Wit its honey lent, without its sting.

But far beyond the bounds  
 Of family or friends, or native land,  
 By just degrees, and with proportion'd flame,  
 Extended his benevolence. A friend  
 To human kind,—to parent Nature's work,—  
 Of free access and of engaging grace,—  
 He kept a candid judging ear for all,  
 And spread an open countenance, where smil'd  
 The fair effulgence of an open heart:—  
 With equal ray his ready goodness shone,  
 For nothing human foreign was to them.

Mr. Johnes' remains were removed to the church which he built at Hafod, and deposited in the vault, with those of his only and beloved daughter, for whom a marble monument, of most interesting design and exquisite workmanship, has long been executed in London. They who have seen the romantic situation of Hafod church, situated amongst plantations upon the elevated point of a hill, may faintly imagine how such a scene, and the music of birds and waterfalls, will accord with the melancholy procession followed through the tangling pathways by the numerous peasantry, to bid their last farewell to the master spirit of Hafod.

THE  
 CHARACTER OF F. CORNWALLIS, ESQ. M. P.

FOUND IN THE

*POST-BOY NEWSPAPER,*

SEPTEMBER 4, 1728.

LETTERS from Wales express more than ordinary concern for the death of Francis Cornwallis, esq., who died there lately, at his seat at Abermarles, in Carmarthenshire. He served in two former parliaments for the county of Cardigan; and, in the present, for a borough of that name. All who mention him give us to understand that in his public capacity he always behaved himself as a worthy patriot, whom no consideration could bias from an inviolable adherence to the true interest of his country. That in his private life none was ever more beloved, none of

a sweeter temper, or of a more open sincerity. That he was hospitable, obliging, and beneficent; a lover of virtue without ostentation, and of mirth without vice. That none was ever more deservedly the darling of relations, and the delight of acquaintance. In short, they tell us that Mr. Cornwallis was a gentleman, whom in his life-time they never enough could esteem, nor after his death can sufficiently lament.

He died of an apoplectic fit, the nineteenth day of August, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

DIED,

D I E D,

*On the 6th of February, 1816,*

AT AN ADVANCED AGE,

THE DOWAGER LADY STANLEY,

AT

HER SEAT AT PENRHOS,

NEAR

*HOLYHEAD, IN ANGLESEY.*

BUT an event that has thrown a general gloom over that town and neighbourhood, and the memory of that excellent lady, require more notice at our hands. The exemplary manner in which she disposed of her fortune, in building, planting, and adorning her native district, has rendered her death a serious misfortune to the poor and industrious,—and, in one line of beneficence, an irreparable loss: this was the refuge

which her hospitable house afforded to the sufferers in the frequent shipwrecks on that rocky shore. Under her roof they found every comfort for weeks, and even months, till their restored health enabled them to return to their friends. Thus employed, on a dreadful night, in the winter of 1814, Lady Stanley unfortunately fell, from the effects of which fall she never perfectly recovered:—

“ ’Twas ours, amid the raging of the storm,  
To see our Stanley disappoint the grave;  
Tread the dread beach, in Charity’s mild form,  
And bid her Penrhôs ope’ its doors to save.”

DIED

# DIED,

ON THE 6th OF JUNE 1800,

AT BATH,

JAMES LLOYD, ESQ. OF MABUS,

IN THE COUNTY OF CARDIGAN,

AT THE AGE OF 79,

*Being born the 22d of October, 1721.*

AGENTLEMAN, as eminent for his talents as he was for the principles which guided them. He was the eldest son of John Lloyd, of Fos y Bleiddiaid, in the same county, esq., lineally descended from the ancient princes of Wales, and married Anna Maria, only child of Richard Lloyd, of Mabus, esq., formerly representative in parliament for the town of Cardigan. He was bred to the law, which his comprehensive mind obtained a thorough insight into, in a degree few men could equal. The clearness and perspicuity of his genius, and his manner of expressing himself, were the admiration of every one who consulted him; and

flushed conviction of the rectitude of his judgment, whenever it was required of him. He for some time acted as Secondary to the Court of Great Sessions for the Carmarthen circuit, and upon every arduous case was consulted by the Judges on the Bench, whose confidence in him was unbounded, and he never was known to lead them into error.

Notwithstanding he was so highly flattered, he withdrew from that station, although earnestly solicited to continue it; assigning as a reason, to those he was intimate with, that the office occasioned him to call for bills of costs from individuals

duals, who often could not afford to pay him, and he could not subject his feelings to the legal means of obtaining remuneration.

As the retention of his office became burdensome, instead of a profitable one to his family, he at once withdrew from it, and the practical part of the law, reserving to himself the means of becoming more generally useful by taking out his *dedimus potestatum*, and undertaking the duties of a magistrate; the consequence of which was, that he knew not what it was to have one day in the week (Sunday excepted) in which he was not surrounded by a concourse of people; some soliciting his aid for redress of grievances, but the more numerous for his opinion and advice how to escape from the scrapes and broils which they were involved in by the disreputable practitioners of the law; and as he indiscriminately took the part of the poor and friendless, without fee or reward, he at last obtained the prayers and the blessings of the multitude. So super-eminent was his well-earned popularity amongst the people, and such confidence placed in his knowledge and integrity, that no jury

within the county could be induced by any quibbling or device to give a verdict in any cause against an opinion once given by him which came to their knowledge; and therefore it became a frequent practice in Court to order a reference in a cause to the arbitration of Mr. Lloyd, of Mabus. It of course followed, that, in an election for a member of parliament, the party which he espoused was commonly the successful one.

He had been educated at Harrow school, where the silver arrow became the prize of his skill, and he came from thence a profound scholar, which his sterling powers, his perspicuous and comprehensive style of letter-writing, sufficiently indicated; and his peculiar eloquence caused him to be a fascinating companion in whatever society he intermixed. In short, had Providence so designed it, in the opinion of all who knew him, he was calculated as a subject to have filled the first honours in the state, being a man endued with the soundest virtues, talents, and integrity; and indefatigable in the transaction of any business which engaged his capacious mind.

DIED,

# DIED,

ON FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1806,

AT

HIS SEAT AT POUND, NEAR TAVISTOCK,

AT THE

ADVANCED AGE OF EIGHTY,

JOHN LLOYD, ESQ.

*Late Clerk of the Check of His Majesty's Dock-Yard, Plymouth,  
and one of the Justices of the Peace for the County of Devon.*

A GENTLEMAN in whom the active and passive virtues were so equally and harmoniously blended as to leave a doubt which prevailed, but which, jointly contemplated, threw a lustre on each other, and formed a character at once respectable and amiable. In him a gentleness of manners, and suavity of disposition, tempered the strictness and severity of office; and rendered all those who, as far as the nature of his employment extended, came under his authority, orderly and obedient to Go-

vernment, and attached to his person. Thus eminent in his public station, he was no less distinguished in his private capacity. To these useful and engaging recommendations, by which he gained the good will and confidence of all who knew him, his long services taken into the account (as a very numerous body of men were principally affected and benefited by them), ought to be added those which constituted the other parts of his interesting character. The sincerity of the Christian, the uprightness of the magistrate,



magistrate, the integrity of the moral, the bounty of the charitable man, and the equity and generosity of the landlord, are qualities that deserve to be recorded by the community at large; whilst the piety of the son, the tenderness of the husband, the solicitude of the parent, the kindness of the relation, the consideration of the master, the warmth of the friend, the urbanity and hilarity of the companion, by his family, domestics, and acquaintance, (the more immediate objects of his affectionate attention,) will never be forgotten.

This summary of the virtues of a most worthy, and regretted member of society, while it hardly does justice to the deceased, and is almost injurious to the public by being

so imperfectly and inadequately presented to its notice, is a small tribute of high esteem and grateful acknowledgment for many acts of friendship experienced by one, who, from an intimacy of more than forty years, may reasonably be supposed to have known him well. Sure he is, that truth is the matter of what is here asserted, though personal regard may have dictated the expressions. Besides the humble presumption of his eternal happiness, it is a great consolation to those to whom he was nearest and dearest that his death was placid, calm, and tranquil, as his life had been.

He was born at Ffos y Bleiddiaid, in Cardiganshire, on the 5th of November, 1726.

DIED,

## DIED,

*On Monday, June 16, 1817,*

AT

THE ROYAL ARSENAL AT WOOLWICH,

**GENERAL VAUGHAN LLOYD,**

IN THE

EIGHTY-FIRST YEAR OF HIS AGE,

*After an honourable Service of Sixty-two Years in the Royal  
Regiment of Artillery.*

HE was born at *Fos y Bleiddiaid*, in the upper part of the county of Cardigan, the then ancient family seat of the Lloyds, on the 17th of January, 1736, and began his career in the Royal Artillery before he was 18 years of age. He was the youngest son of John Lloyd, esq., of the above place, who married Mary, daughter of James Phillips, of Penty Park, in the county of Pembroke, esq., a representative in parliament for the county borough of Carmarthen. He was

the last that remained of all his brothers and sisters, and was married late in life, but left no family behind him, save an aged widow.

He was adjutant to the Royal Artillery during the greater part of the seven-years' war in Germany, and was present in the battle of Minden. He was employed, and greatly distinguished himself, during the whole period of the siege at Gibraltar.

He served in the West Indies  
through

through the different campaigns under the late Sir John Vaughan, in 1793, &c., and again under Sir Ralph Abercromby, in 1796, having been appointed a brigadier-general; and being at such time commanding officer of artillery in the Windward and Leeward Islands.

After his return to England, he was, in June, 1797, appointed commandant of the garrison at Woolwich, the duties of which situation he performed till his decease, in June, 1817.

To this may be added the dates of his several promotions in the Royal Artillery.

Lieutenant Fireworker .....	10 May, 1756
Second Lieutenant.....	4 January, 1758
First Lieutenant.....	29 December, 1759
Captain-Lieutenant .....	23 May, 1764
Captain .....	14 October, 1774
Major .....	1 December, 1782
Lieutenant-Colonel .....	17 January, 1793
Colonel en Second ... ..	6 March, 1795
Colonel Commandant.....	14 October, 1801
Commandant of the Garrison of Woolwich,	2 June, 1797

#### ARMY RANK.

Major-General .....	1 January, 1798
Lieutenant-General .....	1 January, 1805
General .....	4 June, 1814

DIED,

**DIED,**

AT

**EWENNY ABBEY, GLAMORGANSHIRE,**

ON SECOND JULY, 1817,

**R. TURBEVILL, ESQ.**

HE was the eldest brother of the late Sir Thomas Picton; and like the rest of his family, entered into the army when very young. He was a brigade major at the siege of Gibraltar, where he distinguished himself on many important occasions, but his health being much impaired, he was obliged to retire from the service. He was descended by his mother's side from Sir Richard De Turbevill, one of William the Conqueror's twelve knights, who first founded the Abbey, where his posterity have continued during a period of so many centuries.

**DIED**

AT

**LLANDEGAI, CARNARVONSHIRE,**

JULY, 1817.

**MR. WILLIAM WILLIAMS,**

IN HIS EIGHTIETH YEAR,

*Author of "Observations on the Snowdon Mountains," and of many useful and amusing publications in the Welsh language.*

MR. WILLIAMS had been for many years one of the agents for the Penryn estate. He, in 1752, was the humble means of inducing the late Lord Penryn, to "form the wise and benevolent resolution of opening a " spacious slate quarry" at Cae Braich-y-cein, in the parish of Llandegai. When his health began to decline, the reward of his long and faithful services was a handsome annuity.

**DIED,**

**DIED,**  
OCTOBER 10th, 1817,  
AT  
**GLASBURY, IN RADNORSHIRE,**  
IN THE  
SIXTY-NINTH YEAR OF HIS AGE,  
**JOHN PHILLIPS, ESQ.**

HE was upholsterer to the City of London, and many years deputy of Langbourn Ward, and one of the representatives in Common Council for 34 years. He was likewise a Governor of the Welsh School in Gray's-Inn-Road, and a most

active and strenuous advocate for that charity, for a great length of time; and by his eloquence and capacity had frequently directed the views of his countrymen to their proper point and ultimate benefit.

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**DIED**  
*On the 21st June, 1817,*  
AT HIS  
HOUSE, IN BRUNSWICK-SQUARE, LONDON.  
**JOHN JONES, ESQ.**

IN THE  
SEVENTY-SECOND YEAR OF HIS AGE.

HE followed the profession of physick, in Gracechurch-street, most successfully for near 50 years; and by his great attention, suavity of manners, experience, and knowledge of diseases incident to a great city; happily succeeded in an eminent degree in arresting their fatal progress, which placed him at the head of his profession. He was well known and highly respected by all the great medical characters in London. He was a native of *Tregaron*, a small town in the upper and

mountainous parts of Cardigan-shire. About 20 years ago he established a banking-house at Aberystwith in the same county, which is now in a very flourishing state; but a few years ago he had withdrawn himself from that concern. He served the office of high-sheriff for his native county, several years ago, and was about to retire into it all together from public life.

He left behind him a widow, one son, and four daughters, to lament their irreparable loss.

## D I E D

ON THE TWENTY-NINTH JUNE, 1816.

AGED SEVENTY-EIGHT,

*DAVID WILLIAMS,*

FOUNDER OF THE LITERARY FUND.

DAVID WILLIAMS was born at a village near Cardigan, in 1738, and after receiving the rudiments of education, was placed in a school or college at Carmarthen, preparatory to the dissenting ministry; which profession he entered upon, in obedience to parental authority; but very contrary to his own inclination. His abilities and acquirements even then, appeared of a superior order; but he has often in the latter part of his life, stated to the writer of these lines that he had long considered it as a severe misfortune, that the

most injurious impressions were made upon his youthful and ardent mind by the cold, austere, oppressive, and unamiable manner in which the doctrines and duties of religion were disguised in the stern and rigid habits of a severe puritanical master. From this college, he took the office of teacher to a small congregation at Frome, in Somersetshire; and, after a short residence, was removed to a more weighty charge at Exeter. There the eminent abilities and engaging manners of the young preacher opened to him the seductive path of pleasure,

pleasure, when the reproofs that some elder members of the society thought necessary, being administered in a manner to awaken resentment, rather than contrition; and the eagle eye of anger discovering in his accusers imperfections of a different character indeed, but of tendency little suited to public disclosure; the threatened re- crimination suspended the proceeding, and an accommodation took place by which Mr. Williams left Exeter, and was engaged to the superintendence of a dissenting congregation at Highgate. After a residence there of a year or two, he made his first appearance in 1770, as an author, by a letter to David Garrick, a judicious and masterly critique on the actor, but a sarcastic personal attack on the man intended to rescue Mossop from the supposed unjust displeasure of the modern Roscius; this effect was produced, Mossop was liberated, and the letter withdrawn from the booksellers. Shortly after appeared "The philosopher in the conversations," which were much read, and attracted considerable notice. This was soon followed by "Essays on Public Worship, Patriotism, and Projects on Reforma-

tion," written and published upon the occasion of the leading religious controversy of the day; but though they obtained considerable circulation, they appear not to have softened the asperities of either of the contending parties. The appendix of these essays gave a strong indication of that detestation of intolerance, bigotry, and hypocrisy, which formed the leading character of his subsequent life, and which had been gradually taking possession of his mind from the conduct of some of the circle of associates into which his profession had thrown him.

He published two volumes of "Sermons" chiefly upon religious hypocrisy, and then discontinued the exercise of his profession, and his connexion with the body of dissenters. He now turned his thoughts to the education of youth, and in 1773, published "A Treatise on Education" recommending a method founded on the plans of Commenius and Rousseau, which he proposed to carry into effect. He took a house in Laurence-street, Chelsea; married a young lady not distinguished either for fortune or connexion, and soon found himself at the head of a  
lucrative

lucrative and prosperous establishment. A severe domestic misfortune, in the death of his wife, blighted this prospect of fame and fortune, his fortitude sunk under the shock, his anxious attendance upon her illness injured his own health, the internal concerns of his family became disarranged, and he left his house and institution to which he never again returned.

During his residence at Chelsea, he became a member of a select club of political and literary characters, to one of whom, the celebrated Benjamin Franklin, he afforded an asylum, at his house at Chelsea; during the popular ferment against him, about the time of the commencement of the American war. In this club was formed the plan of public worship, intended to unite all parties and persuasions in one comprehensive form. Mr. Williams drew up and published, "A Liturgy on the universal principles of religion and morality," and afterwards printed two volumes of lectures, delivered with this Liturgy, at the chapel, in Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, opened 7th April, 1776. This service

2 M 2

continued for about four years, but with so little public support, that the expense of the establishment nearly involved the lecturer in the loss of his liberty. As the plan proposed to include in one act of public worship every class of men who acknowledged the being of a God, and the utility of public prayer and praise, it necessarily left unnoticed every other point of doctrine; intending that without expressing them in public worship, every man should be left in unmolested possession of his own peculiar opinions in private. This, however, would not satisfy any of the various classes and divisions of christians, it was equally obnoxious to the churchman and to the dissenter; and as even the original proposers, though consisting only of five or six, could not long agree, several of them attempting to obtain a more marked expression of their own opinions and dogmas, the plan necessarily expired; and Mr. Williams has himself, of late, expressed his own surprise, that he should not even then have formed a more accurate estimate of the present imperfections of human nature. Mr. Williams now occupied his time and talents in assisting gentlemen



gentlemen whose education had been defective, and in forwarding their qualifications for the senate, the diplomacy, and the learned professions. In this employment he prepared and subsequently published "Lectures on political principles," and "Lectures on Education," in 3 vols. His abilities also were ever most ready and cheerfully employed in the cause of friendship and benevolence; and many persons, under injury and distress, have to acknowledge the lasting benefit of his energetic and powerful pen. During the alarm in 1780, he published a tract, intituled "A Plan of Association on Constitutional Principles," and in 1782, on occasion of the county meetings and associations, he gave to the public his "Letters on Political subjects," the most important, perhaps, of all his works; it was extensively circulated both in England and France, having been translated into French, by Brissot; and was the occasion of the author being invited to Paris, to assist in the formation of a constitution for that country. Had Mr. Williams's temperate and rational advice been followed, what torrents of human blood, might have been spared. He

continued about six months at Paris; and on the death of the king, and declaration of war against this country, took leave of his friends of the Girondist party, with an almost prophetic intimation of the fate which awaited them. He brought with him on his return, a letter from the minister of war, addressed to Lord Grenville, and intended to give Mr. Williams, who was fully and confidentially intrusted with the private sentiments and wishes of the persons then in actual possession of the government of France, an opportunity of conveying those sentiments and wishes to the British ministry. Mr. Williams delivered the letter into the hands of Mr. Aust, the under Secretary of State; but never heard from Lord Grenville on the subject. Some further curious circumstances relating to this transaction are detailed in a page or two, corrected by Mr. Williams himself, in "Bisset's History of George III."

Previously to receiving this invitation, he had removed from Russell-street to Brompton, for the purpose of executing an engagement he had formed with Mr. Bowyer to superintend the splendid edition of Hume, and  
write

write a continuation of the history; but after his return from France, he found himself in an extraordinary situation; for at the very time he had been denounced in France for a royalist, he had been branded in his own country as a democrat; and he was informed, his engagement respecting the history of England could not be carried into effect in consequence, as it was stated, of an intimation having been given, that the privilege of dedication to the crown would be withdrawn, if he continued the work. About this time, he published the "Lessons to a young Prince," and engaged in, and afterwards executed the "History of Monmouthshire," in one volume, 4to. with plates, by his friend the Rev. John Gardnor.

With regard to the circumstances upon which he always seemed inclined to rest his fame, and which was most dear to his heart—the establishment of the Literary Fund, he had, so far back as the time of his residence at Chelsea, projected a plan for the assistance of deserving authors in distress; and, after several ineffectual attempts, he so far succeeded in the years

1788 and 1789, as to found the institution, and commence its benevolent operations. You, yourself, if not one of the first, yet certainly rank as one of the earliest officers, and well know the unremitting zeal and activity with which the founder devoted the full force of his splendid abilities, and the greater part of his time and attention, to foster and support the infant institution. He had the heartfelt satisfaction of seeing it continually rise in public estimation; and at length, honoured with the illustrious patronage of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who generously bestowed an annual donation, for the purpose of providing a house for the use of the society, and expressly desired that Mr. Williams would reside in it. A singular and striking work, written by Mr. Williams, and several of his zealous and able coadjutors, who each put their names to their own several productions, was given to the public under the title of "The Claims of Literature," explanatory of the nature, formation, and purposes of the institution.

During the peace of Amiens, Mr. Williams again visited Paris, and is supposed to have been then intrusted with some confidential

confidential mission from the Government of his own country; his remarkable figure having previously been noticed entering the houses of several of the higher members of the then administration. On his return, he published a much enlarged edition of a little work, which the alarm of invasion had induced him to write, entitled "Regulations of Parochial Police," and he is thought to have been the author of a sort of periodical publication, which appeared about that time in numbers, "Egeria, or Elementary Studies on the Progress of Nations in Political Economy, Legislation, and Government," but which does not appear to have been continued beyond the first volume. The last acknowledged work that proceeded from his prolific pen, was, "Preparatory Studies for Political Reformers." It is curious and instructive, to observe the marked and striking effect produced by his experience of reform and reformers, in the struggles of, and consequent upon, the French Revolution; his diction retains its full vigour, but his anticipations are much less sanguine; and his opinions on the pliability of the

materials on which the reformers are to operate; or, in other words, on the real character of human nature, seems much changed. About five years since he was seized with a severe paralytic affection, from which he partially recovered, but continued to suffer the gradual loss of his corporeal and mental powers; his memory became very considerably impaired, and for some length of time, preceding his decease, he was unable to walk or move without assistance. The tender assiduities of an affectionate niece, soothed the sorrows of declining nature, and received from him the most affecting and frequent expressions of gratitude. The state of his mind cannot be so well depicted, as by himself, in the following letter, one of the last he ever wrote, and addressed to a clergyman of the church of England, in the country.

"Dear Sir,

"I am now drawing near my end, and am desirous of concluding my days in peace. I have outlived almost all my relations, and all my acquaintance; and I am desirous to exchange the most sincere and cordial forgiveness with those

"I have

"I have in any sort offended. I  
 "had once a great regard for  
 "you; why it was not conti-  
 "nued I have forgotten. In-  
 "deed a paralytic stroke has  
 "greatly destroyed my memory,  
 "and will soon destroy me. I  
 "take leave of my friends and  
 "acquaintance; among others  
 "I take leave of you. I greatly  
 "esteemed you and your worthy  
 "father; and I hope you will  
 "only remember what you saw  
 "commendable and good in  
 "me, and believe me very sin-  
 "cerely yours,

D. W."

It will readily be supposed  
 that this letter brought the gen-  
 tleman immediately to town;  
 and his friendly offices of kind-  
 ness contributed very much,  
 during the last two years, to  
 the comfort and consolation of  
 his suffering friend, who breathed  
 his last on Saturday morning,  
 the 29th of June, and was in-  
 terred the Saturday following at  
 St. Anne's church, Soho, under  
 this inscription,

David Williams, Esq.,  
 aged 78 years,  
 Founder of the Literary Fund.

In the words of his friend,  
 Capt. Thos. Morris, "The

"distinguishing traits of Mr.  
 "Williams's character, were,  
 "a boundless philanthropy and  
 "disinterestedness; studious of  
 "every acquisition that forms  
 "the taste, but applying the  
 "strength of his genius to the  
 "arts of government and edu-  
 "cation, as objects of the  
 "highest importance to the wel-  
 "fare of individuals, and the  
 "happiness of nations. In his  
 "dress, elegantly plain; in do-  
 "mestic life, attentive to the  
 "niceties of decorum; in pub-  
 "lic, politely ceremonious;  
 "in all his manners dignified  
 "and distinguished; in conver-  
 "sation, elevated; in his per-  
 "son, tall and agreeable, hav-  
 "ing a commanding look,  
 "softened with affability."

A review of the life and  
 writings of this remarkably  
 gifted man, strongly illustrates  
 the observation, that political  
 moral philosophy, theories of  
 governments and education,  
 even when displayed with splen-  
 did ability, and enforced with  
 the most engaging benevolence,  
 and with the best and most ear-  
 nest motives of doing good, he  
 found by a painful experience  
 to be wholly inadequate to the  
 task of reforming mankind, if  
 employed without the aid of  
 Christianity. It is the Gospel  
 alone

alone which can reach the weak and erring heart of man, and found the reformation and improvement of societies upon the purity, the virtue, and the piety of individuals. From the same review, also, those who profess and call themselves Christians, may learn, that a much larger portion, than they are willing to allow, of the censure and blame which they are ready to charge upon infidelity, may, in fact, be more justly chargeable upon themselves; upon that

discrepancy of principle and practice, that envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness, which leads them into severe and unrelenting censures of each other, and harsh and unkind disputes, even upon the doctrines of peace and love; thus supplying the doubtful and unbelieving with the most unanswerable of all arguments,—that drawn from the hypocrisy of professing principles, without suffering them to influence the practice.

# ADDENDA.

## REMARKS

ON THE

### ORIGIN OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

BRITAIN had its name from Brith, which, in the plural, is Brithion, and signifies blue and white, or sky-coloured; for the Britons painted themselves of that colour, with woad.

Claudia Ruffina, whom the poet, Martial, celebrates for her learning and beauty, was a British lady, and supposed to be of the saints that were in Cæsar's household, mentioned by Saint Paul.

The Britons came from the

Celtæ among the Gauls, and derive their pedigree from Gomer, the son of Japheth—hence they called themselves Cumri, or Cymri; or perhaps, from *Cyn rhai*—that is, *before some*—because they were *Aborigines*, or first inhabitants of this island.

The old Irish, (not the present,) were of the same origin with the Britons; and in Welsh an Irishman is called *Gwyddel*, which bears some affinity with the word *Celtæ*; besides, the Welsh and Irish used the same liquor

liquor from malt, which they call *Cwrw*, i. e. ale; had the same customs and ways of living, the same music; that is, the harp; and several places in Ireland are called by Welsh names. To this we may add, that they had the same sort of small boat, whereof the poet, Lucan, gives a very beautiful description.

The Welsh call it *Corwg*, and the Irish *Corag*; the present Irish are a mixture of several nations, but mostly descended from the Scots who conquered Ireland.

The Scots were Spaniards that came from Biscay, formerly *Cantabria*, and originally from Scythia; the words *Scoti* and *Scythi* have a near resemblance; the English likewise are a mixture of several nations, but derive their name from the English, *Angles*; as to the *Angles*, we have this account of them:—

—*Saxonia protulit Anglos—*  
*Hoc patet in lingua niveque*  
*colore—*

The Saxons from the most ancient English families trace their pedigree; have their name from *Sæx*, a short sword

which they used; according to these verses of *Engleshuius*.

*Quippe brevis gladius apud*  
*illos Saxa vocatur,*  
*Unde sibi taxo nomen trax-*  
*isse putatur.*

The Picts were Britons that fled from the Romans to Scotland, as it is now called, and there continued their old custom of painting themselves. The Romans, therefore, called them *Picti*, (that is, painted,) to distinguish them from the provincial Britons, who were subject to the Romans, had laid aside that barbarous custom, and were civilized. What confirms this opinion is, that the names of several places in Scotland are *Welsh*—and *Merlin* the *Pict*, a poet of the 6th century, wrote in Welsh. He was surnamed *Caledonius*, from his being a native of *Caledonia*, which is derived from the Welsh word *Kelyddon*, that is, Coverts, and was the old name of Scotland. In *Merlin's* poem, entitled *Acallen*, you have these lines—

*Avallen bœrev berau i haeron,*  
*A dyv yn Argel yn Argoed*  
*Kelyddon.*

Which is old British or Celtic

tic, and is the language now in use among the Welsh, who are the remains of the old Britons. There are in the Welsh tongue a great number of Latin words, which the Britons learned of the Romans who conquered this island; and still a greater number of Greek words, which inclines some to think there was once in Britain a colony of Grecians. Those Grecians and their posterity (who became

one people with the Britons,) might possibly boast they were descended from *Æneas*; and this might be the foundation of Jeffrey of Monmouth's ancient history; the names of many Welsh families, such as Einion, Rhys, Arthur are plainly the same as *Æneas*, *Rhesus*, *Arcturus*, which are derived from the Greek.



## SAINT TYDECHO,

AN ARMORICAN BRITON,

HAD A

## CHURCH AND MONASTERY

AT

MAWDDWY AND LLANDUDOCH,

ABOUT A. D. 540 OR 550.

HIS legend, according to ancient MSS., is this; that he resided at Mawddwy; that he and Saint Dogvael, and Saint Tegvan, once lived together at Llandudoch, which lies in Pembrokeshire, on the river Teivi, below Cardigan town; where there has been a large monastery, called Saint Dogmael's; that he was an abbot and a relation of King Arthur; that upon a quarrel between him and Emyr Lydaw, (i. e. Emyr, king of Armorica,) he came over to Mawddwy, and built a temple there, and kept a good house; that his bed was the *blue rock* on the side of the valley; and that he wore a hair coat, (pais rawn,) and was a confessor.—Maelgwn Gwynedd, in the heat of his youth, sent him horses and dogs to be fed by his prayers. Tydecho turned them loose into the mountain; and when they were fetched away, though it had been cold winds

and hard frost, they were found fat and strong; and their white colour changed into gold colour. Maelgwn, provoked at this, took away Tydecho's oxen. But the next day, deer, instead of oxen, were found in his team, a ploughing; and a grey wolf drawing the harrow after them. Maelgwn came with a pack of white dogs to hunt to these rocks, and sat upon Tydecho's *blue stone*; but when he endeavoured to get up, he found his backside was quite fastened to the stone, that he could not stir, and so was obliged to make matters up with the saint: he sent back his oxen, and gave him for an atonement, the privilege of sanctuary for a hundred ages; so that neither man nor beast could be taken from his land. No battles, or burning, or killing, to be admitted there. He cured the lame, blind, and deaf, &c.

TRAETH

## TRAETH MAELGWN YN ABERDYVI.

---

THIS is the sand on the Cardiganshire side, over against the village of Aberdovey, in South Wales, known by this name to this day. It is on the skirts of the bog called Corsvochno, and overflowed every tide. On the Britons losing the crown of London, and being drove by the Saxons out of Loegria, all their petty princes agreed to meet together on this sand, to choose one of the worthiest among them for their chief king.

The intent of their meeting here, being, it seems, that there might be no delay; but that they should resolve on it, in the compass of one tide.

Here came the prince of North Wales, Maelgwn Gwynedd, and also the prince of Powis of Deheubarth of Rhieinwg Eysllwg and Morganwg; and, by a contrivance of one Maelda hynav ap Penhwch Penarchen, Lord of Pennardd, in Arvon, Maelgwn was chosen king, for he made himself a kind of a chair or seat of quills or wings; so that when the flood came, none of them could stand his ground, except Maelgwn by the help of his floating chair, upon which he was chosen their chief king; perhaps, because he had more wit than the rest of them, as well as more valour.

LEWIS MORRIS.



# INDEX.

	PAGE		PAGE
<b>AMES</b> .....	156—7	Cassivellaunus .....	17
Amphion .....	89	Cæsar .....	2—6, 16—8, 27, 34
Aneurin.....	31—5, 105—7, 122	Christianity in Britain.....	16—9
Anubis .....	164	Cimbri .....	148, 152, 162
Apologues .....	96	Claudius .....	3—18
Arderydd .....	508	Coll, son of Collvrewi .....	163
Arllechwedd .....	507	Convelyn .....	422—9
Athelstan Glodrudd .....	504	Coraniald .....	18
Armeric language.....	140	Cornish language.....	189, 140
Asserius .....	169—8	Cornwallis, Francis, Esq. ....	519
Aur, Melin Yr .....	37	Cothi .....	41, 44, 47
Aur, Y Gelli.....	37	Crawford Moor .....	35—6
Bards .....	21, 87—8, 103—4	Crow and Squirrel.....	94
Bardsey .....	10, 192—9	Crag Bar .....	38
Bardd Cwsg .....	127, 131—2	Crwth .....	156—7
Belgæ .....	15—6	Cuch, vale of, .....	9
Bible, Welsh, version of .....	155—6	Cybi; St.....	212—8
Bidder .....	60—2	Cynedda .....	23
Bodfel, birth-place of Mrs. Piozzi	500	Cynobelinus .....	34, 50—1
Bran ab Llyr .....	19	Cymrodorion .....	247
Brevi, Llan Dewi .....	166	Cymri, wisdom of,.....	314
Britain, division of,.....	16—7, 20—6	Cynwyl Elved .....	37—8
Britons, history of .....	1—59	Cynwyl Gain .....	37, 42, 47—9
Britton-ferry .....	469	Cyridwen .....	108
Brythi .....	162		
Cadog St. ....	314	Damegion .....	97—8
Cadwallon ab O. Gwynedd ....	196—7	Dane Holes .....	51—7
Cadogan, Colouel .....	508	Datgeiniad .....	63
Cemaes .....	507	David, St., Ode to .....	422—5
Caer Went .....	102	Davies, Rev. Edward, 2—11, 152, 285—9	
Caldey .....	10	Davies, Dr. John .....	66, 148, 158
Cambria Depicta .....	390	Davies, Dr. Richard .....	157
Carmarthen, Mayors, &c. of..	248—252	D'Erigena .....	162—9
Carmarthen Co. Sheriffs of, ..	252—276	Deganwy .....	507
Carte.....	13—5	Dinevor .....	511
Carthaginians .....	12	Dimbych .....	19
Cattraeth .....	31—5	Divitiacus .....	4, 16
Cassiterides .....	13	Dolan Cothi .....	49
		Draig Estroen.....	37

	PAGE		PAGE
Druids .....	2—11, 59—88, 96—102	Hirlas .....	62
Dubricius .....	93—4	Holyhead .....	212—3
Dunawd .....	102	Hoabea .....	164—5
Dyvnwal Moelmud .....	162—3, 167	Howell .....	123
Edward I. sonnet on .....	486—8	Hu Gadarn .....	91, 162—5
Einion ab Gwalchmai .....	68	Huon .....	164
Einion Lonydd .....	489	Huw ab Richard .....	197
Elphin .....	130	Hywely Vwyall .....	71
Emlyn .....	9	Hywyn ab Gwynda .....	196
English language .....	148		
Englynon Milwyr .....	93—4, 101	Idris .....	89, 90
Evan, Rev. Evan .....	98, 105	Ievan, Thomas ab .....	318—339
Evan, Theo. ....	131	Iltyd St. ....	102, 163
		Irish invasion .....	23
Flamddwyn .....	512	Irish, Erse, and Manks, language	136—7
Flur .....	17		
French language .....	141—3	Johnes, Thomas, Esq. ....	516
		Johnson, Dr. ....	148
Galatia .....	66, 151	Jones, John, Glan y Gors ....	492—6
Games .....	60, 73	Jones o Gelli Lyvdy .....	284
Gavran .....	91	Jones, Owen .....	138—9, 492—6
Gauls, 4—6, 12, 17, 66, 89, 140—3, 149,		Jones, Rees .....	134
.....	152	Jones, Theo. ....	379
German language .....	148—9	Jones, Sir W. ....	187
Giraldus .....	170—1	Jones, John, Esq. ....	528
Gold Mines .....	31—58		
Goodman, Dr. ....	158	Lakes of Carnarvonshire .....	227—9
Goths .....	149, 150	Latin language' .....	147
Greek language .....	150—1	Letters, writing .....	6, 10, 11
Greeks of Marseilles .....	13—4	Letters on Welsh MSS. ....	301—313
Gruffydd ab Rhys .....	73	Letters on History .....	568
Gruffydd Grug .....	110	Lewis .....	103
Gwalchmai .....	33	Lewis of Caio .....	131
Gwalloc .....	417	London, its early trade .....	15
Gwdion ab Don .....	90	Longobardi .....	123, 127, 148, 152
Gwynystad, battle of .....	430	Llechau ab Arthur .....	92
Gwilym, Dav. ab, 109, 128, 134, 436, 468		Llewelyn ab Gryffydd .....	506
Gwyddno .....	130	Lloyd, Sir Edward Mostyn .....	497
Gwyddon Ganhebon .....	92, 163—4	Llwyd, Richard .....	499—512
Gwyn ab Nudd .....	90	Llygad Gwr .....	506
Gwyneddigion .....	247	Loegrians .....	163
Gwyntyn .....	77—8	Lloyd, James, Esq. ....	521
		Lloyd, John, Esq. ....	523
Harris, Howell .....	182—6	Lloyd, Vaughan, Esq. ....	525
Hebrew language .....	152—3	Llwyd, Edward ..	136—7, 140, 174—6
Herodraeth .....	60	Llwyd, Richard, his poems, 392, 477—	
Heus .....	61, 164	.....	491, 512, 515

	PAGE		PAGE
Llywelyn ap Gryffydd .....	506	Phœnicians .....	12—3
Llywarch Hen. ....23, 31, 48—9, 105		Penrhyn, Lord .....	513
Llandudoch.....	540	Perri, H. ....	103
Mabinogi of Pwyll.....230—246		Phillips, John, Esq. ....	598
Mabinogion .....	97—8	Piozzi, Mrs. ....	500
Madog .....	90	Pliny, on Mining .....	43—4
Madog, Abbot of Bardsey .....	195	Poetry .....	417
Manuscripts, Welsh.....277—313		Ports, first of Britain.....	15
Marchen .....	17	Prydain ab Aedd .....	162—3, 207
Marchudd .....	498	Prichard, Rev. Rees .....	112, 142
Marriage ceremonies.....59—86		Pum-saint .....	40—42
Mason, W. ....	469—476	Pwll Ufern .....	44
Massylians .....	18	Pyr, Ynys .....	10
Mathraval .....	11	Pythagoras .....	3
Meillionen .....	83—84	Pytheas .....	13
Melin Milwyr .....	47	Quakers .....	9
Merlin .....	41, 107—8, 196	Rhapsodoi.....	64
Metempsychosis .....	6, 7	Rhitta Gawr .....	163
Midacritus .....	13	Rhiwallon .....	92
Milford, history of.....345—367		Rhodri ab O. Gwynedd.....	215
Molwynog, Rodri .....	193	Rhys, J. D. ....	124
Money .....	34	Roads .....	14, 19, 29
Morgan, Dr. W. ....	518	Roberts.....	131
Morris, Lewis .....	105—8	Romans in Britain, 16—9, 21—3, 30, 39, .....40, 120	
Neil Na Gaillac .....	23	Sacrifices, human .....	5—7
Nevern .....	10	Saints .....	200—6, 219—221
Nevydd Nav Neivion.... 91—2, 164		Salisbury, H. ....	157
Nicholas Thomas ab Gruff. ....	197	Salisbury, W. ....	68—370
Obituary.....	512	Sanscrit, MSS. as to Britain .....	6
Ogovau Caio .....	40—3, 46—7	Saxon language.....	148, 150
Olen .....	87—8	Scilly.....	13
Orpheus .....	89	Shipping of Wales .....	340
Owain Gyveiliog .....	32	Silures.....	25, 39
Owain ab Urien.....433—5		Spanish language.....	144—5
Owen, Guttyn .....	285	Stanley, Lady .....	520
Owen, John .....	172—3	Tacitus .....	133
Owen, Lawgoch.....	41	Talesin.....	105—7, 130
Owen, W. ....	8—11, 109	Taxes to the Romans .....	26
Origin of the ancient Britons .....	537	Tav .....	70
Panius Posthumus.....	39	Teivi .....	70
Parishes of North Wales .....	222—6	Tilbury.....	54
Parry .....	121, 131	Tin .....	13—4
Parry, Bishop.....	158	Torques.....	31—2, 49, 50
Parry, John .....	489	Towns .....	19, 25—9
Paulinus, Suetonius .....	39		

	PAGE		PAGE
Trade, first.....	13—15, 30	Vaughan, Robert .....	378
Traeth Maelgwyn .....	541	Walters, Rev. John .....	155
Triads.....	99, 207—211	Warlock Head.....	36
Trinobantes .....	50	Warton, T. ....	156—7
Troy .....	150	Welsh language .....	114—159
Troubadours .....	140	Whitaker .....	14—6, 21—4, 29
Tamuli .....	38	Williams, Wm. ....	527
Turbeville, R. Esq. ....	527	Williams, David .....	529
Turner, on British history ....	393, 416	Williams, Edward ....	8—11, 372—9, .....381—5
Tarnor, Rev. David .....	177—9	Williams, Rev. John .....	341—4
Tarnor, John, Esq.....	160—1	Williams, Rev. Dr. John .....	190—1
Tydain .....	163	Ynyr Gwent .....	102
Tydecho Saint.....	541		

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